IQBAL

(A CRITICAL STUDY)

MISBAH-UL-HAQ SIDDIQUI
M A. (Urdu), M A (Lib. Science)

FARHAN PUBLISHERS
LAHORE - PAKISTAN

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COMPILER'S NOTE

Dr. Muhammad Iqbal needs no introducton even to people outside this sub-continent. He is internationally recognised as a great poet, a profound thinker and as one who played a distinguished role on behalf of the Muslims in the freedom movement of the sub-continent. The volume of work on him is constantly growing though not sufficiently in the English language. To pay my homage, being a humble student of Iqbal, in this year of the centenary of his birth, I have made a selection of articles from the old files of periodicals and newspapers which are out of reach of an ordinary reader. One of the features of this collection is that it contains articles on Allama Iqbal by foreigners including a few by Hindu writers who might not have appreciated his political views and his role in the freedom movement, but they have nevertheless been fascinated by his vision as a philosopher and scholar.

The Government of Pakistan deserves the nation's gratitude for initiating and organising the centenary celebrations under official auspices. This will surely give a fillip to studies of Iqbal and enrich the literature on his life and work for the benefit of future generations. It will also help to clarify the impressions formed on younger minds that have had nothing but the scholarship of the West to depend upon. They should be better able to appreciate that their own heritage is by no means inferior to the West's. Credit must go to the Government of Pakistan for

initiating this process of intellectual awareness.

My thanks are due to the learned contributors of these articles, especially to those living in Bangladesh, now separated from Pakistan. Once they too, in common with their brethren of West Pakistan, looked upon Allama Iqbal as one of their spiritual and political leaders alongside Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah.

I am also grateful to my daughter Shahina Siddiqui who helped me in comparing the proofs, etc. My thanks are also due to M/s Miss T. K. Gilani and Ikram Chughtai and Shabbir Ahmad who have extended full cooperation in the publication of this book.

534-N, Samanabad, M. H. SIDDIQUI
Lahore (Pakistan)

FOREWARD

Iqbal, in his thought, has prescribed a methodology for the revival of Islam, which needs to be understood by the modern *Musalman*, by inculcating an understanding into the context of the Holy Quran, which is a self-contained book for all time. Iqbal is consciously aware of this fact, and has tried to sweep aside the external influences which have cropped up through Greek thought, Jewish influence and Vedantism. He has presented a new picture of mysticism, although he has not been able to shake off emotionalism. Yet his thought is fundamentally nationalistic.

Mr. Siddiqui has done a yeoman's service to collect writings on Iqbal and publish them in a book form. These writings project various aspects of Iqbal's thought and help to bring out the 'blue-print' of his methodology. These articles are bound to serve a useful purpose and are a significant contribution on his death anniversary.

One thing must be remembered, and it is this : whatever Iqbal says must be understood in the light of the Quran. Everything else must be set aside. Anything contradicting the views of the Quran must be discarded, no matter if it is from Rumi or Ibn-ul-Arbi. No saying of the Holy Prophet (PBUH) can go against the dictate of the Holy Quran either. This is a fundamental fact in the understanding of Iqbal. The evolution of thought in Iqbal's writing must also be understood, and all contradiction must be resolved in the light of the Holy Quran. The utility

of Iqbal's thought will thus be appreciated. The fundamental basis of Iqbal's thought is *Khudi*, which has to be understood as the 'conscious self' and not merely the 'self'. Self without consciousness is nothing. In all his poetry Iqbal has tried to assure this self-consciousness, whether it be rational or religious, by raising the level of this being—the conscious self. He has prescribed methods of this elevation. Unless the being is raised it cannot conform to the universal laws of *Taqdir*. And once it conforms he is free to claim and demand.

I pray this effort of Mr. Siddiqui meets with due success and enables its readers to understand Iqbal and practise what he says. Knowing Iqbal is different from understanding Iqbal ; for, to understand him, is to act on his advice. If they do not understand, then all his poetry will turn into prose in no time !

51/3 Ala-ud-Din Road
Lahore Cantt.

K. A. RASHID

The Poet and Kashmir

MIR ABDUL AZIZ

IQBAL was not devoted to Kashmir because this Valley is one of the most beautiful spots on the surface of the globe, but because he himself was a Kashmiri by birth, a fact of which he was always proud. Says he :

کشمیر کا چمن جو مجھے دلپذیر ہے
اس باغ جاں فزا کا یہ بلبل اسیر ہے
ورثے میں ہم کو آئی ہے آدم کی جائیداد
جو ہے وطن ہمارا وہ جنت نظیر ہے

موتی عدن سے لعل ہوا ہے یمن سے دور
یا نافۂ غزال ہوا ہے ختن سے دور
ہندوستاں میں آئے ہیں کشمیر چھوڑ کر
بلبل نے آشیانہ بنایا چمن سے دور

(The garden of Kashmir is very dear to me. This nightingale is enamoured of that soul-stirring garden. We have recevied the property of Adam (paradise) in legacy. Our homeland is that place which is itself like the paradise).

(The pearl is away from Aden, the jewel is away from Yemen, or the musk has been thrown away from Cathay. We have come to (undivided) India after leaving our homeland, Kashmir. The nightingale has erected its nest away from the garden).

Iqbal joined the Anjuman-i- Kashmiri Musalmanan, Lahore, in its early stages of formation and was soon appointed its General Secretary, which office he held for a very long period. From this stage he continued to promote the cause of the uplift of the Kashmiris in the Punjab and India, who had been living in the Sub-continent after they were driven away, like Iqbal's ancestors, by the vicissitudes of Kashmir's politics and natural calamities. Iqbal considered the Valley of Kashmir as hundred times better than the mountain of Toor, where Prophet Moses was given a glimpse of Himself by God Almighty. He says :

سامنے ایسے ، گلستان کے کبھی گر نکلے
جیب خجلت سے سر طور نہ باہر نکلے
ہے جو ہر لحظہ تجلی گہ مولائے خلیل
عرش و کشمیر کے اعداد برابر نکلے

(If the mountain of Toor, which has seen the light of Almighty, passes before such a garden as that of Kashmir, it would not be able to raise its head because of shame. Since Kashmir is, like the throne of God Almighty (arsh) the venue of the display of the light of the Great Creator, the figures of the two words Arsh and Kashmir are equal (by way of calculation of Abjad).

IQBAL'S VISIT TO KASHMIR

A deputation of the Anjuman-i-Kashmiri Musalmanan once called upon the late Maharajah, of Kashmir, Pratap Singh in Lahore, and Iqbal was also in the deputation. The Kashmiri leaders requested the Maharajah to treat his Muslim subjects in a human and better way. On this, the Maharajah

suggested to Iqbal that he should also visit Kashmir, which he said, was his homeland. Iqbal did visit Kashmir, but not as a guest of the Kashmir ruler, but as a counsel in some case. This was in 1921. After disposing of his professional work, he stayed in Kashmir for some time and saw everything in the Valley with the eye of a poet, a humanitarian and a patriot. From that time onwards, the great poet was always in touch of his former homeland. He says :

تنم گلے ز خیابان جنت کشمیر
دلم ز خاک حجاز و نواز شیراز است

(My body is a flower from the garden of Kashmir, my heart is from Hijaz and my voice is from Shiraz).

The freedom movement of Kashmir, in the modern sense of the term, was born in 1931, but Iqbal, long before the advent of the extraordinary political upheaval in that land in this historic year, prophesied that tables were going to turn in Kashmir. He bewailed that the Kashmiri, who is accustomed to slavery, is worshipping gravestones as idols. "Neither do I see in his eyes any vision, nor has he got a restless heart. The rich man wears silken clothes as a result of the labour of the Kashmiri artisan, but the Kashmiri himself is in rags."

سرت گردم اے ساقیؑ ماہ سیما
بیا راز نیاگان ما یادگارے
ازاں مے فشاں قطرہ بر کشمیری
کہ خاکسترش افریند شرارے

(After describing the condition of Kashmir thus, the poet urges the "cup-bearer" to revive the memory of the Kashmiris

of the olden days, who were not down-trodden and helpless like the Kashmiris of the present days. He requests the Saqi to sprinkle such wine over the ashes of the Kashmiris which can kindle new fire in their hearts).

Javed Namah, written on the lines of Dante's *Divine Comedy* has a full chapter on Kashmir. In this *masnavi* Iqbal gives a report of his meetings with some writers, saints and leaders of humanity who are in the other world now. The poet reveals that he has also met Mir Sayyed Ali Hamadani, better known as Hazrat Shah Hamadan, the patron-saint of Kashmir who propagated the religion of Islam in Kashmir in the beginning of the Muslim period of Kashmir's history. Iqbal complains to the great saint that Kashmiris, to whom once he introduced the great faith of Islam, were now a subject people. In the same chapter the great Persian poet of Kashmir, Ghani Kashmiri is shown as exclaiming :

بگذر ز ما و نالۂ مستانہ مجوئے
بگذر ز شاخ گل کہ طلسمے است رنگ و بوئے

گفتی کہ شبنم از ورق لالہ می چکد
غافل دمے است ایں کہ بگریہ کنار جوئے

زیں مشت پر کجا و سرود ایں چنیں کجا
روح غنی است ماتمیٔ مرگ از روئے

باد صبا اگر بہ جنیوا گذر کنی !
حرفے ز ما بمجلس اقوام باز گوئے

دہقان و کشت و جوئے و خیابان فروختند
قومے فروختند و چہ ارزان فروختند

(Now let us alone and do not try to find out a madman's cry. Let go the flowery branch, because its colour and the

fragrance is merely magic. You said that the morning dew is trickling down the petals of the tulip. Nay, it is not that, in fact it is the forlorn heart which is weeping by the bank of a brook. And the present song which you suppose is coming from the bird, is nought but the soul of the Kashmiri poet Ghani, mourining the death of the sentiments and wishes of the peoples of Kashmir. Oh you morning breeze ! If you happen to pass across Geneva, the then headquarters of the (defunct) League of Nations, do convey a word from us, the Kashmiris, to the League of Nations. Tell them that in Kashmir, the farmer, the farm, the brook as well as the garden have been sold out. A very nation has been sold out and how cheaply so).

The reference here is to the ignominious sale of Kashmir by the East India Company to the Dogra Chieftain of Jammu, Gulab Singh, for a paltry sum of seven and a half million rupees.

Shah Hamdan, however, consoles Iqbal and tells him that things do not remain same for good. The saint urges Iqbal to shake up his lethargy and raise a madman's cry in the paradise on earth, that is Kashmir, and see what happens. He assures Iqbal that the Kashmiris would rise from their graves, right now, long before the dead will rise from their graves by blowing of Israfil's trumpet.

The poet of the East patiently listens to the sermon of Shah Hamdan. The admonition produces good result. Iqbal is convinced that Kashmir's future is bright and that Kashmiris will rise up against despotic rule very soon. He then addresses the people of Kashmir in the words of a revolutionary :

با نشۂ درویشی در ساز و دما دم زن

چو پختہ شوی چو درا بر سلطنت جم زن

گفتند جہان ما آیا بتو می سازد
گفتم کہ نمی سازد گفتند کہ برہم زن

(Go on taking the intoxicant of the dervishes every now and then. When you are fully ripe in intoxication, flying yourself on the very empire of Jamshid. They ask me : "Does our world suit you ?" I said : "It does not." They said : "Well then, subvert it.").

This is an open invitation to the people of Kashmir to rise up against the despotism of the Dogras, which they did, with very encouraging results. In the same book Iqbal says :

سلطنت نازک تر آمد از حباب
از دمے او را توان کردن خراب

(The Empire is more delicate than a bubble. It can be burst by a breath).

Iqbal claimed, and rightly so, that the Indian Sub-continent was greatly indebted to the Kashmiris for their contribution in the freedom struggle of independence from British rule. Said he :

ہند را ایں ذوق آزادی کہ داد   صید را سودائے صیادی کہ داد
ایں برہمن زادگان زندہ دل   لالۂ احمر ز روئے شان خجل
تیزبیں و پختہ کار و سخت کوش   از نگاہ آں فرنگ اندر خروش
اصل شان از خاک دامن گیر ماست   مطلعِ ایں اختراں کشمیر ماست

(Who has given the Indians the love for freedom ? Who has inspired the prey to become the hunter. It is these live-hearted Brahman boys, because of whom even the face of the red tulip feels ashamed They are sharp-sighted, ripe-actioned and industrious. The Western rulers are grumbling because of their looks. Their origin is from our motherland. The rising place of these stars is our Kashmir).

The Brahmans include not only Moti Lal Nehru, Jawahar Lal Nehru, but also Iqbal. At another place Iqbal calls himself also a Brahman zada.

مرا بنگر کہ در ہندوستان دیگر نمی بینی
برہمن زادہ رمز آشنائے روم و تبریز است

(See me, you would not find any other like me in India. I am of Brahman origin but I know the secrets of Rum and Tabraiz, i e. the secrets of the philosophy of Jalaluddin Rumi and Shamsuddin of Tabrez).

When the Kashmir movement started in 1931 an All-India Kashmir Committee was formed to extend moral and material support to the Kashmiris in British India. Dr. Iqbal was also associated with it. Later on he became President of this Committee. Even after he resigned from the Committee, Iqbal continued to support the Kashmir movement. On 30th June, 1933, he issued an appeal to the Indian Muslims and told them that the Muslims of Kashmir were an integral part of the Muslim Indian nation and it were the Muslims of Kashmir who excelled others in the spread of art, craft, trade and commerce, but since the Kashmiri Muslims were a subjugated people, their serfdom stood in their way of progress. He exhorted the Indian Muslims to help their Kashmiri brethren out of their present lot so that they could play their part in the all-round progress of the Muslim nation of India. The poverty of the Kashmiris was always an agony to the Poet :

سرمائی ہواؤں میں ہے عریاں بدن اس کا
دیتا ہے ہنر جس کا امیروں کو دوشالہ

(The body of that man is bare in the biting cold wind of winter whose art provides the rich man with a double shawl.)

The externment of the Dogra ruler in 1947 from Kashmir and this dynasty's ultimate eradication was the result of the great curse of Iqbal :

توڑ اس دست جفا کیش کو یا رب جس نے
روح آزادیٔ کشمیر کو پامال کیا

(Oh God, do break that tyrannous hand which had crushed the spirit of freedom in Kashmir.

The Message of Iqbal

ABDUL HAI

BORN in 1873 into a Kashmiri family, settled in the Punjab, Allama Iqbal died in 1938, about two years before the adoption of the historic Lahore Resolution—the Magna Carta of Muslim freedom in the Sub-continent.

Iqbal was a man of versatile genius, and history has few, if any, parallel of a man possessing so many sterling qualities of head and heart.

POETIC GIFT

"I will not die, as I have become immortal on account of having scattered seeds of poetry" said the great epic poet of Iran, Abul Quassim Hasan Mansoor Firdaousi, the author of *Shahnama*. These undying words are equally true of the great poet-philosopher of Pakistan, Allama Iqbal. His "greatness is, no doubt in several spheres, but his ability as a poet springs uppermost" .... "His poetic gift has been of such high order that his place in literature is certainly amongst the greatest in the world. He holds the same place in the line of the world's greatest poets as has been held by Homer, Jalal-ud-Din Rumi, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe". It has further been said that "The poetry of Iqbal is a contribution to the human thought and an embodiment of a definite mission, and a message that is at

once noble and invigorating. He describes the past, contrasts it with the present, and casts a glance towards the future. Seldom does he express despondency in life and its adversities. He sets a way out, and to him, the life is synonymous with persistent and vigorous actions.

Although the greatness of his poetry alone is enough to immortalise him, he will also live in the memory of millions of people the world over as an eminent philosopher, idealist, lawyer, teacher, political thinker, dreamer, reformist, seer and an ardent patriot who conceived the idea of Pakistan and longed for its establishment. Amir Shakib Arselan, the world renowned thinker and intellectual of the Lebanon has described him as the greatest thinker produced by the Muslim world during the last thousand years.

Iqbal was a Muslim first, a Muslim second and a Muslim last and nothing but a Muslim and was therefore deeply concerncd with the well-being of the entire Muslim World, especially Muslim India, which seemed to be sunk into a deep gloom, stunted in scientific and artistic achievements and which was, as it were, "dozing off in the rapidly declining afternoon of Islam." He appeared like a Messiah at a time when the citadel of Islam all over the world was infested by obscurantist ideologies, and when on the other hand, ultra modern sections of the Muslims were blindly following the West. As an author has put it, "Iqbal's mind has deeply drunk from the springs of Islamic culture and it was also nurtured by the philosophy and modern science of the West." But while he admired the vigour, energy and initiative of the West, he abhorred their purely

materialistic outlook as much as he spurned the Jetbargy amongst the Muslims which is repugnant to the spirit of Islam. He wanted the Muslims to shake off inertia and march ahead towards progress along the line prescribed by the Holy Quran. His call was therefore, back to the Quran, which is a message of death for the capitalists. According to him, the great period of Islam which should be studied was not the magnificent empire of Damascus Baghdad and Spain but the simple democratic community of the early caliphs.

INERTIA

While Islam is a religion of action, inertia had overwhelmed the Muslims. He therefore, appeared in the role of a reformer and gave a clarion call to them to awake and to strive. His poetic genius was dedicated to the task of stirring up emotion amongst the Muslims and spurring them to life. A true bard as he was, he sang like a nightingale the song of life, and inspired the Muslims with his soul-stirring words. He lashed their lethargy severely when in one of his poems he proclaimed : "An infidel before his idol with waking heart is better than the religious man asleep in his mosque."

He reminded the Muslims that life is a persistent, onward struggle for existence and as soon as one ceases to move one ceases to exist, because without action one's entire physical existence loses all meaning and significance. That is why Iqbal exclaimed :

> "Those that moved on carried all before them
> Those that lingered were destroyed."

He further reminded the Muslims that motion is

life. Where there is no motion there is no life. And life being a persistent struggle for survival, rest is forbidden, for, "death lives hidden in rest." Therefore, the worst that can befall a man is loss of action. Truly, the poet says :

"If I move on, I, live on
If I move not, I cease to live."

Thus, man is the arbiter of his own fate. The verses of the Holy Quran also amply testify to this fact. And that is why due to inaction and lack of initiative, the Muslims became an object of pity despite the fact that in the pages of the Holy Book there are good tidings for them.

The Muslims complained of the adverse, arbitrary and complicated circumstances standing in their way to salvation, but as the poet puts it. Allah is never partial, and He did not make things more difficult for them than for the people in the West, who strove and attained marvellous achievements. Iqbal was merciless in his exposition of the causes of the unenviable position in which the Muslims were placed. He said that it was the Muslims themselves who had brought upon themselves the miseries they had been subjected to.

He was an ardent revolutionary and bent upon breaking the fetters of slavery :

"Under the shadow of sabres Have we grown to youth.

The crescent dagger Our National emblem forms in truth."

Iqbal's call to the Muslims did not go in vain. It

created a pulsation in their hearts and brought about a renaissance which culminated in the achievement of our national homeland—Pakistan.

A SEER

Iqbal was drawn to politics in spite of himself. For one thing, he showed the Muslims the way to salvation, and for another, he inspired the Quaid to assume leadership of the Indian Muslims and steer them safely to their destination through the storm that was brewing. As a great political seer he had forseen the shape of things to come and had visualised the advent of Pakistan long before it came into being.

Iqbal was no ideal dreamer and thought of an effective political organisation which could materialise his dream of an independent Muslim State in the Sub-continent. The Muslim League, as it was then constituted had very little appeal to the masses in asmuch as it was considered an organisation of the people belonging to the higher strata of society. Iqbal felt that such an organisation could hardly play an effective role in galvanising the Muslims. He thought it should, therefere, be transformed into a representative mass organisation and that task could be successfully accomplished by Mohammad Ali Jinnah alone. That is why the poet called upon him to take upon himself the task of reorganising the Muslim League and guide the destiny of the Indian Muslims. In a letter addressed to Quaid-i-Azam, the poet says :

"I have no doubt that you will fully realise the gravity of the situation as far as Muslim India is concerned. The League will have to finally decide

whether it will remain a body representing the upper classes of Indian Muslims or the Muslim masses, who have so far with good reason, taken no interest in it."

ALLAMA'S PLAN

The Allama set forth his plan for a separate homeland for the Muslims of the Sub-continent in his presidential address at the Allahabad session of the All-India Muslim League in 1930.

"I would like to see the Punjab, North-West Frontier Province, Sind and Baluchistan amalgamated into a single State self-government within the British Empire, or without the British Empire the formation of a consolidated North Western Indian Muslim State appears to me to be the final destiny of the Muslims, at least of North West India because in his view " . . . . the life of Islam as a cultural force in this country very largely depends on its centralisation in a specified territory."

"The Muslim demand is actuated by a genuine desire which is practically impossible under the type of unitary government contemplated by the nationalist Hindu politicans with a view to securing permanent communal dominance in the whole of India."

The idea of Pakistan attained a more definite shape in 1937 when in his letter of June 21 addressed to Quaid-i-Azam he said : "Why should not the Muslims of North West India and Bengal be considered as nation entitled to self-government just as other nations in India and outside India are ?"

BITTER EXPERIENCE

Two years hence he had the bitterest experience of his life about the Congress attitude towards the Muslims at the Round Table Conference in London where fruitless negotiations over communal representations, were carried on and advised the Muslims to trust neither the Hindus nor the British, but to educate and equip themselves and to pin their faith on their own inherent capacity.

Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah had a great friend and guide in Iqbal, and he valued his counsel most. Unfortunately, Iqbal did not live to see the achievement of Pakistan. He died about two years before the Lahore Resolution on April 21, 1938. It was a great shock to the Muslims in general and the Quaid in particular.

Iqbal's Contribution to Islamic Renaissance

ABDUL HAMID SIDDIQUI

IQBAL, even in his poetry, is not merely a poet transforming into beautiful verses, wayward whims and fleeting emotions of human heart; he is a vital thinker and philosopher, who has a message to deliver. His book *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* is a lucid presentation of his creative ideology, not only as a great philosopher and a humanist but as the most gifted learder of Islamic renaissance. Whether one agrees or disagrees with either his thesis or his conclusions, one has to admit that his book represents the first attempt in our age to re-think the entire metaphysics of our religion in a spirit of scientific objectivity.

The time when Iqbal appeared in the world science was almost worshipped and it was commonly held that science was about to take place of worn out religious systems and would teach man to comprehend Reality only with the help of observation and experimentation, and would thus help him to evolve new standards of morality without any metaphysical sanction. This "native" optimism about science had almost dazzled the Muslim world and it had begun to think that so long as the Islamic teachings were not conformed to the standards set by science, Islam would not be able to stand the test of time. As a

consequence of that farfetched interpretations were put on the teachings of Islam and some of them were in fact twisted in order to fit them in the intellectual framework of science. It was Iqbal who in his illuminating and thought provoking lectures defined clearly the limitations of science and explained that this exaggerated and misplaced confidence on the physical science is quite unjust. Science, has undoubtedly tried to conquer drudgery and want and has dismantled barriers of time and space. This is all true. But there is no gainsaying the fact that the deterministic science is unable to fulfil the spiritual hopes attached to it in the recent past. Nothing but the irrational influence of theophobia can explain this hysterical worship for "blind necessity." If men, like machines, are governed by "blind necessity", there is no virtue or vice in our philosophy, for we do not speak of moral motor-cars. Why should we describe as "One of the greatest advances in the world of thought", a philosophy which robs life of significance and which deprives man of dignity and condemns him to final extinction.

The scientist is primarily concerned with the simplest explanation of quantitative sense—data. It is not always true that the sense impressions correspond exactly to the external Reality. "We have acknowledged," says Prof Eddington, "that the entities of Physics can from their very nature form only a partial aspect of Reality. How are we to deal with the other part? It cannot be said that the other part concerns us less than the physical entities. Feelings, purposes, values make up our consciousness as much as sense impression. We follow up the sense impressions and find that they lead into an external

world discussed by science ; We follow up the other elements of our being and find that they lead—not into a world of space and time but surely somewhere else." (Science and the Unseen World).

We thus find that science conceived as resting on mere sense perception with no other source of observation, is bankrupt, so far as concerns its claim to self-sufficiency. Science can find no individual enjoyment in nature, no aim in nature, no creative activity in nature ; it finds mere rules of succession. When we come to the problems of moral freedom to the problems of inwardness of decision, inner motivation and ultimate purposes, we are compelled to go far beyond the realm of science. "But the modern man," says Dr. Iqbal, "absorbed in the fact that is to say, the optically present source of sensation, he is entirely cut off from the unplumbed depths of his own being. In the work of his systematic materialism has at last come that paralysis of energy which Huxley apprehended and deplored."

PREDICAMENT OF MODERN MAN

Iqbal also explains the dangerous consequences of depending merely on science for guiding and regulating life. He believes that man cannot lead his life with peace in the cold regions of an arid intellectualism. For this end he needs the warmth of love and intuition also. The modern man, he observes, with his philosophies of criticism and scientific specialism finds himself in a strange predicament. His naturalism has given him an unprecedented control over the forces of nature, but has robbed him of faith in his own future . . . wholly

overshadowed by the results of his intellectual activity, he has ceased to live soulfully, i.e., from within. In the domain of thought he is living in open conflict with himself; and in the domain of economic and political life he is in open conflict with others. He finds himself unable to control his ruthless egoism and his infinite gold hunger which is gradually killing all higher striving in him and bringing him nothing but life-weariness."

Iqbal has also in his lectures explained the fact that scientific method cannot help us to solve the problem of "whence and whither." There is always an urge in us to peep across this life hemmed in by space and time and find out our ultimate destiny. Since science deals with what is here and now actual, particularly what can be comprehended with the help of senses, there is thus a natural tendency to assume that man, too, like inanimate matter is a bubble that bursts and a vision that fades and nothing survives him after his death. If we take this view, the whole human life in which man plays such a prominent part becomes a riddle without a meaning. The more thoroughly we try to comprehend man, the more are we likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual yearing in him is to rob of the life's real significance. The doctrine of man's immortal soul is his only protection against "blind destiny" Iqbal has elucidated this point in the following words :

"Science seeks to establish uniformities of experience, i.e., the law of mechanical repetition. Life with its intense feeling of spontaneity constituted a centre of indetermination, and thus falls outside the domain of necessity. Hence science cannot

comprehend life. The biologist who seeks a mechanical explanation of life is led to do so, because he confines his study to the lower forms of life whose behaviour discloses resemblances to mechanical action. If he studies life as manifested in himself, i.e., his own mind freely choosing, rejecting, reflecting, surveying the past and the present, and dynamically imagining the future he is sure to be convinced of his mechanical concepts." (pp. 50, 51).

RIDDLE OF LIFE

Iqbal further explains the reason why science cannot solve the riddle of life. He recognises the importance of scientific knowledge but is fully aware of the fact that this knowledge is by nature sectional ; it cannot, if it is true to its own nature and function, set up its theory as a complete view of Reality. The human soul cannot remain content with the partial, one-sided approach which only gives static snap-shots of Reality. He stresses this point in these words :

"There is no doubt that the theories of science constitute trustworthy knowledge because they are verifiable and enable us to predict and control the events of nature. But we must not forget that what is called science is not a single systematic view of Reality. It is a mass of sectional views of Reality fragments of total experience which do not seem to fit together . . . . In fact the various natural sciences are like so many vultures falling on the dead body of Nature, and each running away with a piece of flesh. Nature, as the subject of science, is a highly artificial affair, and this artificiality is the results of that selective process in which science must subject

her in the interests of precision. The moment you put the subject of science in the total of human experience it begins to disclose a different character." (pp. 41, 42).

It is the religion "which demands the whole of Reality and for this reason must occupy a central place in any synthesis of all the data of human experience."

Iqbal believes that science uncontrolled by faith, or in other words "power without vision" has made modern life full of hurry, strain, frustration and so little of promise.

Does all this imply that Dr. Iqbal wishes us to shun the guidance of scientific knowledge. No, not the least. A careful penetration of his thought conclusively proves that he is not an obscurantist. His apparent belittling of the achievement of science is really a protest against too much emphasis on experimentation and observation as the only source of human knowledge much to neglect of all other sources and their over-exaggeration in life. In his lectures he points out that science has helped mankind to overcome the obstruction offered by the universe and has therefore "sharpened insight and has prepared us for a more masterful insertion into the subtler aspects of human experience." He recommends the study of science with the sanctity of worship. "The scientific observer of nature," he says, "is a kind of mystic seeker in the act of prayer."

The Quran, Dr. Iqbal rightly believes, exhorts man to harness the forces at work both in him and in his external world. But it makes one condition

that the scientific knowledge should be given a personality or in other words it is to be humanised and spirit of God breathed into it.

Like physical science the growing popularity of psychology in our days is greeted by many as a promising sign that we are about to approach the realisation of the Delphic command "know thyself." Iqbal fully recognises the importance of psychology as an attempt to understand the forces underlying man's behaviour, the evolution of man's character and the circumstances determining his evolution but he has clearly marked its natural boundries and defined its limitation. While life in its biological aspects is a miracle and secret, man in his human aspects is even more an unfathomable secret to himself and his fellowmen. The further we reach into the depths of our being the more the goal of full knowledge eludes us. The soul of man, the unique core of each individual can never be grasped and described adequately.

PATH OF LOVE

There is however, another path to knowing man's secret; this path is not that of thought but that of love. The act of love transcends thought. It transcends words. It is the daring plunge into the essence of a man's person. It is this love, this intuitive perception by the heart which gives meaning to life and makes the intellect a source of blessing for mankind. "The heart which is the fountain head of love," says Iqbal "is a kind of inner tuition or insight, which in the beautiful words of Rumi, feeds on the rays of the sun and brings us into contact with aspects of Reality other than those open to sense-perception."

It is, according to Quran, something which sees and its reports, if properly interpreted, are never false. We must not, however, regard it as a mysterious special faculty — it is rather a mode of dealing with Reality in which sensation in the psychological sense of the word, does not play any part. Yet the vista of experience thus opened to us is as real and concrete as any other experience (Lectures pp. 15, 16).

Psychological knowledge may be a condition for full knowledge in the act of love. "It can show us what man is not. It cannot tell us what man, each one of us is. The legitimate claim of psychology is thus negative, the removal of distortions and illusions, not the positive, the full and complete knowledge of a human being." It can undo one illusion after another; and thus free the way to decisive act" (Religion and Culture p. 33). But no amount or depth of psychological insight can ever take the place of act. It can lead to it, prepare it, make it possible and this is the legitimate function of psychoanalytical work, but it, cannot and must not try to be a substitute for the responsible act commitment. It is an irony of fate that the limitations of psychology have been ignored and it has been entrusted the task which does not lie within its scope. This has made the modern man lonely, frightened and hardly capable of love. "He wants to be close to his neighbour," says Erich Fromm, "and yet he is too unrelated and distant to be able to be close. His marginal bonds to his neighbour are manifold and easily kept up, but a "central relatedness," that from core to core hardly exists. In search for closeness he craves for knowledge, and in search for knowledge; he finds psychology. Psychology becomes

a substitute for love, for intimacy, for union with others and oneself ; it becomes the refuge for the lonely ; alienated man, instead of being a step towards the action of union." This point is elucidated by Dr. Iqbal in his lectures. "Mere analytical criticism," says the poet-philosopher, "with some understanding of the organic conditions of the imagery in which religious life has sometimes manifested itself is not likely to carry us to the living roots of human personality." "The world of directive energy" "must be passed through before one reaches that unique experience which symbolises the purely objective." This is the reason why I say that modern psychology has not yet touched even the outer fringe of the subject." (p. 194).

Iqbal firmly believes that neither science alone nor philosophy nor psychology can give "upward looking and light" to a despairing humanity. The modern age needs a religion which in its "higher manifestation is neither dogma, nor priesthood, nor ritual."

Dr. Iqbal has in his lectures brilliantly discussed the nature of religion represented by Islam. He rightly asserts that Islam is not a religion in which this word is commonly used, a private relationship between man and his Creator. It is the real and abiding substrata of the universe and a complete Code of human life. It lights up morality and supplies the emotion and inspiration needful for carrying the sage along the narrow way of heaven, but it also expresses itself in the fields of economics and politics. In the realm of thought its genius has laid the foundations of modern science and determined

its subsequent course. In the field of creation it has done enough to enrich and beautify life expressing itself out in literature, arts and philosophy and in the domain of mysticism it has given humanity the mysterious and sweet fasting wisdom. The mind which the Quran aims to build is therefore to view in one sweep the entire life of man and treat it as a single unity.

Iqbal also makes it clear that spirit and matter are entities not opposed to each other and the earth is not "a torture hall where an elemently wicked humanity is imprisoned for an original act of sin." The ultimate reality according to Quran, says he, is spiritual and its life consists in its temporal activity. The spirit finds its opportunities in the natural, the material and secular. All that is secular is therefore sacred in the roots of its being . . . There is no such thing as a profane world. All this immensity of matter constitutes a scope for the self-realisation of spirit. All is holy ground. As the Prophet so beautifully puts it. "The whole of this earth is a mosque." (p. 155).

To sum up we may say that the "Reconstruction of Religious thought in Islam" has contributed richly towards Islamic renaissance. It is the first attempt in our age to rethink the entire metaphysics of Islam in a spirit of scientific objectivity. It has assessed the value of western knowledge and has with outstanding brilliance determined its worth. This book has gone a long way in restoring confidence and giving a fresh lease of life and courage to the people disgusted with sham and cant.

Iqbal's Message to Mankind

DR. AFTAB IQBAL

(Son's Tribute to Father)

WE are celebrating the 30th anniversary of our poet philosopher today. With the passage of time his eminence is growing more and more obvious. Every year that has passed since his death has brought us closer to his genius and we are gradually realising how correctly he diagnosed our maladies and how precisely he laid the remedies therefore.

Fifty years ago, with his extraordinary power of perception, he foresaw what we are realising in our experience as a nation today. He once said: "My own age does not understand my meaning; I am the voice of the poet of tomorrow."

The impact of his forceful personality is being felt by all great nations of the world today. Although it is true that much of his message is inspired by what is best in Islam it would be a mistake to think that it concerns Muslims alone. His message is addressed to all mankind, more specially to the rising generation of Muslim men and women. In my opinion those who call him a mere Islamic poet do a great injustice to him. To say so is to limit the sphere of his influence. Nobody has till now limited the influence of Milton by calling him a poet of Christianity or by designating Kalidas a poet of

Hinduism. Men professing religions other than Christianity have not on account of this aspect of Milton's poetry diminished their admiration for him.

Iqbal exhorts us to a better and more strenuous life full of high ideals to be attained by making sacrifices for the maintenance of our individual and national existence. His message is a beacon-light for those who would care to read and understand his works. A great poet, especially of the type of Iqbal, is a gift of Providence to a nation and we must consider ourselves lucky that we have one. To him we owe not merely wonderful poetry and a dynamic philosophy of life but a national home in which we can live honourable lives and work out our destiny on the lines of our own culture and traditions.

The world has seen great poets, but it is doubtful if the world has produced such an exquisite mixture of the poet, the philosopher and the statesman. Goethe with whom he is often compared is perhaps his only peer, but even he was not so devoted to pure and abstract thought as Iqbal was. The Poet of the East vivified his poetry with his philosophy and beautified his philosophy with his poetry and carved out a place for himself perfectly unique in the history of human culture.

Iqbal died rich in honours though not in years. His body may have become dust and ashes but his spiritual influence as a poet, as a thinker and as a teacher of mankind will ever defy the limitations of space and time inspiring the coming generations of Muslims and even non-Muslims alike with hope, courage and faith. The teachings of Iqbal, if properly understood, appreciated and assimilated will go down in history as a great character-building force.

Iqbal was born ahead of his Time

DR. AFTAB IQBAL
Bar-at-Law

THE late Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal was one of those great men whose eminence grows more obvious with the lapse of years. Like a mountain, obscured at first by its foothills, he rises as he recedes. The coming generations of the Indo-Pakistan Sub-continent will see him in a much better perspective than we do today.

To be able to discover the multiple aspects of his versatile genius will require a long and patient research and a close study of the moral, political and social conditions of the times in which he lived, moved and had his being. It is obvious that he was born ahead of his time and died at a time when a man of his vast knowledge, intellect, imagination and force of character was most needed to guide the destinies of his people.

A man of indomitable courage and great audacity of thought he faced opposition not only from his enemies in the fields of religion, politics and social reforms, but from those whom he sought to help and on whose support he relied.

Iqbal's eminence as one of the greatest poets of the world is, of course, undeniable, but what has immortalised him in the history of mankind is not mearly his poetry to which he himself assigned a secondary place in his life's work nor even his vast

erudition, his high intellect, his profoundity of thought and his artistic imagination although they are all important factors in the building up of his world-wide reputation.

LOVE OF TRUTH

It was, above all, his love of truth, the burning zeal with which he preached and practised his doctrines, his fearless advocacy of the political and social rights of Indian Muslims and the unique service he did to Islam in presenting it to the world in terms of modern thought that have earned for him an abiding place in the history of human thought.

This much needed task of making Islam intelligible to the Western world could be accomplished in the 20th century only by a scholar who was steeped in Islamic learning with a profound knowledge of European philosophy and an intelligent understanding of modern science.

It was Iqbal's infinite love of the Holy Prophet of Islam which has entitled him to a niche in the temple of fame. In the form of a human being he was a sparkling flame which burned for 65 years with extraordinary brilliance warming the hearts of millions of men and women in the Indo-Pakistan Subcontinent. His body may have become dust and ashes, but his spirit lives and his poetical works will remain a source of inspiration to his people for many generations to come.

MESSAGE FOR HUMAN RACE

It seems to me that the time is not far distant when with the progress of education and translations

of his works Iqbal will have a much wider circle of readers in the world than he has today. His teachings, when properly understood, appreciated and assimilated should have the effect of transforming character. I am looking forward to the day when there will be a greater realisation of the fact that his message was intended for the entire human race and not exclusively for the Muslims of India or Muslims generally.

He certainly believed in higher forms of communalism which aim at the harmonious development of all sections of humanity. In trying to raise the moral, intellectual political and social level of the Muslims of India he was actuated by humanitarian motives as was naturally expected of a man of his vast mental horizon and catholicity of outlook. No poet of Iqbal's stature could entertain any feeling of hatred against other religions or cultural groups.

He honestly served the cause of Indian Muslims because they needed special attention. When after a long and bitter experience he realised that it was impossible for the Muslims of India to work out their destiny on their own lines as a sub-national group he never hesitated in demanding a separate Muslim State carved out of the Indian Sub-continent. The coming generations will appreciate his political sagacity which gave birth to a great Muslim Republic in Asia. His name will go down in history not only as a poet philosopher of the highest rank, but as a statesman and a teacher of mankind.

Iqbal in the Eyes of Others

PETER AVERY

THE MESSAGE OF METAPHYSICS

Iqbal is one of the finest Muslim thinkers and writers of modern times. I feel quite inadequate to the task of writing about him as he should be written about : his range of understanding of the workings of the human reason and emotions, was so wide that even beginning to become acquainted with the comprehensiveness of this man's thoughts and ideas is a daunting, though also an exciting, experience.

More than this width of comprehension, which embraced all the states of man, Iqbal possessed the power to communicate : he was supremely articulate in three great languages, Urdu, Persian and English. Besides beings a remarkable thinker, he was also a great poet and prose writer.

He was that rare combination, a philosopher and a poet, combining the poetic genius with a powerful intellect, as our Milton did. He was not only an ocean of understanding, but he could speak to us of what he understood, and he saw mankind with the tenderness of a brother and the insight of a Prophet.

What is so remarkable about Iqbal is the dynamism of his Philosophy. Essentially it was a Philosophy of Love. It was the same as the philosophy of al-Ghazali and Maulana Jalal-ud-Din Rumi, the one,

a great Iranian thinker, who lived between 1058 and 1111 A.D., and the other the great mystic poet, who had preached the philosophy of dynamic love : the action of love in this world to lead to human fulfilment in as near as possible complete working out of God's purpose in creation.

MISUNDERSTANDING

Strangely enough this teaching has often been misunderstood and confused with forms of quietism which properly belong to the further east and incidentally to more lush lands that the arid, hard deserts in which Muslim civilisation has flourished and where the acceptance of passive doctrines would, when you come to think of it, present an incongruous phenomenon.

Thus Sufiism has been mistaken for a nihilistic way of life, in which the seeker desires absorption into the Sought. The emphasis placed in Sufi teaching on the necessity for the conquest of the base self, called in Sufi Jargon *nafs* has somehow resulted in many supposing that Sufiism's aim is the total destruction of the whole self, regardlsss of the fact that Sufiism was evolved by Sunni thinkers and poets who were doctrinally convinced of the significance of the human self as God's supermost creation and God's greatest joy.

The assumption that Sufiism meant the destruction of the Self, and some kind of loss of identification in a return into on all-embracing diety has led to the practical aspect of Sufiism and its true nature being forgotten.

Real Sufiism, as expounded by Farid-ud-Din,

Attar and Maulana Jalal-ud-Din Rumi, was intended to fortify the Persian people at a time in their history when the depredations of the Moghuls were implanting in the national consciousness of Iran a fearful pessimism, and driving the Iranian people into their own personalities, engendering a state of despair, the antithesis of action and vitality.

IMPORTANT PHENOMENON

Sufiism, as well as being an important spiritual and cultural phenomenon, was, and this is a fact too many are apt to forget, also a political and social phenomenon, part of the explanation of which must be found in the political and social conditions obtaining in eastern India, in Iran and Mesopotamia, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries ; and here I need only drop the hint that the first raids of Chenghiz Khan began in Transoxania in 1219-20.

The great Iranian Sufi teachers were concerned to combat in their people the pessimism and despair which had taken hold of the Iranian mentality after the fall of the poetry loving Samanid Princes of Bukhara and Samarqand in the tenth century. Firdawsi's great epic is in a sense a lament for the glory of Iran and a reminder that it is in need of saving and repair ; this nationally conscious role, manifest in one great Persian poet, though expressed otherwise, is not absent in the great mystic poets either.

I do not refer to ecstatics, of whom Iraqi may be taken as an example but to the great, constructive singers of the message of Love, such as Attar and Jalal-ud-Din Rumi.

They taught that we must be hard, hard with

ourselves in order to temper the Self that it may adequately fulfil its covenant with God, and tender, in love and an understanding which shall have as its model the supreme understanding of God Himself, with our fellow men ; that we should exercise solicitude and forbearance towards our nation healing and helping the injured, frightened and leaderless people.

WILD-EYED QUEST

Now this is the very reverse of the passive asceticism, the complete withdrawal and the wild-eyed quest for some sort of ecstasy, which are the features often wrongly associated with that spiritual teaching which had its orgin in Iran, and which to this day, perhaps particularly in this day, forms so important a part of the message to mankind of Persian Poetry.

What is of particular interest in linking Iqbal with the Persian metaphysic—an association he himself would certainly not have denied—is that by his interpretation of the Persian philosophy of Love he shows that he understood as very few have done what Jalal-ud-Din Rumi and al-Ghazali really meant, for after all, he was a thinker of their level and power.

Moreover, like them, he was concerned, prophet-like, father-like, with the fate of the people. These he found distracted and haunted by action-adding dispair, in need of uplifting, their faith revivified—and so, taking the Quran as the wonderfully sustaining basis of his teaching he reiterated and explained its doctrine that Faith begins in the Self, and only from the Self can Faith be restored, nourished, strengthened.

Again, in his reliance on the Holy Quran, Iqbal was atone with the great Iranian teachers of eight hundred years ago ; in fact it is perhaps in this, that the ground of their teaching was one, that is to say a dynamic conception of the Message of Islam, that Iqbal and Rumi were of one voice.

GREAT MYSTICS

I have already remarked that the great Persian mystics have a message which is of very real importance to our world today; I hope now to have said enough to show this message will be more fully understood when it is studied in conjunction with the teaching of Iqbal. He supplements and explains the older teachers of Islam and he corrects those false ideas of the teaching of Muslim metaphysicians, for in him the dynamic quality of their teaching is realised and also the quality teaching has additional to the quality of many other world philosophies : I refer to the interesting fact that these Islamic thinkers have worked out a philosophy of life rooted in religion—their first premise is the Revelation of the Prophet Mohammad, and they are free of the dichotomy which normally makes philosophy and faith separate.

Earliar we saw that Iqbal was that unusual combination, poet and philosopher. Here we find that he was, with a handful of great Muslim thinkers of centuries before him, something even more unusual, a man of profound religious conviction who was also a philosopher.

DYNAMIC LOVE

Iqbal was not only what I would like to describe

as the great vindicator of the preaching of the Iranian mystics who taught the power of dynamic love; he was also one of the modern world's most important vindicators of the power of religion. He proved that the scientific modern man can also be the man of faith and that out of the most rigorous questioning to which a powerful intellect can subject it Faith can emerge not only unimpaired but strengthened, a stalwart adjunct to the building up of the Self into that mirror of the love of God it was created to be :

حرف بدرا برلب آوردن خطا است ۔ کافر و مومن ہمہ خلق خدا است
آدمیت احترام آدمی ۔ باخبر شو از مقام آدمی
بندۂ عشق از خدا گیرد طریق ۔ می شود بر کافر و مومن شفیق

To speak evil is a sin
Infidel and believer, both are God's creature
Humanity is respect for human kind :
Become aware of the dignity of man .
The waiter on Love takes his direction from God ,
He is solicitous for both believer and unbeliever.

Iqbal's Concept of Ishq

SYED ZIA-UL-ISLAM AYAN

LOVE is the root of all that Iqbal wants and preaches. Here I experience a difficulty. Iqbal's word is *Ishq* which is usually translated into English as love. But as far as I understand love means only a very small fraction of what is meant by *Ishq* in Iqbal's terminology.

To avoid confusion, I would, therefore, retain in English the original *Ishq*. *Ishq* means the entire philosophy of Iqbal. It is love, help, service, even sacrifice in the sense of surrendering one's legitimate inalienable rights. It is the domination of the world, control and modification at pleasure of the laws of nature and through it the attainment of God. Thus, it will be seen that when Iqbal connects desire with love he does not mean, as the two terms lead us to expect, that desire should be marked with or tempered by *Ishq*. He is far from it. Desire and *Ishq* are according to him practically interchangeable in form and actually interdependent in meaning.

He is not lover whose lips are busy groaning,
Lover is he who hath the two worlds on the palm of his hands,
Lover is he who buildeth his own world,
Is not in harmony with a world that knows a border .

عشق به سرکشیدن است شیشهٔ کائنات را
جام جهان نما مجو، دست جهان کشا طلب

Ishq is the pulling asunder of the glass of universe. Do not search for the cup of Jamshed demand the world-conquering-hand

Briefly, *Ishq* stands for all that is good in this world and the next while its opposite *Aql* or wisdom stands for all that is bad and sinful.

عقل در پیچاک اسباب و علل — عشق چوگان باز میدان عمل
عشق صدا ز زور بازو افگند — عقل مکار است و دامے می زند
عقل را سرمایه از بیم و شک است — عشق را عزم و یقین لاینفک است

Wisdom is entangled in the meshes of cause and reason
Love plays polo on the field of action
Love throws down the game with the force of its arm
Wisdom is cunning and spreads the net
The commodity of wisdom is fear and doubt
Resolve and conviction are indispensable to love

But the wisdom which Iqbal so emphatically condemns has got nothing to do with shrewdness. Shrewdness works side by side with and is benevolent and helpful to *Ishq* as desire. While wisdom is an antonym of *Ishq*, shrewdness is its synonym.

غربیان را زیرکی ساز حیات — شرقیان را عشق راز کائنات
زیرکی از عشق گردد حق شناس — کار عشق از زیرکی محکم اساس
عشق چو با زیرکی هم بر شود — نقشبندِ عالم دیگر شود

To the occidentals shrewdness is the secret of Life.
To the orientals *Ishq* is the mystery of the universe.
Shrewdness becomes cognisant of right through *Ishq*
The work of *Ishq* derives firmness for its foundation from shrewdness
When *Ishq* enters into fellowship with shrewdness
It becomes the creator of another world.

Iqbal next awakens us to the merits of force and conflict, another essential phase of his theory Ego, desire, or *Ishq* are all intertwined with his doctrine of force. With his usual tempestuous vehemence, Iqbal preaches the doctrine of force and requires you to follow it undauntedly. Consideration of consequences should never stand in your way. If collision against a harder substance means your going to pieces do not mind Life does not consist in a number of fragments being held together. It is something above the unity or disruption of the so-called components of an entity. Where reverses are result of well directed courage, consequences will invariably help. There is no such thing as hindrance known to self-reliant ambition. Together or in pieces the individuality is there, maintaining its progress towards self-realisation without a pause As a matter of fact a fatal collision only strengthens you and adds to your credit.

تو بچا بچا کے نہ رکھ اسے تیرا آئینہ ہے وہ آئینہ
کہ شکستہ ہو تو عزیز تر ہے نگاہِ آئینہ ساز میں

Do not be cautiously preserving it for thy mirror is a mirror
That becomes more valuable in the eyes of its maker, if it breaks

This may appear inconsistent to some extent with the main theory of Iqbal But what he really means is this ·

If you are so strong that everything coming in contact with you either gives way to you or goes to pieces by the shock, it is all right. If, however your strength is inferior it must be increased as the inferiority proceeds from some default or omission,

committed in the past or in commission now, on your part. The past cannot be recalled and therefore, the present should be rectified. This is only possible if you seek collision with forces of superior strength. Such collision will only tend to draw out your dormant powers and your latent faculties, Collision and even reverses should, therefore, be welcome and where they cannot be had unasked, asking for them should be the shaping idea of your life, until the past omissions have been completely made amends for. The teaching sounds strange, at any rate, impracticable but it is quite consistent with Iqbal's indestructibility of life

تو این جنگ از کنار عرصه بینی   بمیر اندر نبرد و زنده تر شو

Thou art witnessing this conflict from the outskirts of the battlefield.
Die in the conflict and become more living.

Iqbal is conscious of the difficulties of the ground he is treading here and therefore tries to clarify his story, entitled 'Diamond and Coal' the diamond says to coal in reply to the latter's request for an explanation of the difference between the hardness and consequent difference in status of the two substances.

گفت الماس ای رفیق نکته بین   تیره خاک از پختگی گردد نگین
تار پیراهن خود در جنگ شد   پخته از پیکار شد سنگ شد
پیکرم از پختگی ذوالنور شد   سینه ام از جلوه ها معمور شد

O sagacious friend, said the diamond,
Dark earth, when hardened, becomes in dignity as a bezel,
Having been at strife with its environment,
It is ripened by the struggle and grows hard like a stone.
It is this ripeness that has endowed my form with life and filled my bosom with radiance.

Power, says Iqbal, is good absolutely and therefore, must be sought in all circumstances. Wherever it is found it is virtue or at least an impenetrable shadow of virtue so that the virtue of the weak appears vice and vice versa.

با توانائی صداقت توام است　گر نگاہی خود ہمیں جام جم است
زندگی کشت است و حاصل قوت است　شرح رمز حق و باطل قوت است

Strength is the twin of truth ,
If thou knowest thyself, strength is the truth's revealing glass.
Life is the seed and power the crop ,
Power explains the mystery of truth and falsehood,

Many an illusion has contributed to the weakness of man some of it stand out so boldly that Iqbal cannot fail to take notice of them. Resignation to weakness has often been justified by the casuistry of nomenclature which offers quite a pious word to cover up the abhorrence of the idea it signifies. Iqbal denounces this casuistry, which is responsible for a demoralising practice passing for magnanimity.

عفو بے جا سردی خون حیات　سکتہ در بیت موزون حیات
ہر کہ در قعر مذلت ماندہ است　ناتوانی را قناعت خواندہ است

Mercy out of season is the coldness of life's blood.
A break in the rhythm of life's music.
Whoever is sunk in the depths of ignominy
Calls his weakness contentment.

IQBAL'S VISION OF KARBALA

Aggressive Triumph of Virtue over Vice

One conversant with Islam looks forward with expectancy to the journey of Iqbal along his own lines, through the various events of Islamic history, full of lofty sacrifices. Iqbal chooses the loftiest of them for his illustration. That great sin of man, the Tragedy of Karbala wherein the family of the Prophet with a small band of chosen devotees, was massacred under the circumstances, leaving a record, never to be bracketed much less beaten, in the whole annals of the black criminality of mortals. Husain, the hero of the martyrs, is extolled by everybody who had read his history, as a model of valour, fortitude, forbearance, and sacrifice. The latter qualities are more prominently commemorated. Usually the greatness of Husain is built on his helplessness and destitution in his struggle against Yazid. Iqbal looks at the Massacre with his own angle of vision. All say that Yazid did to Husain so and so Iqbal begins from the opposite direction, saying that Husain did so and so to Yazid. Husain being the embodiment of pure Islam as conceived by Iqbal, the idea of employing the usual phraseology of Yazid having done so and so to Husain which inferentially imputes a sort of helplessness to Husain, militates strongly against the notions of Iqbal. He, therefore, begins :

آں شنیدستی کہ ہنگام نبرد عشق باعقل ہوس پرور چہ کرد
آں امام عاشقاں پور بتول سروے آزادے زبستان رسول
اللہ اللہ بائے بسم اللہ پدر معنی ذبح عظیم آمد پسر
بہر آں شہزادہ خیر الملل دوش ختم المرسلین نعم الجمل

در بیان است آں کیاں جناب   ہمچو حرف قل ہواللہ در کتاب
موسیٰ و فرعون و شبیر و یزید   ایں دو قوت از حیات آمد پدید
زندہ حق از قوت شبیری است   باطل آخر داغ حسرت میری است
چون خلافت رشتہ از قرآں گیخت   حریت از ہر اندر کام ریخت
خواست آں سر جلوہ خیر الامم   چون کاب قبلہ باراں در قدم
بر زمین کربلا بازید درفت   لالہ در ویرانہا کارید و رفت
تا قیامت قطع استبداد کرد   موج خون او چمن ایجاد کرد
دربیان خاک وخون غلطیدہ است   پس بنائے لا الٰہ گردیدہ است

Hast thou heard at the time of battle.
What *Ishq* did to the appetite-nourishing wisdom
Here of course *Ishq* is Husain and wisdom Yazid.
That leader of lovers, the son of Batul,
A free cyprus from the garden of the Prophet
O God, O God, the father was the letter 'B' of *Bismillah*
The son was the meaning of *Zabiah Azim* (the great Sacrifice)
For that Prince of the best of nations
The back of the Prophet was the subsitute for the camel.
In the midst of the people of the Prophet that lord of the highest residence.
Is like the chapter of *Qul-ho-Allah* in the Book,
Moses. Pharaoh, Shabbir and Yazid.
These two forces emerge life.
Right is alive by the power of Shabbir
Wrong ultimately becomes a scar of disappointed death.
When succession severed with link from the Koran
Poison poured down the throat of liberty.
Then that happiest manifestation of the best of people got up
Like the clouds of the Kaba with rains at their feet.
He rained on the plain of Karbala and went.
Sowed lilies in the wilderness and went.
He eradicated obstinate vice till the day of resurrection.
The waves of his blood pulled a garden into existence.
He hath rolled in dust and gore
And then hath become the basis of *La-i-Lah* (There is no god but God).

The whole trend of the narrative, particularly the last lines unmistakable show that the initiative lay with Husain. This knocks the bottom out of the belief that Husain was drawn into the unequal conflict because he was helpless. Not only this. Further on, he paints the accomplishment of Husain as a sanguinary victory, lending them a touch of that indifference to the sufferings of the weak which is such an indispensable factor of Iqbal's teaching :

تیغ "لا" چوں از میاں بیروں کشید   از رگ ارباب باطل خوں کشید

نقش الا اللہ بر صحرا نوشت   سطر عنوانِ نجات ما نوشت

When he drew the sword of 'There is no god but God' from the sheath,
He bled white the veins of the lords of vice.
He engraved the writing, "but God", on the desert
He wrote the headline of the permit of our salvation.

The sacrifice at Karbala has always been kept in the forefront in the religious system of the Muslims and some of the best brains of the community have at all times been exercised over it. But beyond a little sprinkling of the idea of success over the subject here and there, there has never been heard anything like half as inspiring as the description of Iqbal—the aggressvie triumph of virtue over vice. Ali the second, the only surviving son of the hero of Karbala and the guiding light amongst the woebegone women and children of the Prophet's family through the dreadful sequal—the disgraceful public parade after the death of Husain—took exactly the same view of tragedy. One of the spectators who had thronged in the streets of Damascus to witness the humiliation of the bereaved addressed a malignant remark to Ali the second with reference

to plight to which indignant retort was an elucidation of the meaning of Iqbal. I am sure Iqbal does not know anything of the retort and that which appears to be an echo is really an isolated and independent exposition of his own inspired message.

Iqbal admires non-violence. But where violence is a necessity, its omission is a sin. Iqbal says :

تکیه بر صحبت و اعجاز بیان نیز کنند
بدر حق گاه به شمشیر و سنان نیز کنند

Reliance is undoubtedly placed on argument and miracle of oratory.
But the cause of righteousness is sometimes vindicated with the sword and lance.

Even mendicancy is not averse to violence and Iqbal says that the true lover is he who conceals a will to conquer behind his ostentations of harmless humility :

گاه باشد که ته خرقه زره می پوشند
عاشقان بدهٔ حال اند و جهان نیز کنند

Sometimes it happens that a coat of mail is worn under the garb of hermitage
Lovers are the creatures of the present times and do so as well.

There is one thing that the student of Iqbal has to guard against : it is the misconception that Iqbal preaches political exploitation and territorial expansion to which he appears to have come so perilously near. Land conquest he condemns as one of the greatest sins in his religious system :

صلح بشر گردد چو مقصود است غیر
گر خدا باشد غرض جنگ است خیر

گر نہ گردد حق ز تیغ ما بلند
جنگ باشد قوم را نا ارجمند

Peace becomes an evil, if its object be ought else ;
War is good if its object is God.
If God be not exalted by our souls
War dishonours the people.

Helplessness is unknown to *Ishq* which according to the oriential poets is one of the essentials of love.

I groaned in order to awaken you, otherwise,
Ishq is an act which is done as well without a sigh or groan.

The doctrine of domination attained through *Ishq* is free from the limitations of time and space.

Iqbal's Conception of Art

M. A. HARRIS

IQBAL preached an objectivity characteristic of Hali. He was as vehemently opposed to the promotion of art for the sake of art as he was critical of the oncoming degeneration in music, painting and literature of his time. In his poem *Bandagi Nama* he compares the art and architecture of a free nation with that of a slave people. The political significance of this poem is evident. For Iqbal never wrote without a purpose.

He believed in action. To him art had a social obligation to fulfil. In his opinion, a reactionary artist was capable of holding a nation to ransom more than the abominable hordes of Chengiz Khan and Halaku. He was of the conviction that the spiritual well being of a nation was dependent to a great extent on the nature of the inspiration bestowed upon her poets and literateurs.

INSPIRATION

Nevertheless, Iqbal did not visualise artists in terms of automatous; for he knew that what he characterised as "inspiration" constituted the mainspring of art. It could not be acquired. It came in the nature of a gift to be accepted without demur. It is a God-send to be turned to account for the benefit of the people at large. It is subservient to life.

The above is the basic enunciation of Iqbal's views vis-a-vis the inspiration. He was once asked to narrate his feelings in the process of composing verses. He replied that many a time he made an attempt to mentally grasp the ramblings of his Muse but as soon as he got down to the brass-tacks, the continuity and the flow of the inspiration would vanish. He also revealed that at one stage he did not have any inspiration for over a year. This is not, however, to be confused with versification in which he could indulge at will at any time.

Having realised that his Muse could no longer commune with the spirits on high, Iqbal decided to devote himself to Urdu prose. He thus found time to write a book on economics in that language. But one night as he lay on the bed trying to fathom the starry depths of the universe, a stream of couplets gushed out. This marked the restoration of his lost kingdom of inspiration which continued undiminished for the rest of his life.

Iqbal was no romantic warbler. His poetry conforms to a set standard. It is didactic and philosophical. He is not an inspired neurotic performing feats of epilepsy. He strikes novel because of the intensity of his passion. He was aware beyond measure of the nature of his experiment. That is why he proceeded to amend his own incomplete dictum and recast it as follows :

"Poetry is the handmaid of Life and Personality."

By laying stress on human personality, Iqbal saved himself from the dangers implicit in materialism. To be materialistic is to involve one self in the

hurly-burly of work-a-day politics which renders a poet incapable of a dynamic outlook. To him whatever invigorates ego and inspires life into it is conducive to social well-being. Thus a piece of good poetry enriches social life in that it projects a sensitive personality.

Art must be capable of rekindling the fires of life. It must engender a passion for living. An art devoid of these characteristics can hardly be termed good. An ideal artist is one for whose soul passionate attachment or love provides the motive power, and what is love if not a delightful combination of beauty and power.

Iqbal's "Moral Fabric" should be viewed against the essential background of his cult of "personality." This saves his outlook from being vitiated by sectional limitations. In that context, Iqbal and Tolstoy appear to be on all fours. However, while Tolstoy confined himself strictly within the four walls of theological claptrap, Iqbal viewed things from a philosophical angle.

The development and consolidation of human personality play a prominent role in the realm of Iqbal's philosophy. This attitude of his mind is reflected in the domain of his poetry as well. It embraces all the realities of his experimentations as an artist and explains why art occupies a prominent place in the sphere of human activity.

Iqbal's philosophy is shorn of the baneful effects of Tolstoy's teachings which have been adopted 'mutatis mutandis' by some modern totalitarian State. Although Iqbal believes with Tolstoy that an effective and complete aestheticism must not be

grounded in expressionism alone, he does not circumscribe art within the framework of set themes and clitches. His emphasis on personality is such as to catapult the artist prominently amidst social environment. In other words, an artist is partly a product of environment and vice versa.

BEAUTY AND NATURE

The theory propounded by I.A. Richards regarding the "Balance of propensities" does not open out vistas for further research. Iqbal expounded the philosophy of "Balance of Beauty and Nature." He has thus steered clear of the pitfalls into which Richards had fallen. According to Richards, an experiment which brings into play the maximum facets of a single personality is worth emulation.

Iqbal is averse to the belief that tangibles shape and fashion of the intangibles because this theory postulates recognition of the supermacy of matter over the soul. To him grappling with and not submission to the forces of nature begets power. Ceaseless creation causes to keep alive man and Creator. As such an artist should endeavour to discover his ideal in the innermost recesses of his own ego. He should allow neither nature nor material factors to interfere with the process of this discovery. A truly great artist is one whose zest for life is stark and undeniable and whose ambition is massive and unassailable.

The Vision of Utopia in Jaweed Nama

KHURSHID ALAM

IN his masterly work *Jaweed Nama*, Iqbal describes how, accompanied, in fact led by Rumi, he flew from planet to planet and narrates what he saw and how he felt there. Interplanetary travel indeed symbolises the flight of his imagination. Hisvis it is well planned. Far from getting lost in the limitless expanse he returns to mankind at large with a message of hope and peace.

Dealing with the ascension of the Holy Prophet, Iqbal says in the "Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam":

The prophet's return is creative. He returns to insert himself into the sweep of time, with a view to control the forces of history, and thereby to create a fresh world of ideals.

In *Jaweed Nama* Iqbal has not created a fresh world of ideals of his own in that he draws his inspiration from the Quran. But he has recreated afresh the Quranic ideals in the light of modern thought for the benefit of the modern man who, devoid as he is of faith, is drifting rudderless in a stormy sea of confusion. "The most remarkable phenomenon of modern history," according to Iqbal, "is the enormous rapidity with which the world of Islam is spiritually moving towards the West". He sees nothing wrong in the movement. But his "fear is that the

dazzling exterior of European culture may arrest our movement and we may fail to reach the true inwardness of that culture." This is necessary because "Believe me, Europe today is the greatest hindrance in the way of man's ethical advancement. The Muslim, on the other hand, is in possession of ultimate ideas on the basis of a revelation, which speaking from the inmost depths of life, internalises its own apparent externality. With him the spiritual basis of life is a matter of conviction for which even the least enlightened man among us can easily lay down his life ; and in view of the basic idea of Islam that there can be no further revelation binding on man, we ought to be spiritually one of the most emancipated peoples on earth."

Therefore, "the only course open to us is to approach modern knowledge with a respectful but independent attitude and to appreciate the teachings of Islam in the light of knowledge . . . ."

With this end in view Iqbal has posed questions, and provided answers to them, in the "Book of Eternity." The planets he visits are the scenes in his mighty drama. While the book has to be taken as a whole for proper appreciation of the great mind's philosophy, a panoramic view of it is provided by his sojourn at the planet of Mars. There the visionary has painted the picture of what might well be called Iqbal's Utopia.

As he moves from Venus on to Mars he finds a "different world with different time and space." Even the sun produced "a different alteration of day and night." There he comes across a garden with a high observatory installed in it. Zinda Rood, the

name under which Iqbal is travelling is somewhat taken aback by strange environments. Pir-i-Room comes to his rescue and tells him that he is on Mars. The inhabitants of the place, Roomi goes on to explain, are skilled and advanced like the Europeans. Because on the earth men are rooted in water and sod, their body is the prison of their mind. Also man is divided in body and soul, with the latter unmanifested and the former over-emphasized. Such duality is not possible in Martian thinking. The people could even announce their death a day or two before its occurrence.

Realising that Zinda Rood is hard put to appreciating it. Roomi goes on to explain that the difficulty stems from the fact that his soul, unlike that of the Martian is the prisoner of body.

Their conversation is interrupted by the appearance of an old man with a snow-white beard and eyes revealing the depth of his thought. As he saw human beings, he addressed them in Persian : "In the time of the Holy Prophet a Martian chose to visit the land of Adam. He went also to the Sahara of Hajaz and wrote down the impressions of his global itinerary. He had himself been to Iran, Europe, Egypt, India, America, China and Japan for research in minerals, and as such he knew the story and problems of mankind.

Introduction over, the old Martian—Hakim Mirrikhi tells them that they are in the suburbs of Marghdeen-i-Barkhiya, a town named after Barkhiya, their progenitor. Barkhiya was in Paradise when he was visited by Farmarz, the devil, who worked hard to mislead him. He undertook to free him from the

bondage of God and take him to a world, where God had no place and which did not know any book, nor prophet nor Gabriel.

Barkhiya refused to submit to his blandishments and confidently replied. "Betake yourself to that world and leave me alone !" In return for his steadfastness God bestowed on him another world.

Roomi and Zanda Rood are taken round the God-given Marghdeen by Hakim Mirrikhi. It had lofty buildings and its inhabitants were sweet-tongued, handsome, self-mannered and of simple habits. They were free from wants and it was a land of plenty. They knew the secret of the sun's alchemy and had little worries and no toils of earning. As salt is abstracted from brine they gathered gold and silver from light itself. Their learnings and crafts had nothing but service as their aim and they carried on without money.

In a moneyless economy there is evidently little room for greed and grab and greater scope for promotion of collective good, The climate is all the more propitious for propagation of human values because the demon of machines had no stranglehold on the people. Iqbal's vision of a machine-less town is apparently a protest against the machine-dominated society of the West. Machines have no doubt turned out goods in an ever-increasing number. But as Iqbal has said elsewhere, they have also curshed finer sentiments and human values. Man, life and univerese have all been reduced to the level of soulless machines. It is this mechanistic concept of life which is the target of Iqbal's criticism.

Land—on Mars—is the mainstay of the people.

The farmer is hardworking and his "lamp burns bright." He is immune from the exploitation of the landlord. Sharing of irrigation water is no problem for him and his produce there is none to expropriate.

There is plenty of contentment and peace. Therefore, none "earns his livelihood by killing" and security forces and armies are non-existent. Pen in Marghdeen does not specialise in propagating lies. In streets nowhere are to be seen the jobless or beggars. Hakim Mirrikhi aptly felt it : Here there are no privations and no have-nots. The master and the servant are not the ruler and the ruled.

Absence of social inequalities and injustices bring to the mind of Zinda Rood the general fatalistic view and he points out : Beggars and have-nots are the result of God's will. So are the ruler and ruled. Fate is determined by none but God and effort (*tadbeer*) means little. In answer Hakim Mirrikhi expatiates on questions of Fate and Effort.

Dont you think fate is one alone. If you are not content with one, see from God another because His fates are limitless. Men of earth have lost their soul (ego) and failed to understand the secret of fate, which lies in changing oneself. If you are dust winds will below you away. If a stone, you will be thrown against glass : if dew, fall will be your lot. If sea, you will go on for ever.

You chisel out gods and vainly seek permanence. But not being yourself you have made religion an opiate.

Life is like a mine of rubies and you are its trustee. Do not say it is your property : it is God's. If

Adam follows Satan nothing but trouble will be the result. By grabbing what is God's you have invited poverty and misery. Make your task easy by rendering the land of God unto God. The value of a thing lies in yourself. A pearl is nothing but a worthless stone if it lies buried in earth—away from you. Change your outlook and the whole world will look different.

This does not exhaust the criticism of West. Iqbal has yet to point to a grave sore. As they come to the fringe of Marghdeen, they witness a crowd of men and women. Standing in the middle of it is a woman with bright but lifeless face. Her speech is emotionless and eyes dry. Her bossom is devoid of the surge of life In fact, she did not know the intoxication of passion. A sparrow, she had been rejected by the eagle of love.

She was wholly out of place in the Martian setting. In fact as Hakim Mirrikhi explained later, she was not a Martian. Farmarz, the Satan, had stolen her from Europe, turned her into a prophetess and landed her on Mars. She taught women to give up the life of attraction and live. To her, a wife's life is humiliating dependence on husband and adject slavery. Freedom lies in doing without husbands and ruling over men. *Wasl* to her is poison and *Firaq* sweet.

The epilogue to the stay on Mars is provided by Roomi. He draws their attention to the ways of the modern age. There are the fruits of Godless civilisation. Life, he says, is nothing but love (*Ishq*) which is also the foundation of civilisation and *deen* (society). Outwardly it burns, inwardly it is the light

of God of the worlds. To strengthen *deen* imbibe the ways of *Ishq* ; to learn *deen* go to the "People of *Ishq*."

Iqbal's utopia is not a poet's fantasy. It is a realisable goal. In his letter to the Quaid-i-Azam he wrote on May 28, 1937 . . . . Our political institutions have never thought of improving the lot of Muslims generally. The problem of bread is becoming more and more acute. The Muslim has begun to feel that he has been going down and down during the last 200 years . . . . The question therefore, is : how is it possible to solve the problem of Muslim poverty. . . . Happily there is a solution in the enforcement of the Law of Islam and its further development in the light of modern ideas.

"I have come to the conclusion that if this system of Law is properly understood and applied, at least the right to subsistence is secured to everybody. . . . For Islam the acceptance of social democracy in some suitable form is not a revolution but a return to the original purity of Islam."

IQBAL

Some Anniversary Musings

SYED MAHBUB MURSHED
(Former Chief Justice, East Pakistan)

"Come to the assembly of Iqbal and quaff a cup or two":

For although he does not have the head he knows the way of *Kalandars*.

This memorable day brings to the mind many such days which are branded in flaming letters on the tablet of the mind. It excluded a rich perfume from the treasured vaults of the memory. Like sweet music from the heavens, like liquid gushings from a brook or like burgeoning foliage in early spring, this day comes with all the grace and fragrance of an appropriated faith. It is an anniversary of the heart, a communion of souls, for it is April 21.

For over three decades, I have from time to time, written about Iqbal and have also addressed a good number of anniversary gatherings. Two years ago I had presided over a similar celebration at Lahore sponsored by the Central Iqbal Committee. On this consecrated occasion when, along with millions of devotees, I am filled with an intense emotion, I shall present some run-away thoughts on this great weaver of dreams. They represent a cry of faith to the ear of eternity.

Iqbal has produced a verdant pasture where all

may graze and the longer the grazing the sweeter the flavour and the richer the nourishment. His seeing soul has reached its goal and the voyager has sailed to the heaven of his destination. The world of shadows has receded and the lamp of light has revealed the imprisoned secrets of nature.

NATIONAL BARD

In the restless motion of this rotating globe one seeks an oasis in the desert which shrouds the moving sands of time. In the convulsion of our overstrained life the tired soul longs for a refuge in a phantasmal and restless world. The mind turns to the soul-lifting meditations of thinkers, who have gathered in their sheaves a profuse harvest of sustaining thoughts in limitless realm of poetry, philosophy and morals. It is only given to the few to voice the soul of humanity. These are the select amongst mankind; such a thinker and singer was Dr. Mohammad Iqbal who in the encyclopaedic sweep of his prodigious mind, is also the national bard of Pakistan.

He passed his potent persuasion in the open sunlight of reason and grappled with problems which have taxed the mind of his fellowmen. With a surging diction, which rolls across the motherland to the wide world, he has elevated and guided men to a liberated aspiration when the drooping spirit had given way to despair. Humanity awakens in harmony and in a rising hope when meaningful words are spoken in proper time by proper man. They evoke a grand symphony which rouses the somnolent soul. There is a magic in words which nothing else possesses, but this bewitching gift belongs only

to the immortals of mankind. The truth is that words derive their captivating rhetoric not merely from the artistry of the speaker, but also from the profound thoughts which generate them. The great can feel the pulse of the times. The ideal is in the man as also in the message which he delivers.

TRIUMPH OVER SELF

A poet, thinker, philosopher statesmen and reformer Iqbal belonged to the esoteric cult of high moral purpose. He dwells in the golden age of Islam, emitting its sweet sounds and profound accents. There is no sensuous pleasure in his intimacies with this universe of sound, vision and touch. His translunar spirit is unfettered when he dwells on honey-laden waves that have emanated from the wisdom of Arabia. His enamoured soul sends forth the human cry :

"O, the enlightened soul of Omar Farouq, the enlightened soul of Ali !
For the base metal of man, the Alchemy lies in an enlightened soul."

In the silence of the starry heavens the anthem of incommunicable things came to him adorned in the beauty and splendour of a rich fancy and imagery. Nature spoke for him in a personal voice uttering its encased lessons to his reverent ear. He says :

"Thou dwellest in the darkness of the night.
Thou dwellest in the effulgence of the moon.
Sometime thy beauty is patent,
Sometime it is hidden."

His musings over the problems that beset man brought him to his final triumph, the triumph over self. The elusive soul is revealed in the hole the personal is lodged in the impersonal and the mortal in the immortal. He discovered his soul through the discovery of his inner-self.

To him life is the arch through which gleams an untravelled world, and death, the mighty deliverer has no terror, In the message which he imparts, he transmits a ray of hope to the world. From the sentient and eternal being he seeks to find a personal and tangible existence. He looks at the uncertainty of the future with a spacious calm. From behind the curtain comes the thunder sound of a raging storm and yet he maintains his vision true. He preserves his unshaken faith in the moral sovereignty of the world. His mind is all daylight. There are no obscure reserves half tones and shadows. His vision does not deviate, through labyrinthine mazes, to an unattainable distance.

UNWAVERING FAITH

He is clear and emphatic, simple and direct The goal is constantly before him. He is a wayfarer from the ages stopping at the inn of life. He is elemental and primeval ; time and place are accidents. His emotions are as deep as they are sincere. Impressed by the saintliness of his mind one discerns his abiding wisdom and practical sense.

He sounds the depth of the heart in a calm sanctuary where he is at peace with himself, a peace which came to him not through anodynes of delusions, but through an emancipated spirit which has

retained its undying faith in the eternal. There is no room for the acerbities and bitterness of life because it is saturated with radiance of love.

He revives the heart with a healing touch : His mind dwells in no backwater, but sails the broad currents of the word. There is a radiant sanity of outlook which illuminates the perspective wherein there is no place for animosities which divide men. His philosophy glows with a human warmth. With a deep emotion he sings :

"The vision does not retain its brilliance,
When the heart is tainted with the dust of malice."

He again strikes a triumphant note :

"I have lighted the candle of love in the conclave of life.
Consuming in fire, my soul has obliterated the deception of duality and difference."

THINKER AND HUMANIST

In the preceding paragraphs I have summed up the philosophy that permeates the longer poems collected under the titles of *Asrar-i-Khudi.* (The Secrets of Self) *Rumooz i-Bekhudi* (The Mysteries of Selflessness) : *Paiam-i-Mashriq* (The Message of the East) and the *Zaburi-i-Ajam* (The Persian Psalm).

Complete as epics, and as immortal as they are complete, stand these grand sagas, insulated in their glory exuding a light whose effulgence can never grow dim or feeble.

His *Shikwa* (Complaints) and *Jawab-i-Shikwa*

(Rejoinder to Complaints) are distilled by the stirring exhortations of the poet. They bring to light the gaping wounds of the mortified soul ; of afflicted Muslims. Longer lyrics could not have furnished a more invigorating sustenance. They are but preludes to the eternal hallelujah.

Against the petrefaction of the moral fibre of the nation his life and teaching constitute but it is not the protest of a rebel but of the seer who stands in the terrified region of the spirit. He says :

"From one given to praise,
Thou mightest
Condescend to listen to some complaints."

In the social mirror that he holds up are reflected the depths of his humanity. He truly said :

"My tongue, O Iqbal is the diction of the afflicted."

There have been others whose passionate solicitation for the welfare of their fellowmen has been deep and intense, but there has been but few in whom it has been so instructed with wisdom or where it has flowed with such a fervent fire. He breathed into public life a quality which it needed most, that is, an informed moral fervour.

His early collection of Urdu poems appeared in a well-known and popular book entitled, *Bang-i-Dara* (The Clarion of the caravan). It is an assortment of poems in almost all verse forms. It contains *Nazams*, *Ghazals*, Odes and various other collections of poems. It is Iqbal all over and Iqbal when he was young. The lucidity of his diction is only matched by the loftiness of the thoughts. He

has stored the honey of the soul gathered from its insistent yearnings and from its searches for the perennial and the eternal. His thoughts once formed and expressed, are as firm as the pillars of heaven.

Here is an asylum, beneath whose loving shelter the sick and the wearied are healed and rested ; here is a mind which is the unit and the measure of things visible and invisible ; here is a thinker whose thoughts tread amidst the wonders of the universe ; here is a light which plays upon the symmetry of things. He teaches us to venerate ourselves as men. The interrogation, quoted below, indicates his profound faith :

"I am a lump of dust, but what pearls are hidden within me ?

The wonder O Lord is, what radiance there is in darkness".

DEVOTION TO ISLAM

Apart from his provoking and fascinating poems, he has also produced several dissertations of some weighty and burning topics, particularly in regard to the problems posed by Muslim society in general and of the Sub-continent in particular. A bare enumeration of his vast literary and philosophical output would make a formidable list. His greatest contribution to the curate treasure of national lore is his unrelenting resistance to moral slackness. His work is fundamental and is, therefore, abiding.

His emotions are as deep as they are sincere. His superb sense of accent and phraseology and his exquisite balance of thought and emotion remind one of the scholar as also of the seer, the philosopher,

the mentor and the poet.

With regard to a substantial part of his pronouncements, his tremendous appeal for the Muslim world can be fully realised by only those who are familiar with the semantics of the Islam faith. He was imbued with radiations that have issued from the world of Islam for over a thousand years. They gave him the moral stamina which runs across the prolific region of his thoughts. The magnet of his soul constantly turns, in loving devotion, to the Prophet of Islam, with an undying faith and a splendid steadfastness. This alone confers upon him a title to everlasting fame. With what fervour and reverence does he sing :

"What eminence there is in the sacred dust of Medina.
Even when the sun goes there it goes on bended head."

FOR ENTIRE HUMANITY

Yet, to think of him only as a poet and philosopher, great as he undoubtedly is, in both spheres, would be to misassess his proper place in history. He is an awakener of humanity. His message is for the entire human race and his shepherding of his compatriots is a pointer to his profound statesmanship. His rank among the immortals of the human family is unquestionable.

His great name is not melody from far off times. It has the freshness of the dew upon it. To many his sanctified memory is embalmed in the fragrance of a not-too distant past. The magic of his hallowed name has perfumed the passing years with the aroma

of romance and enchantment. In any appraisal of his genius his undoubted place would be in a pantheon of the elite of mankind.

While other monuments have faded and fallen he abides in his deathless songs that flow like a crystal river, bright as light and clear as wind. He has lived with the Muses, but has never dwelt apart in the moon. He has held that truth is the only sovereign good that endures, but has woven his superb workmanship on the human heart. The angels have thronged round his unchallenged throne and will guard it till the end of time. It is thus that he has securely passed through gates of dawn to boundless eternity.

"They live when they die, when they die they live.
O, God, what peculiar life
Thou hast bestowed upon
Thy select ones".

How to Release Spirit of the East ?

Iqbal's Diagnosis and Cure

CH. MUHAMMAD ALI
(Former Prime Minister of Pakistan)

FRIENDS and fellow citizens : I deem it a great privilege to be in your midst on Iqbal Day in Iqbal's city which is also your city and my city. I shall attempt to place before you some aspects of one poem of Iqbal. It may appear unnecessary and even presumptuous to re-state in crude and halting prose what has been said in such exalted poetry but I am encouraged by Iqbal's line.

برادر ہر چہ اندر سینہ داری

THE TASK BEFORE US

Among the later poems of Iqbal is the Masnavi :

پس چہ باید کرد اے اقوام شرق

The question "What then is to be done" is addressed to the nations of the East and more specifically to the Muslim nations. By its very phrasing the question evokes in the mind a background of long discussion and debate of discontent with conditions, of a continuing an urgent, insistent, impatient demand for action. Something, it is clear, has to be done to free the spirit of the East, to break .the shackles imposed by the West, but what exactly is to be done remains to be determined. The poem

gives the answer, as Iqbal saw it but if we are to be faithful to his teachings we must attempt an answer ourselves. We must set the problem against our experience of the contemporary world, and out of the resources of our own mind find the solution to it. Only by such an effort would we gain the vision to see the task before us and the energy to carry it out. No doubt the mind of our generation has been largely fashioned by Iqbal and as we proceed on our journey we shall find our path illumined by his thought, but still the search and the endeavour has to be our own.

2. The contemporary scene is dominated by two gigantic struggles. The first is the struggle of the nations of Asia and Africa against the political domination and economic exploitation of the West. The second and relatively more recent struggle is the contest between the capitalist countries headed by the U S.A. and the Communist countries headed by the U.S S R. for the mastery of the World. The latter is generally referred to as the East-West struggle, although to the countries of Asia and Africa it is primarily a struggle between two groups of Western nations in terms of two varieties of Western ideology. These two struggles affect each other in a variety of ways, sometimes counteracting and sometimes reinforcing each other. As the two rival groups seek to win over the minds of the nations of the world, an ideological war of unprecedented intensity rages over the globe but particularly over Asia.

3. If one looks deep enough, both these struggles are the outcome of a single historic process which brought great power and opportunity for good and evil to the nations of the West. This was the

great change in human affairs brought about by science and its practical application to industry—the process known by the name of the Industrial Revolution.

4. Science which is man's attempt to co-ordinate his observations of the physical World in a coherent system of concepts is as old as Man. It is a ceaseless quest to correlate known facts and to explore further regions of experience in the light of this correlation. This ever-active curiosity, this urge for a deeper understanding of the World around us is part of the very texture of the human mind. Without it man would never have risen beyond mere animal existence. Behind all scientific investigation lies an active faith in the harmony and orderliness of existence.

ما ترى فى خلق الرحمن من تفوت فارجع البصر هل ترى من

فطور ثم ارجع البصر كرتين ينقلب اليک البصر خاسئاً وهو حسيره

Such a faith is an integral part of Islam as the Quran says :

"You see no incongruity in the creation of the Beneficient God ; Then look again, can you see any disorder ? Turn back the eyes again and again ; your look shall come back to you confused while it is fatigued." It was natural therefore that Muslims should have played a notable part in developing the methods of scientific inquiry. Their knowledge and their impulse was transmitted to Western Europe where it kindled a flame the light of which is reflected back to us to-day. The advances made in scientific knowledge during the last few centuries have brought about a revolutionary change in man's

understanding of the universe and his mastery of the physical environment. To participate in this adventure of thought, this creative enterprise of the human mind should be the privilege and the duty of every human society, but particularly so the Muslims who are enjoined by the Quran to observe and study the universe.

هرچه می بینی ز انوار حق است   حکمت اشیا ز اسرار حق است

هرکه آیات خدا بیند چراست   اصل این حکمت زحکم انظراست

5. We have to make up for centuries of neglect and learn from those we once taught. We have not only to master the great volume of knowledge already gained, but we have to be in the vanguard of scientific advance. In spite of these advances in knowledge, mankind is still only at the beginning of a great adventure. The scheme of inter-connected ideas with which we seek to grasp reality has itself undergone radical changes during the last 50 years, and will undoubtedly change still further in future. Our knowledge is fragmentary and uncertain but among the choicest delights of the human spirit is this continual quest for truth, probing deeper and deeper into reality.

6. This quest for knowledge and understanding would be enough justification for scientific activity but the manner in which its practical application to industry has transformed living conditions and given mastery over the physical environment provides an added reason of great force. This process of practical application started in the latter part of the 18th century and has since continued with accelerating momentum. The last two centuries have seen

technological advances greater than those of all the preceding centuries taken together. The result is that industrialised countries are at a much higher level of power and production than is possible to any unindustrialised country. By use of mechanical and electrical power the total amount of work and its speed can be enormously increased. The operation of machine requires a higher degree of education and skill than is needed for work in an agricultural community. The process of industrialisation is thus accompanied by a wide diffusion of education and a rise in the standard of living of the masses.

The increase in economic power brings about an even greater increase in military power. Knowledge of the working of metals, chemicals and living organisms can be used equally for constructive and destructive purposes. The methods of mass production make it necessary to organise large masses of men in big factories. The possibilities of large scale organisation thus opened up can be used equally in the concentration of huge armed forces. All these, it should be noted, have been rendered possible by science and its practical application to industry.

7. Although it gives great political and cultural prestige to the countries adopting it, industrialisation itself being merely a technique of applying mechanical and electrical power through machine to processes of industrial production is neither the consequence of nor the necessary ally of any particular creed. It can be associated with any social and political system and will produce its effects to the extent that it is applied. In the U.S.A. it has been developed and used by a democracy In Japan

industrialisation was combined with Shintoism. In Russia it has been applied by a dictatorship.

It is of the utmost importance to grasp this point. The economic and military power gained through industrialisation is continually used by both the contending world groups to lend prestige and authority to their social and political doctrines. Both the U.S.A. and Russia are militarily powerful; both have succeeded in raising the standard of living and education of their masses. Since they profess opposing ideologies, it is obvious that this material progress and military power cannot be the fruit of either of those ideologies but must be the result of a factor common to both. That factor is industrialisation.

8. During the last two centuries industrialisation has raised a number of energy provided mechanical and electrical power. Just as the agricultural mode of production gradually spread all over the world, the industrial mode of production will also spread throughout the world, and all countries will ultimately operate at the higher level of energy provided by it. At this higher level also there will still be vital and significant differences between various cultures. But while this change from the agricultural to the industrial economy is in the process of taking place, man's attention is naturally drawn to it. This accounts for the present-day emphasis on economic issue and partly explains the rise of materialism as a philosophy of life.

9. We can now turn to the manner in which industrialisation has affected the relations between the West and the East and has intensified rivalries and conflicts between Western nations. It is a

commonplace how the economic and military strength gained by the West through industrialisation stimulated the search for markets and the desire to control territories producing raw material and gave a powerful impetus to Western imperialism. From the middle of the 18th century onwards, the countries of Asia and Africa were subjected to European domination. The 19th century which most Western writers regard as a century of progress was for the bulk of mankind a century of oppression and exploitation. The struggle of the peoples of Asia and Africa for liberation from the Western yoke is one of the most powerful forces shaping history but in can never completely achieve its objective until the nations of Asia and Africa acquire power through industrialisation. The political freedom which has been won by some countries of Asia and Africa would never be complete without economic independence which only industrialisation can bring.

10. Of the Western countries England was the first to achieve industrialisation, and it was the first in the race for the subjugation and exploitation of the East. Indeed in England's case it is difficult to say which is the cause and which the effect, so intimate was the mutual action and reaction of industrialisation and exploitation of Eastern countries in the earlier stages. England's success excited the rivalry of other European nations. The first great struggle was between the British and the French under Napolean. It is obvious enough now that it was a struggle for power and the mastery of the East but to the contemporary world it was represented as an ideological conflict between the ideals of the French Revolution on the one hand and the

institutions of British Democracy and liberty on the other. The British emerged as victors. The next challenge to their position in the East during the 19th century came from Czarist Russia which spread eastwards and absorbed the Muslim countries of Central Asia. Again this struggle for power was represented as a struggle between Czarist despotism and Western Liberalism, but a little later when confronted with the rising power of imperialist Germany, these two conflicting ideologies agreed to co-exist peacefully by dividing weaker countries into their respective spheres of interest. The First World War was a result of the challenge which the new power of Germany threw to England's supremacy. Having been defeated once, Germany made a second bid in the last World War to capture world power. The Second World War has been succeeded by a cold war of great intensity between America and its allies on the one hand and Russia and its associates on the other. This struggle like all previous struggles of a similar nature has taken on the colour of an ideological conflict but is at bottom a struggle between two groups of powers for the domination of the world. Throughout these struggles the guiding force has been nationalism which in its more unbridled forms appears as racialism and when combined with exploitation and subjugation of other people, becomes imperialism. We might pause at this point and listen to Iqbal :

آدمیت زار نالید از فرنگ   زندگی ہنگامہ بر چید از فرنگ

پس چہ باید کرد اے اقوام شرق   باز روشن می شود ایام شرق

در ضمیرش انقلاب آمد پدید   شب گذشت و آفتاب آمد پدید

DAWN OF NATIONALISM

11. The religious wars that followed the Reformation in Europe produced in course of time a general revolution against religion. The assaults of rationalism on the dogmas of the Christian Church further weakened the hold of religion upon the masses. In this climate men's loyalties were drawn to the nation—state and nationalism became the living faith of the nations of Europe.

اِن تازہ خداؤں میں بڑا سب سے وطن ہے

The good of the nation became the ultimate good and since national good could most easily be conceived in material terms any action that contributed to the power and greatness of the country was regarded as intrinsically good irrespective of its moral quality or the effect upon other nations. This new idolatry has divided mankind into groups whose interests are in conflict and for whom no universal moral values hold good. Every nation in the world is now smitten with it and so deeply has it entered into men's minds that there is very little consciousness even in Western countries of the havoc it has played. Even the devastation caused by two World Wars has not awakened them to its dangers. It has perverted history and literature. Even though Western domination is barely two centuries old, most European writers treat history as the march of the superior Western races to their place of pre-eminence in the world. Every original thought, every invention, every high aspiration is appropriated to the West. Within this general framework every Western nation aspires for the highest place of honour. Late-comers to power like Germany and

Russia have to make a more deliberate effort ; that is why their rewriting of history is so blatant as compared with the more subtle methods of the older powers. Even the most liberal thinkers of Europe can seldom envisage a future in which the West does not play the dominating role in world affairs. Communism which at one time stressed its international character in the hope of arousing all the workers of the world against their rulers is now no more than an instrument of Russian foreign policy dedicated to the interests of Russia as a great power. The hold of Russia over the Muslim countries of Central Asia is basically of the same character as the domination of other European powers over many countries of Asia and Africa.

12. In a society, however, in which economic power is unevenly distributed it is obvious nonsense to equate the result of free competition with the general good. The problem of the uneven distribution of property and income became very acute with the progress of the industrial revolution during the 19th century. Practically all economic power was concentrated in the hands of the small commercial and industrialist class. Marx did not have much difficulty in demonstrating that the classical economic doctrines of Laissezfaire and free competition served the interests of this class and used his demonstration to promote class war between the bourgeosies and the proletariat. The situation advanced by Communism for the elimination of all economic power in the hands of the State. With the surrender of all political and economic power and liberty to the dictatorship of the proletariat, all classes would be on equal footing as against the State which then

somehow wither away. It is an indication of the strength of the human desire for social justice that so self contradictory a doctrine should have found such widespread acceptance. The concentration of all political and economic power in the hands of the State would undoubtedly reduce all classes to an equal level. But it would be a level of equal helplessness. A dictatorship of this description once formed would be self-perpetuating. Instead of withering away it would strengthen its grip over every phase of human activity and since the population would be completely within its power, no means would be left to the latter to change the regime. The Communist answer to the problem raised by the tendency of an industrial system to concentrate power in a few hands is not a real solution at all ; the remedy is worse than the disease.

WELFARE STATE

Westren liberalism has in course of time attempted another solution. In the first place it tries to confront the economic power of capital with the economic power of organised labour in the hope that the resultant of two or less equal opposing forces would produce a more equitable equation. Profit-sharing, giving labour a voice in the management or a share in the capital and various other measures are being tried to overcome the antagonism which the struggle for the rights of labour has necessarily produced.

Secondly legislation is undertaken to prevent the formation of excessively large units. Thirdly, an attempt is made to reduce inequalities through progressive taxation and social security schemes. The

concept of the Welfare State is an indication of the new approach.

MUSLIMS' PROBLEMS

13. Muslim nations are today confronted with the various problems produced by Western domination, nationalism, materialism and the clashing ideologies of Communism and Western liberalism. We have to decide our attitude to these problems and our course of action. Among the Muslim world to-day a great searching of hearts is going on. What is the right solution to these problems? What must we do to meet the challenge of the West? Would our response be adequate and would it preserve for us the integrity of our faith and culture? On the answer to these questions would depend our well-being and may be even our survival.

14. All of these questions have been raised by the effect of Western domination on our society and that domination is primarily due to industrialisation. Industrialisation as a technique of production, is ideologically neutral and is an essential means for raising our economic and military power to a level where we can meet the challenge of the West. It will also provide us with the means for mass education, for health services on the widest scale and for raising our living standards. We must, therefore, exert ourselves to the utmost to learn the sciences and technology in which the West is pre-eminent so that we might partake in the progress of human knowledge as equal contributors.

15. For the rest of what the West has to offer our approach should be critical. We should examine the social and political doctrines of the West in an

independent spirit in the light of the criteria furnished by Islam.

گمان مبر که خرد را حساب پنهان نیست

نگاه بندهٔ مومن قیامت خود است

To take nationalism first. The countries of the East are seeking to gain national independence and this struggle against imperialism has aroused and strengthened nationalist feelings. To the extent that it acts as a liberating force, nationalism in the East is wholly to be desired but there is a danger in it for the unity of the Muslim world, if it takes on the Western form. For non-Muslim peoples it may be natural to adopt nationalism of the Western type as their active faith, even though they too should be warned by the experience of Europe and by what Japan did in Asia. But for the Muslim countries to give it unlimited sway would be a great betrayal of faith in the unity of Islam. It is necessary to draw a clear distinction between a limited concept of nationalism subordinated to the higher goal of the unity of mankind as preached by Islam and the unbridled nationalism of the West. Iqbal was deeply conscious of the dangers of this new idolatry for the Muslim world and has referred repeatedly to this theme.

جو کرے گا امتیاز رنگ و خون مٹ جائے گا

ترک خرگاہی ہو یا اعرابیٔ والا گہر

His denunciation of Machiavelli directed not so much against his ethics of statecraft as against his exaltation of the nation-state as an absolute value.

مملکت را دین او معبود ساخت　　فکر او مذموم را محمود ساخت

بوسہ ہا بر پائے ایں معبود زد　　نقد حق را بر عیارِ سود زد

In the present phase it is the duty of each Muslim country to strengthen itself to the utmost but it is necessary at the same time to develop harmonious relations and ties of friendship within the Muslim world so that in course of time a League of Muslim Nations united in its ideals and policy is able to shape and influence world events.

ربط و ضبط ملت بیضا ہے مشرق کی نجات

ایشیا والے ہیں اس نکتے سے اب تک بے خبر

Whatever the stage of our journey to-day we must never lose sight of our Mission in the world. In undertaking our various tasks we should always bear in mind Iqbal's words "vision without power does bring moral elevation but cannot give a lasting culture. Power without vision tends to become destructive and inhuman. Both must combine for the spiritual expansion of humanity."

16. There are other aspects of Western civilisation, for example the sex instinct through the cinema and advertisements which are abhorrent to Islam. I have little doubt that later generations in the West itself will look with repugnanse at their practices. On the other hand, there are elements in the experience of the West which we can and should assimilate. To give an instance the representative institutions evolved in the West a practical method by which Islamic democracy can find concrete form in the large populations of today. Similarly, while we must reject the dialectical materialism and the

materialistic interpretation of history preached by Communism, we can learn a great deal from the Russian efforts to diffuse education and culture among the masses within a short time. To the extent that such endeavours are inspired by the urge for social justice and for providing equality of opportunity, they are akin to the ideals of Islam.

انا عرضنا الامانة على السموات والارض والجبال فابين ان يحملنها

واشفقن منها وحملها الانسان انه كان ظلوماً جهولاً ○

17. On the problem of the relationship between capital and labour and the manner in which to mitigate the inequalities which an industrial system tends to generate, neither the West nor anybody else has yet found a clear-cut and final solution. The Communist solution is no solution at all. To put every citizen at the mercy of the State possessed of all political and economic power, is totally opposed to the spirit of Islam. Islam regards each individual responsible to God and although each individual is influenced by and influences his environment and can reach his full maturity only as a member of society. Yet the core of his being is his moral responsibility. That is the trust which the heavens and the earth refused to bear and which man was willing to take on his feeble shoulders. Any effort therefore to reduce man to the level of an automation or to reduce the central feature of his Ego is opposed to Islam.

18. The type of society that Islam favours is a society of free individuals earning their living by their own exertions, and cooperating with each other in all the affairs of life.

در جہاں اسرار دیں را فاش کن   نکتۂ شرع مبیں را فاش کن
کس نہ گردد در جہاں محتاج کس   نکتۂ شرع مبیں این است و بس

Such a society demands the widest possible distribution of property and income and Islamic institutions such as the law of inheritance are intended to bring about such a distribution. In an industrial society, however, some large units of production are inevitable. Although electric power makes it possible to disperse production in a number of small units the tendency of industrial production is towards large units. But the physical size of the units need not stand in the way of a wide distribution of property rights. The institution of joint stock companies with the division of stock into a number of shares provides a method for doing this. The basis for any Islamic society should be equality of opportunity particularly in education. Apart from mass education, all boys and girls, whatever the status of their parents, should be enabled to reach the highest level of education for which they are fit. This effort was made by all Islamic societies in the past and we must again put it into practice. It is not only a fulfilment of an Islamic duty ; it is sound common sense. The number of men with exceptional gifts in any society is limited, but is distributed fairly evenly over all classes, rich and poor. To limit higher educational opportunities only to the rich is to allow a great reservoir of ability to run waste. The institution of Zakat in Islam is intended to provide that no one in a Muslim society shall be in want. It is the first example in human history of a social security scheme operating throughout the State and applicable to every individual. These are some of the ways in

which Islam attempts to put the relation between individuals and groups in a society on a harmonious basis. There are others such as the injunctions against hoarding and usury and the circulation of wealth only among the well-to-do, or against gambling and speculation and other undesirable trade practices. My purpose is not to enumerate all these measures but to indicate the direction in which they point.

I shall, however, make a few general observations which might help to clear the method of approach to such problems. There are many situations to which there is no single clear-cut solution but a combination of factors reinforcing each other which tend towards as complete a solution as is humanly possible. To give a homely example, there is no mathematically perfect solution to the fundamental human problem of married happiness. All that any system can do is to provide a rational institution of marriage and reinforce it with appropriate standards of conduct to achieve in the majority of cases as close an approximation to the ideal as is feasible. Islam demands of its followers certain standards of conduct. If our society in general follows those standards we would develop enough harmony in our social relations and be able to resolve conflicting claims of individuals and groups more successfully than is otherwise possible.

The problem of relations between capital and labour has been rendered unnecessarily intricate and difficult in Europe by the bitter and prolonged class conflict extending over a hundred and fifty years. We are fortunate we have no such legacy and should therefore be better able to tackle this problem.

Every society has its ways of thought and conduct determined largely by tradition and custom. Muslim societies have through centuries of decadence and un-Islamic ways of thought and conduct accumulated a thick crust of customs which are inimical to the spirit of Islam. Our society is shot through and through with privileges in spite of all our boasts about freedom from distinctions of caste. The equality of opportunity that our society provided is not even a hundredth part of that provided by many non-Muslim countries. A tremendous effort will be required to reconstruct the foundations of our life on an Islamic basis. Even though the purification of our thought is a first condition of progress towards our objective, we shall fail in it if we undertake it merely as an intellectual exercise. When our intelligentsia demands a system of thought which without any effort on their part to change their lives should provide a theoretically perfect solution to the problems raised by modern industrial society, they are failing to understand Islam and its ways of transforming society. It is only through action that the spirit of Islam would unfold itself before us and guide us on our way. Our judgment of Islam itself will undergo a change as we proceed on this journey. No religion can be judged even by its own followers apart from the practices of its followers.

انسان کی ہوس نے جنہیں رکھا تھا چھپا کر
کھلتے نظر آتے ہیں بتدریج وہ اسرار
قرآن میں ہو غوطہ زن اے مرد مسلمان
اللہ کرے تجھ کو عطا جدت کردار

جو حرف قل العفو میں پوشیدہ ہے اب تک
اس دور میں شاید وہ حقیقت ہو نمودار

The working out of any fruitful idea takes a long time and requires the devoted work of generations. Take for example the methods of scientific investigation. They could be written down on a few pages and yet no man merely reading these pages could have formed any idea of their rich potentialities. It is only through the faith and action of scientific workers over the centuries that the possibilities have unfolded themselves to our view.

So it is with Islam but the tragedy is that the self-confidence and the faith of the Muslim in the capacity of Islam to solve the problems of the modern world has been seriously undermined. The superiority of the West in political and economic power has produced in the people of the East a deep sense of cultural inferiority. Their eyes are blinded by the imposing exterior of the West to the weakness and inadequacy of its moral foundations.

The shallow and arrogant rationalism of the West which questions every faith except its own irrational belief in nationalism, the militant Communism which poses as the only progressive force in the world, the self-indulgent liberalism which looks askance at every earnest endeavour, the corrosive cynicism which sees through everything except its own evasion of responsibility, all these have in various ways contributed to the state of confusion and lack of faith so prevalent today. There is nothing against which Iqbal battles so vigorously and persistently as against the lack of faith which saps the

will to action.

Not until we recapture faith in Islam as a living force capable of leading humanity to its highest development ; not until we place all the resources of our mind to the service of this great cause then would we have the vision to see what Islam can do for humanity. Faith is the prerequisite of all endeavour ; and it is by our endeavour that we shall be judged. At every moment of our life for everything that we do or fail to do we stand on trial, and if we are found wanting we shall be cast on the scrap heap. Such is the law of Him who created life and death that He might test us which of us is the best in deeds.

تبارک الذی بیدہ الملک و ھو علی کل شیئی قدیر ن الذی خلق الموت والحیٰوۃ لیبلوکم ایکم احسن عملاً و ھو العزیز الغفور o

The Civil & Military Gazette,
Lahore 21-4-1962

Iqbal's Interpretation of Life

A. T. M. MUSTAFA

FOR Iqbal, life had a meaning and a purpose. He discovered that meaning and that purpose in the system of values, in the regulative principles of life and the institutional doctrines of a self-compact, self-contained monistic philosophy—Islam—of which he was the noblest voice in the 20th Century.

Islam came into the sweep of history to change its course and give its own direction to life. It gave the stamp of its own meaning and purpose to life—a vital energy—that saw life a "single signification whole" and made infinity—Allah—the base of all finite existence and the focus of reference for all value judgments, gave man the dignity of a moral being—*Ashraful Makhluquat*—gave him a cosmic vision—and a universal life view—a world view for a world purpose—in an effort to achieve a goal in life.

DISSOLUTION OF BELIEFS

Iqbal was born and worked in an age of perturbing dissolution of fundamental beliefs which, according to Prof. Toynbee, suggested "to weaker spirits that ultimate reality was nothing but chaos" but revealed "to a steadier and a more spiritual vision" the truth that the flickering film of the phenomenal world is an illusion which cannot obscure the eternal unity that lies behind it.

19th Century Physics was essentially materialistic. It was dominated by the notion that to be real, a thing must be of the same nature as a piece of matter. To apprehend values or enjoy spiritual experience was to wander in a world of shadows. As Prof. Eddington puts it : "19th Century science was disposed as soon as it scented a piece of mechanism to exclaim—here we are getting to bedrock." This is what things should resolve themselves into. This implication was that whatever did not show itself amenable to mechanistic causation—value for example, a feeling of moral obligation—was not quite real.

To them, what could not be weighed and measured became non-extent. Good and moral values and the human mind became imponderable. Consciousness which discovered scientific truth was itself banished, it was called an epiphenomenon and ineffectual by-product of the mechanistic causation of the brain-cells.

The prevailing atmosphere provoked Dr. Huxley to comment that unfortunately some scientists, many technicians and most consumers of gadgets have lacked the time and the inclination to examine the philosophical foundation and the background of the sciences.

THE DISAPPEARING FOUNDATION

Today, the foundation for this whole way of thinking, the hard, obvious, simple lump of matter has disappeared. It has become something infinitely attenuated and elusive—it has become a hump in space time, a hush of electricity, a wave of probability undulating into nothingness.

To describe "consciousness", said Iqbal, "As an epiphenomenon of the process of matter is to deny it an independent activity, and to deny it as an independent activity is to deny the validity of all knowledge which is only a systematised expression of consciousness. Thus consciousness is a variety of a purely spiritual principle of life which is not a substance but an organising principle, a specific mode of behaviour essentially different to the behaviour of an externally worked machine."

REALITY DENIED TO MIND

Materialism took from man his significance in the cosmic scheme of things and denied reality to his mind. However, the truth is materialism itself is a product of man's mind. A marked change has characterised the attitude of modern scientists and modern science is no longer inclined to dismiss the deliverance of moral and spiritual consciousness of illusion.

"Science," said Iqbal, "grasps reality piecemeal, religion grasps it in its wholeness. The one fixes its gaze on the eternal and the other on the temporal aspects of reality."

"Where science has progressed the farthest," says Prof. Eddington, "the mind has regained from nature that which the mind has put into nature." Max Plunk, the famous continental scientist, in an answer to the question—"Do you think that consciousness can be explained in terms of matter and its laws, said "consciousness I regard as fundamental. I regard matter as derivative from consciousness. We cannot get behind consciousness. Everything that we talk about, everything that we regard as existing postulates consciousness."

Prof. Eddington envisages the background in which the world of physics is embedded as a "Spiritual Substratum."

"All through the physical world runs an unknown content," says Prof. Eddington, "which must really be the stuff of our own consciousness."

There is one kind of knowledge, which as Eddington frequently points out, escapes the symbolic framework of sensory experience and scientific knowledge. There is the knowledge which we have of ourselves. "Mind," he says, "is the first and the most direct thing in our experience—all else is remote inference."

A philosopher, commenting on the theories of Prof. Eddington remarks, "Our own spiritual experience which is the one thing we know otherwise than as a schedule of pointer readings gives us a clue to the nature of that underlying substratum to which science never penetrates, that is to say, to the inner reality of the universe. Hence reality is fundamentally spiritual."

As with Prof. Eddington, so with James Jeans, the occasion for metaphysical thinking is afforded by the break up of the mechanistic scheme of the physical universe which was drawn up by the last century. "Today," says Sir James Jeans, "there is a wide measure of agreement which on the physical side of science approaches almost to unanimity that the stream of knowledge is heading towards a non-mechanical reality." "The universe," he continues, "looks more like a great thought than like a great machine." He asserts that the universe was "created by a being with a mind" and "the universe is a thought in the mind of such a being." "God," said

Dr. Whitehead, "is the tangible fact at the base of finite existence."

Sir James Jeans came to the conclusion that "everything points with overwhelming force to a definite event or series of events, of creation, at some time or times, not infinitely remote. The universe cannot have originated by chance out of its present ingredients and neither can it have been always the same as now." He identifies all reality with God's mind and that the universe bears witness to the workings of a mind that has kinship with our own. With Berkeley he holds that the apparent objectivity of things is due to their subsisting in the mind of some "Eternal spirit."

"Science without religion," said Einstein, "is lame" and declared that "cosmic religious feeling is the strongest and the noblest incitement to scientific research" and he goes on to add that, "a contemporary has said, not unjustly that in this materialistic age of ours the serious scientific workers are the only profoundly religious people." He goes to elucidate this attitude of the scientist. His religious feeling takes the form of a rupturous amazement at the harmony of the natural law, which reveals an intelligence of such superiority that combated with it all the systematic thinking and acting of human beings is an utterly insignificant reflection.

PILLARS LOSE FIRMNESS

Recognising with horror that the pillars of civilised human existence have lost their firmness, he goes on to remark, "Who can doubt that Moses was a better leader of humanity than Machiavelli ?"

In his message to the intellectuals in 1948,

Einstein conveyed a feeling of pathos. To the intellectuals of the world he wrote—"By painful experience we have learnt that rational thinking does not suffice to solve the problems of our social life." He goes on to add that "inventions which have made life easier and richer have also introduced a great restlessness into man's life, making him a slave to his technological environment, and the most catastrophic of all—creating the means for his own mass destruction. This indeed is a tragedy of overwhelming poignancy."

In the chapter "The Goal of Human Existence" in his book *Out of My Later Years* the great intellectual wrote : "And certainly we should take care not to make the intellect our God. It has of course powerful muscles but no personality. It cannot lead, it can only serve and is not fastidious in its choice of a leader. This characteristic is reflected in the qualities of its priests—the intellectuals. Intellect has a sharp eye for methods and tools, but is blind to ends and values. So it is no wonder that this fatal blindness is handed on from old to young and today, involves a whole generation."

The mechanist theory which proclaimed life as by-product of non-living process and mind an offshoot of the brain is proving increasingly unsatisfactory and untenable in biology.

"From the standpoint of the physical science," said Dr. Haldane, "the maintenance and reproduction of a living organism is nothing less than a standing miracle and for the simple reason that coordinated maintenance of structure and activitity is inconsistent with the physical conception of self-existent matter and energy."

"If intellect is a product of evolution," said Weldon Carr, "the whole mechanistic concept of the Nature and origin of life is absurd." For the biologists, who seek a mechanical explanation of life, Iqbal observed, "If he (the biologist) studies life as manifested in himself, i.e., his own mind freely choosing, reflecting, surveying the past, the present, and dynamically imagining the future, he is sure to be convinced of the inadequacy of his mechanical concepts."

One is reminded of Tolstoy after his religious awakening when he wrote : "Popular Christian belief bases its religious convictions of the immaculate birth of Christ, but to me every child that is born normally of parents is a sufficient miracle for believing in God."

MIND IS NOT MATERIAL

In materialist interpretation of biology, there is causation from non-living to the living, from environment to body and from body to mind, but asks a philosopher : "Is this last link in the materialist chain, the step from body to mind, justified?" "No", says modern science. Mind is assuredly not material.

"The length of the arm can be measured but who can measure," asks the philosopher, "the inspiration which went to the composition of Beethoven's fifth symphony ?"

It is reported about Darwin that the sight of the resplendent feathers of the peacock chilled his spine with the doubt whether all this beauty could really be explained away as the product of natural selection.

In the materialist interpretation of biology,

the only motive force in the process of evolution is that of adaptation of the organism to the physical environment upon which Lamark laid stress.

"Why", then asks Bergson, "if this account of the matter be correct, did not the process of evolution stop? Considered merely by the standard of the degree of physical adaptation achieved—and on the mechanistic materialist view we are entitled to speak of physical adaptation, since only the physical is real—many of the species which evolution has thrown up in the past are better adapted to their environment than is man."

HIGHER FORMS OF LIFE

It is not possible to resist the conclusion says modern science and philosophy that evolution is the expression of some force which not content with achieving relative physical safety for its creatures by adapting them to their environment, proceeds to complicate itself ever more and more in the endeavour to evolve "Higher forms of life."

But in using the words "Higher forms of life" and postulating a purposing drive on the part of evolution to achieve them, our treatment is moving "outside the purely physical sphere in which matter alone exists and introducing the notion of comparative values and of purposes to realise those which are higher." These conceptions in their turn presuppose the existence of a principle "which is not a material principle" whose operation must be taken into consideration in any satisfactory account of the process of evolution.

Life is a principle, says modern scince. There

is no reason to suppose that "Life's" association with matter must necessarily always persist. If it does not then we would be justified in regarding individuality, which results from the association not as ultimate but as a temporary device by which life seeks to facilitate its own development.

LIBERATION OF MAN

Dr. Allexis Carrel, a noble Laureate in Physiology, regrets that "despite the marvels of scientific civilisation, human personality tends to dissolve." He suggests that "liberation of man from the materialistic creed would transform most of the aspects of our existence."

He goes on to assert that by prayer "human beings seek to augment their finite energy by addressing themselves to the infinite source of all energy. We link ourselves with the inexhaustible motive-power that spins the universe."

Scientists like Schrodinger, Rhine, Burrts, and a host of others seem to regard science as comparatively less important means of access to ultimate reality. They seem to suggest that religious insight holds the key to the knowledge of reality.

"Religion," says Iqbal, "holds out the prospect of nothing less than a direct vision of reality. Science grasps reality piecemeal, religion grasps it in its wholeness. The one fixes its gaze on the eternal and the other on the temporal aspects of reality."

"The truth is," says Iqbal "that the religious and the scientific processes, though involving different methods, are identical in their final aim. Both aim at reaching the most real. In fact, religion is far more anxious to reach the ultimately real than science."

FRAGMENTS OF TOTAL EXPERIENCE

"We must not forget," says Iqbal, "that what is called science is not a single systematic view of reality—it is a mass of sectional view of reality—fragments of total experience which do not seem to fit together . . . . Thus, religion which demands the whole of reality and for this reason occupy a central place in any synthesis of all the data of human experience has no reason to be afraid of any sectional views of Reality."

"Personality is the great central fact of the universe," said the biologist Haldane. This personality in man and in the universe, the supreme consciousness, we call Allah, is the central thesis of Iqbal.

Today when the nuclear war clouds blanket menacingly the whole human scene—a searching reappraisal of the fundamentals is a demand upon mankind. Man's progress from the cave to the outer space will become meaningless if he has no adequate moral answer to the challenge of this materialistic age.

Man shall need a far greater conscious, spiritual, moral, emotional motive power, to obviate the possibility of his own annihilation by the material instruments of his own creation. With every increase in human skill as to means there is corresponding increase in human follies as to ends. Life is hanging insecurely between the prospects of a crushing sky and gaping hell. Man has conquered outer space—he has yet to conquer his worst enemy—his inner being—his own self. The old complacent faith of man about his irresistible progress has given way to doubt—the doubt has passed into alarm—he is in

the grip of an acute psychological insecurity—he has a feeling that he has taken a wrong turning in history. The philosophies of Marx and Machiavelli and the vital conflicts that plague a whole materialistic civilisation has exposed man to fearful prospects. History is to test whether Islam has an answer to this challenge of aggressive materialism—out to destroy its own creator—the mind of man and even man himself. Whether Islam can evoke the required response from the depths of man's being which would refuse to sacrifice man—the moral being—at the altar of this self-destroying technological civilisation which may bury itself in the ruins of its own making—has a mark of interrogation which has yet to be answered.

It seems that if man's spiritual and moral responses are not adequate to meet the challenge of the times—the vaunted doctrines and the high-sounding slogans may prove to be utterly fruitless—lost in the tangle of intellectual and political conflicts and in the process of man's efforts and even man himself may be buried under the ruins of his own intellectual and material achievements.

DRAMATIC CHANGES

We are living at a decisive moment in the history of man. Rapid and dramatic changes, too numerous to enumerate, daily defy evaluation on the basis of outmoded 19th century sectional views on life. At a pace beyond imagination, the whole pattern of existence is being reshaped. Mere guidance from hidebound materialist or seeing life into painful opposition between spirit and matter may not provide firm footholds for the dynamic present

and an uncertain future.

Age-old barriers, such as seas and mountains, weather and climate, race and language and even time and space are fading into relative insignificance.

"While knowledge becomes cosmic, 'will' and 'feeling' remain parochial." says Bertrand Russell. "There will be a lack of harmony producting a kind of madness of which the effects cannot but be disastrous."

"If with our increased cleverness," says Russell, "we continue to pursue aims no more lofty than those pursued in the past, we shall doom ourselves to destruction and shall vanish as the dinosaurs vanished."

"These considerations," says Russell, "bring us to the sphere of feeling. It is feeling that determines the ends we shall pursue. It is feeling that decides what use we shall make of the enormous increase in human power."

"Religion has long taught," says Bertrand Russell, "that it is our duty to love our neighbour and to desire the happiness of others rather than their misery. Unfortunately, active men have paid little attention to the teaching. But in the new world which is coming into existence, the kindly feeling towards others which religion has advocated will be not only a moral duty but an indispensable condition of survival."

As we listen to the roar of current history, every day that passes, its call seems more clear that mankind—man and nation, races and colour—must learn to live together on the solid foundations of universal moral concept or they may have to perish

together without it.

This planet has become much too small and it has become much too dangerous for it to be ruled by material power alone. Man has learnt how to destroy the world. He must now learn how to save its civilisation, for its survival needs a more durable base—of vision and values—to be able to realise the spiritual and the moral in the temporal human organisation. Material power alone or vision alone cannot produce a lasting culture. "Power and vision," said Iqbal, "must unite to create a more durable human base."

The painful opposition between the meaning and purpose of life and the spiritual and moral bankruptcy they plague, the whole human scene has the tragic effect of depriving man's efforts of organic wholeness and spiritual and moral vitality.

It was Iqbal's conviction that Islam has the inherent capacity of invoking responses from the depths of man's being to rediscover the real meaning and purpose of life and channelise it in the direction of organising a better world.

UNIVERSAL CONCEPTS

It was Iqbal's conviction that the universal concepts of Islam may supply the answer to the call for a society of universal concept, based on fundamentals, deeper than the skin man has or the clothes he wears.

"It is our reflective contact with the temporal flux of things," wrote Iqbal, "which trains us for an intellectual vision of the non-temporal. The Holy Quran awakens in us the relationship with the immutable laws of nature, through the application and

control of which alone it is possible to build a durable civilisation."

"In Islam," says Iqbal, "the spiritual and the temporal are not two distinct domains, and the nature of an act, however secular in its import, is determined by the attitude of mind with which the agent does it. It is the invisible mental background of the act which ultimately determines its character. An act is temporal or profane if it is done in a spirit of detachment from the finite complexity of life behind it ; it is spiritual if it is inspired by that complexity. In Islam, it is the same reality which appears as Church looked at from one point of view and State from another."

IDEAL PRINCIPLES

"Mistake arose," says Iqbal, "out of the bifurcation of the unity of man into two distinct and separate realities which somehow have a point of contact, but which are in essence opposed to each other. The truth, however, is that matter is spirit in space-time reference. The unity called 'man' is body when you look at it as acting in regard to what we call the external world ; it is mind or soul when you look at it as acting in regard to the ultimate aim and ideal of such acting. The essence of *Tauhid* as a working idea is equality, solidarity, and freedom. The State, from the Islamic standpoint, is an endeavour to transform those ideal principles into space-time forces, an aspiration to realise them in a definite human organisation."

Goethe is quoted by Iqbal as having said to Eckerman, with reference to Islam.

"You see this teaching never fails, with all our

systems we cannot go and generally speaking, no man can go further than that."

Iqbal has offered the confused and deeply baffled 20th Century man—a sense of direction—a practical workable solution—Islam. "Islam—a single analysable reality," said Iqbal, "recognising the contact of the ideal with the real says "Yes" to the world of matter and points the way to master it with a view to discover a basis for a realistic regulation of life."

The voice of the Philosopher-Poet of the 20th Century may yet prove to be the clarion call of our age as the vice of destiny for the salvation and redemption of the human race. His call for the rediscovery of the meaning and purpose of life may yet be the voice of hope for mankind.

The Pakistan Times,
Lahore 21-4-1964

Javeed Nama in Iqbal's own words

NIAZ MUHAMMAD KHAN, C.S.P.

IQBAL came to London in the winter of 1931, as a delegate to the Round Table Conference. He shared a suite of rooms with Maulana Abdul Qadir Kasuri, in a block of flats in the south-western part of London. I used to live those days in a north-western suburb. When I first came to learn that Iqbal was expected to participate in the Round Table Conference, I held consultations with some of my friends and we formed ourselves into what came to be known as the Iqbal Literary Association.

Our number was not very large, but all the members were full of enthusiasm for the poetry of Iqbal. After Iqbal had arrived in London, we made it a practice to go to his rooms very frequently to hear him talk on all sorts of subjects. Our Association decided to present an address of welcome to the Poet of the East and I was commissioned to approach him with the request to accept our address.

When I first talked on the subject to Iqbal, he showed extreme reluctance to accept such an address. He expressed himself very much averse to publicity. I argued that the move had been spontaneously initiated by Indian young men resident in England without any one from outside urging them to do so and that he should not do anything to damp their enthusiasm. He did finally agree.

We got busy and arranged an afternoon reception at the Waldorf Hotel, at which the address was presented. The reception was attended by all representative Indians and many English friends. Mahatma Gandhi came to it and so did His Highness the Aga Khan. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru was also present. The late Nawab Sir Umar Hayat Khan Tiwana acted as the chief host at the function.

It was while preparing a part of the address of welcome that I came to receive a gift from Iqbal, which I have treasured ever since. *Jaweed Nama* had not yet been published when I had come away from India. I asked Iqbal what the book contained. He said : "I can give you an outline of the poem if you can manage to write down the words as I utter them." He started dictating to me.

It took me nearly an hour to take down his words. They came out without effort. Iqbal had to pause only to give me time to write them down in long hand. When he came towards the end, he broke down and it was not until fifteen minutes later that he became his normal self.

These were Iqbal's words :

"The book opens with a *Munajat* and begins with the Poet standing on the seashore about evening time reading a few verses from Rumi. This makes the soul of Rumi to appear. The Poet puts all sorts of questions to the spirit of Rumi, the principal question being as to how the soul of Man passes beyond space and time.

"The idea is to give a kind of the philosophy of *M'iraj*. Then appears the spirit of space-time which is pictured by the Poet as a double-faced angel, one of the two faces is dark and sleeping and other

bright and awake. This spirit exercises some kind of charm on the Poet and carries him up.

"The spirits of Rumi and the Poet swim in space and continue to do so until the mountains of the Moon become visible. Here they hear a song from the Stars—a sort of welcome given to human beings who have the courage to pass beyond space.

"They alight on the Moon and enter some of its caves. In one of the caves they meet the spirit of the great Indian ascetic, Vishwamitra, whose name the Poet translates as *Jehan Dost.* The ascetic is found sitting absorbed in contemplation with a white snake, circling round his head.

"Recognising Rumi, the ascetic asks as to who is the new-comer. Rumi gives a short description of his companion. Thereupon the ascetic puts some questions to the new-comer in order to test his spiritual attainments.

"One of the questions, for instance, is : "In what respect is man superior to God ?" The answer is : "In his knowledge of Death." Similarly he puts other questions and finding the answers satisfactory, he discloses certain truths about various things, entitled in the poem *Nuh ta Sukhan az Arif-i-Hindi.*

"They leave the cave and pass on the valley of the Moon where they find a huge rock on which four pictures are carved. They are called the tablet of Buddha, the tablet of Jesus, the tablet of Zoroaster and the tablet of Muhammad.

Descriptions of the tablets are given in the Poem.

So they pass on from planet to planet. In Mars is shown a woman-prophet originally stolen from Europe as a child by the Devil and who teaches to Martian

women a new view of evolution which according to this woman-prophet tends to eliminate the male.

"Her message is that the world will, eventually, be ruled by Woman and her practical advice to her sisters is, in the first place, not to marry and if they marry and have children to kill the male and retain the female children. This gives an occasion to Rumi to criticise some aspects of modern civilisation.

"In the planet Mercury, they find the spirits of Jamal-ud-Din Afghani and Saeed Halim Pasha, the head of the religious reform movement in Turkey. Afghani sends a message to the people of Russia, wherein the spirit of Islam is compared with the spirit of Bolshevism and Karl Marx is described as a prophet without an angel.

"Passing on to another planet they find three spirits, Mansur Hallaj, Ghalib and Qurrat-ul-Ain. They are supposed to have been offered a home in Paradise which they refused to accept and preferred constant movement in the immensity of the Universe.

"Hallaj explains his position as a Muslim mystic. Certain questions of a literary and religious nature arising from Ghalib's poetry are put to him. Qurrat-ul-Ain gives a song of her own.

"As a contrast to this, in another planet two spirits are shown who went to seek a home in the flames of Hell but Hell refused them admittance. They are Mir Ja'far of Bengal and Mir Sadiq of Mysore.

"In another planet underneath a transparent sea are shown the spirits of the Pharaoh and Kitchener. Their conversation attracts the attention of the Mahdi Sudani from Paradise. It comes down, penetrates

into the sea and has a talk with Kitchener. The spirit of the Mahdi works itself up and finally addresses the whole of the Arabic-speaking world.

"Having passed through all the planets, the Poet enters Paradise and meets saints as well as kings. He finds there the place of Sharaf-un-Nisa, daughter of Abdus Samad Khan, Governor of Lahore. One of the saints whom the Poet meets in Paradise is Shah Hamdan, the patron saint of Kashmir, who brings in certain questions with regard to the history and people of Kashmir. The Poet also meets King Nadir Shah of Persia, Ahmad Shah Abdali of Afghanistan and Tipu Sultan.

"At the moment of leaving Paradise, the houris of paradise besiege the Poet and insist on his staying with them. The Poet refuses to stay. The real meaning of Muslim Paradise which is not an end in itself but a stage in the spiritual development of man is here explained.

"However, a compromise is arrived at, the Houris willing to leave him provided he gave them a song which he does. He then leaves the Paradise and gradually reaches the point where Rumi leaves him for Man Must Enter The Divine Presence alone.

"Here the Poet puts some very serious questions to God and finally wants a complete revelation of the destiny of his OWN PEOPLE which is granted to him. The Book ends with a song from the spirit of Universe.

"At the end of the book the Poet addresses his son, which is virtually an address to the coming generation."

The Civil & Military Gazette,
Lahore 21-4-1963

Iqbal's Idea of Womanhood

MISS NUSRAT RAUF KHWAJA

IQBAL was keenly aware that Islam glorified in the creation of woman and assigned to her a position based on natural principles. Her dignity is in no respect inferior to man and her rights are as clearly defined as those of a man.

The Holy Quran says: "And they (women) have rights those (of men) over them in kindness, and men are a degree above them." (II : 228)

And the advantages of the mutual company are best expressed in the following verse :

"They are raiment for you and ye are raiment for them" (II : 187). A woman serves her man as he serves her. Her delicate and tender care mingled with complete devotion to her man is in no way inferior to his masculine strength and protection advanced for her maintenance. All this is expressed in its sublimity by the poet :

Women are a covering for the nakedness of men.

The Holy Prophet, who is the pride of the world, mentioned (in one of his Traditions) women along with Prayers and Dates.

A Muslim who regards his wife as a servant is really ignorant of the teachings of Islam.

The Holy Prophet said: "Heaven lies at the feet of your mothers."

Economically Islam recognises the rights of a

woman to inherit and own personal property and to receive exclusive *Mehr* from the husband. Islam holds no bar in her choice of a husband and entitles her to demand a divorce if she is maltreated or not properly maintained.

The West in spite of its Feminist Movements and outspoken cries for enfranchisement of women offers no secure position to them in society. Taking off hats in her presence, standing up when she enters or making room for her are not symbolic of genuine respect for her. Iqbal the exponent of the Islamic point of view regards the Western respect for women as empty, superficial and spiritless. When he discerned the stream of Western modernism making its way into the veins of Eastern women he anticipated the tottering of the stability of the modern society in the East.

The eloquence of the Poet's conception of the modern girl found expression in his *Jaweed Nama.* A man named Faramurz steals a girl from Europe and takes her to the planet Mars so that the women of his planet may imitate her way of life. The girl is depicted as addressing a mob of men and women. Her bright face is without the lustre of the soul, completely devoid of desire and love her speech is a reflection of a modern girl:

> O women ! mothers and sisters ! How to live like
> sweet-hearts ?
> To be a sweet-heart is to undergo tyranny.
> It is to be subjected and destitute.
> We comb our two locks
> And victimise men in them.
> Man hunts by becoming a victim
> He goes round thee to chain thee.

To be his companion is a curse for life
His meeting is poison, his parting is sugar.
The mother's face is pale because of motherhood
How pleasant is the freedom of those without husbands.

The equal status of man and woman had serious consequences in the West. Coming forward as a worker woman competed with man in all spheres of life. This caused her to lose interest in her domestic duties. Iqbal emphatically puts forward a significant question in this connection :

Is this the perfection of society ?
Man is without work and woman's lap is empty !

Foreseeing the dangers of a modern civilised girl Iqbal feared the sporadic infection of such diseased ideas in the East through the prevalent educational system :

Girls are being taught English
The nation has found the way to salvation.
The Western way (the mode of life) is in view
Eastern etiquette is regarded as a sin.
What scene shall this drama show ?
The eye awaits the lifting of the purdah.

This does not mean that Iqbal had no respect for women, on the contrary he was a devoted worshipper at the shrine of the boundless wonders and beauty of the woman ;

The picture of the universe takes its colouring from the presence of woman
Life's inner melody is drawn from her instrument.
Her handful of dust is superior in dignity to the Pleides
For every dignity is the secret pearl of this box.

In his *Asrar-i-Khudi* Iqbal profusely mentions

woman and her importance. The Poet has great respect for motherhood.

Her desire for motherhood and the blue circular lines around her eyes elicit the following remark from the Poet :

"If the nation gets one self-respecting and God-fearing Muslim from her lap, our existence is strengthened through her hardships."

In contrast to the village girl the Poet harbours a contempt for the thin slender empty-lapped modern girl :

If such a flower did not bloom in our garden it would be better
And if her stain is wiped off the nation's skirt it would be better.

With regard to purdah Iqbal often quoted the famous verse from the Quran :

"Say (O Muhammad) to the faithful, that they restrain their eyes and preserve their modesty. And say to the believing women that they restrain their eyes, and preserve their modesty and display not their ornaments, except what appears thereof and let them throw their kerchiefs over their bosoms." (XXIV : 30-31)

"If the women," said Iqbal, "could give birth to such great men inside the harem, as Muhammad Bin Qasim and Mahmud Ghaznavi there is no reason to suppose that purdah is the sole cause of all our misery."

It was not his conservatism that instigated Iqbal to criticise the modern girl but because he felt that she was opposed to the natural principles of reality. His ideal of a perfect woman is moulded in the form of Fatima, the daughter of our Prophet (peace be

upon him). Besides her unsurpassed beauty and modesty, she was kind and benevolent to the poor and very devoted to her husband. She could keep servants but she preferred to do all the household work. Such a woman should be the ideal of every young girl and Iqbal shows his great admiration for Hazrat Fatima when he says :

> The law of God and the teaching of the Prophet forbids me.
> Otherwise I would have made a circuit round her tomb and laid myself prostrate to it.

The Pakistan Times,
Lahore 21-4-1968

Iqbal and his Philosophy of Self

LT. COL. K. A. RASHID, A.M.C. (Rtd.)

TO classify Iqbal as a philosopher is rather difficult. He is a class by himself, and therefore I must make it clear at the outset that I consider the philosophy of Iqbal as a philosophy of Utiliarian Existentialism. He is not a mere idealist whose thought wriggles round ideologies, which ponder nothing but the changing values of life as of supreme importance.

Iqbal's thinking is outright practical and rational. His main attack was on the existing concept of the changing values of life which in supernatural religion were always changing ; unlike Islam which being a natural religion dealt only with the facts of life which were unchanging. Iqbal at the outset made a differentiation saying that Islam was a *Din* and not a religion in the sense of an ideology ; for, ideologies like Communism, Fascism, Imperialism, etc., only represented the urges of hunger, power, etc., in the man, and did not represent the whole man. Man comprised innumer able urges, which had to seek an outlet. It was, therefore, *Din* which could represent the whole man, and not his individual urges. Says Iqbal, "Religion is not a departmental affair ; it is neither mere thought nor mere feeling, nor mere action ; it is an expression of the whole man." (Six Lectures). The Holy Quran has called Islam *Din* and not a religion (*Madhkhab*) which at best can only be called

an ideology representing a particular urge of man. The most important of these urges is the urge of I-am-ness, or the urge of the Ego. It is this urge which makes man emerge as a higher being. Realising this fact Iqbal evolved his theory of the Self or *Khudi*, as he calls it.

Iqbal follows in the footsteps of the Holy Quran, whose teaching is a practical code of life. The Quran puts forward the purpose of man's creation which summed up briefly is, to reduce the misery of mankind by a selfless pursuit of the normal aspirations of man. In other words the Holy Quran teaches man how to raise the level of his being by controlling his negative emotions, and diverting his saner urges for the good of society in general and man in particular. Iqbal follows this teaching very closely. Verses of Iqbal are actually an interpretation of the relevant Quranic verses. Iqbal has drawn his inspiration from this eternal book.

"Iqbal, therefore, throws himself with all his might against idealistic philosophers and pseudo-mystical poets, the authors, in his opinion, of the decay prevailing in Islam, and argues that only by self-affirmation, self-expression and self-developing can the Muslims once more become strong and free." (*Secrets of The Self*—English translation by R. A. Nicholson : Introduction).

As the world advances, new researches in exoteric and esoteric knowledge come into the limelight. The verses of the Holy Quran go on unfolding fresh meaning to become clearer and clearer. At a certain moment of time in our past history and even in the present, the whole of the Holy Quran has never yet been understood to its details except for the funda-

mental basic injunctions. As it is a book of all times, all climes and all societies, it is more necessary that thinkers should ponder its contents very carefully and intelligently in each age to clarify what it is implying. It is for this reason that certain *Mutashabehat* verses of the Holy Quran (verses which were not clear previously) have by a gradual process of research become confirmed in the mood and manner in which the Holy Quran has been indicating for the last fourteen hundred years. Certain individuals are endowed with a power to think ahead by which they can concentrate on the real matter and give guidance for the future. One of such thinkers has been Iqbal. Hence Iqbal's philosophy is based on his practical thinking as to the requirement of the time through which we are passing. In the twentieth century in which Iqbal was living, he was observing the drift of society towards modernism. Iqbal had seen the effects of Imperialism, Communism and Democracy upon society. Simultaneously he had drunk deep into the truth of the Holy Quran. He could foresee in what manner the impact of all this was going to be on the Muslim society; placed especially as the Muslims were in an intellectually inferior position. Keeping in view their intellectual lithargy, he chalked out a way for them according to their needs through the dictates of the Holy Quran to enable them to emerge out of this lithargy. It was the impact of Western thought which he interpreted to the Muslims in the light of the Holy Quran and the path they had to adopt to adjust themselves in these uncertain times. And thus he developed his philosophy of the Self. Indeed some other Muslim thinkers before him have also thought in the same strain. However, Iqbal

being aware of the trends of modern thought, he was more suited to guide his nation in the present century.

THEORY OF KHUDI

Iqbal, therefore, after considering all the pros and cons of life put forward his theory of *Khudi* (Self, being ego, etc.). The underlying idea was to bring home to the Muslims the dignity of their being which had been jeopardised by the forces of imperialism, etc. Iqbal has to struggle with the forces of materialistic thought. He had to bring about a happy marriage between the Esoteric and the Exoteric knowledge to drive home his point of the purification of the Self before a start could be made. By Self Iqbal always means the 'Conscious Self' or *Nafas*.

"It is the lot of man to share in the deeper aspirations of the universe around him and to shape his own destiny as well as that of the universe, now by adjusting himself to the forces to his own ends and purposes. And in this purpose of progressive change God becomes a co-worker with him, provided man takes the initiative : 'Verily God will not change the condition of men, till they change what is within themselves' (13 : 12). If he does not take the initiative, if he does not evolve the inner richness of his being, if he ceases to feed the inward rush of advancing life, then the spirit within him hardens into stone and he is reduced to the level of dead matter."

It is, therefore, primarily the resuscitation of the human ego or of his being which Iqbal chose as his target ; for it is by its very control that the real self can unfold its beauties and help to ease the

miseries of mankind. Hence potentialities and how it could be built up for the survival of human goodness. He takes his clues from the Holy Quran, and takes up relevant verses to interpret them in the manner of modern knowledge with which the educated Muslim is now well aware.

MODERN ORIENTATION

"The task before the modern Muslim is, therefore, immense. He has to rethink the whole system breaking with the past." (Six Lectures). Shah Wali Ullah of Delhi and Syed Jamal-ud-Din Afghani have undertaken this stupendous task in hand before Iqbal ; but it lay to the lot of Iqbal to give it a modern reorientation.

This self-affirmation and self-expression come with self-determination and for this purpose Iqbal chose his philosophy of the Self. The physical and spiritual composition of man is akin to a self-contained centre ; but he cannot become complete unless he establishes communications with the highest centre by reducing his distance between himself and his Creator, which can only be achieved by raising the level of his own being which is affected by a self-control conforming to the dictates of the Holy Quran. The nearest a person is to God Almighty the more complete he is. In order to recommend methods to raise the level of man's being Iqbal necessarily had to enter into the problems of time and space, because, in order to take man out of the four dimensional space he had to show him the way to the higher dimensions to which his being could be extended. The path was strewn with obstacles ; yet he strove to direct his activities into channels

which would guide him to the higher dimension in the vicinity of God Almighty, where instead of being absorbed into the Ultimate Being, he could absorb God into himself. In a hurriedly written letter to Professor Nicholson, which is reproduced in his translation of the *Secrets of the Self*, Iqbal says :

"The Ego attains to freedom by the removal of all obstructions in its way. It is partly free, partly determined, and reaches fuller freedom by approaching the Individual who is most free God." It will thus be seen that what Iqbal has in mind is to render the human ego free by enabling it to approach the Almighty in the manner suggested by the Holy Quran. By setting free the human Ego from worldly entanglements, Iqbal visualises it to become subservient to the Almighty, yet stand upright before all human high-handedness. If the human ego is subservient to its Creator, the Almighty accepts all its legitimate demands. The human ego then becomes free to chalk its own destiny and stand upright to maintain the dignity of man. This in short is Iqbal's Philosophy of Self.

The Pakistan Times,
Lahore 21-4-1963

Iqbal and Socialism

RIFFAT HASAN

IN recent years Iqbal's attitude to Socialism has been the subject of growing interest. Iqbal was sympathetic to the Socialist movement because he regarded it "as a storm that sweeps away all the foul airs in the atmosphere" (K. A. Hakim, *Islam and Communism*, p. 136).

The reasons mainly responsible for his attitude have been summarised thus : "The laissez-faire capitalism of the industrial West had pulverised humanity into hostile national groups, and within every nation too there were class wars because the classes of haves and have-nots were at loggerheads. Iqbal's own country was predominantly an agricultural country where no industrial proletariat had developed but the conflict of the landlord and the tenant was becoming an acute socio-economic problem. The usurious money-lender was even more callous than the landlord . . . . Iqbal would welcome a revolution in which the do-nothing absentee landlords, or the usurious money-lender, is swept away". (*Islam and Communism*).

The revolution Iqbal would have liked to see was not along the lines of Communistic Socialism with its ideal of absolute equality, representing "an unlimited extension of the ideal of the family to the State," and finding its expression in the maxim

"from each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs." It was more along the lines of the Socialism which has as its ideal "not a mechanical equality of all over less of society, but rather a potential equality in the sense of the maxim of Saint Simon's followers, from each according to his capacity, to each according to his merit, which has as its fundamental tenet not common ownership, but the elimination of all unearned increment. (*The Encyclopaedia of Social Sciences*, Vol. VIII, Macmillen & Company, 1957, p. 189).

DISLIKE FOR INJUSTICE

Iqbal's sympathy for Socialism flowed out from his passionate dislike for injustice and despotism. Economic injustice had starved and depraved the body and religious despotism had shackled the spirit. He was one with Lenin when the latter protested against Western civilization, in the presence of God:

> What they call commerce is a game of dice :
> For one, profit, for millions swooping death
> There science, philosophy, scholarship ; government preach man's equality and drink man's blood,
> Naked debauch, and want and unemployment—
> Are these mean triumphs of the Frankish Arts.

Iqbal was also relieved to see the house of God purged of idols :

> Unsearchably God's edicts move ; who knows
> What thoughts are stirring deep in the world-mind !
> Those are appointed to pull down, who lately,
> Held it salvation to protect the priests ;

On godless Russia the command descends,
Smile all the Ball and Dagons of the Church :

Russia was godless, Iqbal knew. That she should remain godless he did not anticipate as is apparent from his letter to Sir Francis Younghusband, "The present negative state of Russian mind will not last indefinitely for no system of society can rest on an atheistic basis" (*Speeches and Statements of Iqbal*, p. 167).

Iqbal attacked 'Atheistic Socialism' but never Socialism, for to him "Bolshevism plus God is almost identical with Islam." In a letter to the Quaid-i-Azam he wrote : "If Hinduism accepts social democracy, it must necessarily cease to be Hindusim. For Islam the acceptance of social democracy in some suitable form is not a "revolution but a return to the original purity of Islam." When Iqbal said that if he were a dictator of a Muslim State, he could first make it a Socialist State, he was thinking in terms of the social democracy he mentioned in his aforementioned letter to the Quaid.

It has often been said that Iqbal did not know what Socialism was, to be a 'dialectic materialist' is "to regard nature as primary" to hold that matter is independently real and that the mental faculty developes out of the material and must be explained in physical terms. This view has to be understood as negation of the Hegelian idealism. The reality of thought and other mental phenomena is not denied, only their primary idealism and materialism are treated as being the only possible philosophical positions" (*The Concise Encyclopaedia of Western Philosophy and Philosophers*, London, 1960, p. 117). If by Socialism is meant 'dialectical materialism,' which is largely based on the

writings of Engels and Lenin and is the official philosophy of the Communist world, then it is probable that Iqbal did not investigate in philosophical bases. But to say that Iqbal assumed "in this part of his thinking, that there is a dichotomy of matter and spirit" (W. C. Smith, *Modern Islam in India*, p. 113) is surely to misunderstand the words :

"Socialism has only to do with the body".
(*Javeed Namah*, p. 69).

On whichthis judgment is based. To say that man has spiritual as well as physical needs is not necessarily to admit the duality of spirit and matter. Had Iqbal admitted such a duality, he could not logically have said if religion were added to Socialism, it would almost be the same thing as Islam (here a symbol of man's material and spiritual unity and development) for such a statement assumes an organic relationship between matter and spirit.

It is admitted by most writers that Iqbal's writings are "throughout tinged socialistically" (*Modern Islam in India*, p. 113). At the same time it is held that Iqbal did not know what Socialism was (*Modern Islam in India*, p. 113). Are we to infer from this that Iqbal did write socialistically without knowing what he was doing ? Such an inference would be palpably absurd. If Iqbal did write socialistically then he must have known some kind of Socialism. According to *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*, the six characteristics common to all socialistic ideologies throughout history are : "first, a condemnation of the existing political and social order as unjust ; second, an advocacy of a new order consistent with moral values ; third, a belief that this ideal is realisable ; fourth, a conviction

that the immortality of the established order is traceable not to a fixed world order or to the changing nature of man but to corrupt institutions ; fifth, a programme of action leading to the ideal through a fundamental remoulding of human nature or of institutions or both ; and sixth, a revolutionary will to carry out this programme." (*The Encyclopaedia of Social Sciences*, Vol. XIII, p. 188). All these characteristics are present in Iqbal's socio-political thought.

For Iqbal, original Islam had been a socialistic movement. To establish a social democracy was to return to the purity of Islam, for as one writer observes, "Islam is not only consistent with a moderate form of Socialism but its implementation as a set of socio-economic principles and regulations is dependent on the establishment of a socialistic society. Its success in the past was the result of its equalitarian trend and spirit which ensured to every new entrant in its fold not only a greater amount of social dignity but also an assurance of economic justice." (M. Siddiqi, *Socialistic Trends in Islam*, "Iqbal" Vol. I, 1952, p. 81).

The Pakistan Times,
Lahore 21-4-1968

Understanding of Iqbal

SYED SAJJAD HUSSAIN

PEOPLE like myself who have to rely mainly upon translations for the understanding of Iqbal can have no right to evaluate his work. We all know how fallacious and also dangerous literary judgments based on translations can be.

Poetry is particularly difficult to assess in translation. For even the best translations are incapable of communicating qualities which cannot be divorced from the texture and rhythm of the original words. A gifted translator may sometimes offer the reader a substitute suggestive of the original. But Iqbal has had no gifted translator of this kind either in Bengali or in English, the two languages to which I have access.

Iqbal has been acclaimed as the national poet of Pakistan. This, I take it, means that what he wrote voices certain deeply felt sentiments shared by the entire Pakistani nation. These sentiments appear to me to be of three kinds.

First, his poetry. Poetry gives large numbers of people in Pakistan an aesthetic satisfaction which they fail to derive from any other source. His eminence as a poet fills us consequently with a sense of national pride.

A THINKER

Secondly, Iqbal is admired as the exponent of a

metaphysic based on Islam. People recognise in him a thinker whose revaluation of Islamic thought has given the Muslim community a new sense of purpose in life. The success with which he used his poetry as the vehicle of this metaphysic adds to the feeling of admiration for him.

Finally, independently of his poetry and of his metaphysic, Iqbal is honoured and remembered gratefully as the person who propounded the idea of Pakistan in a form intelligible to the common man.

It is difficult for us who are so close to him in time to disentangle the three sentiments of which I have spoken. Each of them helps sustain and strengthen the other. Posterity may judge him somewhat differently, but we do not have the sense of perspective which would enable us to assess Iqbal as a poet or a thinker or a political philosopher alone independently of other aspects of his work.

Iqbal, it seems to me, occupies in the world of modern Islam the kind of position assigned to Dante in the history of mediaeval Christianity. We are told that what Dante offers us is a poetic interpretation of Thomist Christianity. Iqbal provides a poetic interpretation of Islam as understood today, particularly in the Sub-continent of India and Pakistan.

THE PARALLEL ?

I know that the parallel cannot be pressed too far. But, when I think of Iqbal, and of his work as a poet, this seems to me the best way of understanding him.

Now the appeal of Dante is not confined to Christians only. We who do not share his religious

beliefs, find it possible to appreciate him as a poet. For, like all genuine poets, Dante used his beliefs as a Christian, as a scaffolding for a magnificent edifice of poetry.

These beliefs sprang from deep personal convictions, but they are respected today by non-Christians not because of their religious value but because they have been transmuted into great poetry.

Iqbal likewise transmuted some of the religious beliefs of his time into magnificent poetry, which can be appreciated even by those who do not subscribe to those beliefs.

I speak, of course, as a Muslim who shares Iqbal's religious beliefs. But the response which his poetry evokes from non-Muslims shows that it has a literary and aesthetic appeal, not limited by the character of the beliefs it expresses.

It is sometimes maintained that poets who identify themselves too closely with political or national movements are prone to be parochial in their outlook and sympathies. This may be true, but it would be wrong to forget that a poet as an individual must necessarily have personal beliefs which other individuals may consider unacceptable.

What matters is that he should be able to create out of those beliefs works which transcend the limitations of personal belief. The extent to which he is able to do so is a measure of his greatness as an artist. This is true of all great poets, as it is true of Iqbal.

Consider, for example, Iqbal's mystical works. The convention he used is one derived from Islam. But the vision he communicates is the vision of a true mystic wrestling with certain fundamental

truths and trying to reach beyond appearances towards a reality that only be apprehended mystically.

No matter, therefore, whether one accepts all the elements of the convention in which he clothes his thought, Iqbal's mystical vision will continue to attract readers irrespective of religion or creed.

What I am driving at is that Iqbal's reputation as a poet is not dependent upon his reputation as a political and religious thinker. We honour him therefore first as an eminent poet, a writer who has helped to raise Pakistan's prestige in the world's eyes.

A PHILOSOPHER

That Iqbal was also a philosopher and a political thinker is from the point of view of his poetry only an accident. But it is an accident which gives us, the Pakistanis, additional cause for gratitude to him. I am not a philosopher myself and do not consider myself competent to express any judgment on the purely technical aspects of his work as a philosopher.

His "*Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*" seems, however, to me to be the only work which a Muslim intellectual of our times can read with satisfaction. For here alone is an attempt by an eminent thinker to explain Islam in terms of modern thought.

As we are all aware, no religion can command the assent of enlightened men and women in any age unless it can be proved and seen to have some validity in the light of contemporary philosophy. Iqbal appears to have been the only Muslim of our times who not only understood the implications of this

problem, but who attempted a solution.

The "*Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*" is bound to survive as a germinal work which will colour the thinking of the entire generation of the present day Muslims.

This is not to say that Iqbal's ideas are universally accepted. I can imagine people disagreeing with certain aspects of his political and religious thought. No one in philosophy can be expected either to be absolutely right or to be absolutely acceptable.

ANTICIPATION

It is quite likely that as our society grows it will demand the right to examine each problem afresh. Iqbal's true greatness from this point of view lies in the fact that he was able to anticipate the lines on which Muslim society was destined to develop in modern times.

Finally, as a Pakistani citizen I have reason to be grateful to Iqbal as the man who gave us the idea and vision of Pakistan. The idea could have come from a statesman or a political philosopher only, but Iqbal who was simultaneously a poet, a philosopher, and a political thinker, was able to invest it with a prestige that it would initially have lacked without this background.

He, therefore, lives in our history as the real father of Pakistani nationalism and the tributes paid to him each year are only an expression of the nation's gratitude to the man who gave it a new sense of purpose and destiny.

The Civil & Military Gazette,
Lahore 14-8-1963

Iqbal's Role in Kashmir's Struggle

M. YUSUF SARAF

THE Sikh conquest of Kashmir in 1819 was followed by frequent massacres, mass abductions and country-wide plunders. Mosques were desecrated and demolished ; even the most respectable of local citizens were compelled to perform drudgery. The *azan* was banned and public offices were auctioned. The Treaty of Amritsar signed on May 16, 1846, between East India Company and Gulab Singh—a Dogra from Jammu whom Ranjit Singh had employed on a "salary" of Rs. 3/- per month—intensified the oppression. Kashmiris only naturally resented their sale and there were numerous clashes between them and the incoming aggressors but history repeated itself and once again on the earth of God, justice lay prostrate and annihilated at the feet of brutal force.

Life for the local inhabitants had become extremely miserable. It was no life. It had no charm, no prospects. It was a continuous national insult. Therefore many thousands bade farewell to their land of birth and the unforgettable memories linked with her. They migrated to Northern India to strive for higher avenues of life. Here they could be at least sure that the wages they received for their labour would not be denied to them and, when paid, would not be snatched away by an employee

of the State Government or his servants and relatives as was the practice in Kashmir. These migrants were either those who, being ambitious, found no scope in their ancestral homes or those who were too weak to bear the increasing oppression of their tyrannical rulers. In the plains they were warmly welcomed by the traditionally hospitable Muslim fraternity.

That these penniless refugees should have, in the short span of 150 years, made brilliant strides in all walks of life, is a standing tribute to the Muslims of North India for their co-operation and assistance so generously made available. It also speaks of the genius of Kashmiri refugees themselves. Considering their astonishing though admirable progress and comparing it with the extremely horrifying backwardness of their unfortunate kinsmen in Kashmir, one can safely conclude that, but, for the non-Muslim rule, Kashmir's history would have been entirely different today. The fact that Kashmiri Muslims whose abject poverty and illiteracy should have found it possible to produce such men of eminence, while living outside Hindu rule, is in itself and unrebuttable piece of historical evidence against the further continuation of Hindu Raj in the State. Perhaps Iqbal had the same comparison in mind when, detailing the reasons for the sad plight of Kashmiri Muslims, he said :

زیستن اندر حد ساحل خطاست   ساحل ما سنگ اندر راہ ماست

(*Javeed Nama*, p. 194)

Allama Iqbal was Kashmiri Brahmin by descent. His dynasty had embraced Islam long before one of them migrated to Sialkot. He has on numerous occasions spoken with pride of his personal

links with the Valley and her people. Here, he says :

مرا بنگر که در ہندوستاں دیگر نمی بینی
برہمن زادۂ رمز آشنائے روم و تبریز است

At another place he has said :

تنم گلے ز خیابان جنت کشمیر

(*Payam-i-Mashriq*, p. 214).

Iqbal was proud of his ancestral land, but at the same time deeply agitated over the distressed lot of her people. While in *Janatul Firdus*, his guide Maulana Rumi introduces him to Ghani Kashmiri—a celebrated poet from Srinagar, they talked of Kashmir. Iqbal was sad. He saw no hope but the poet questions his pessimism and brightens up his hopes of their eventual deliverance. Addressing Iqbal he says :

خاک ما را بے شرر دانی اگر   بر درون خود یکے بکشا نظر
این ہمہ سوزے که داری از کجا است؟
این دم باد بہاری از کجا است ؟

(*Javeed Nama*, p. 193)

DESCRIPTION OF NATURE

His love for the Valley was great. His feelings for her enslaved people were intense. He loved, admired and eloquently eulogised in his immortal verse the enticing charm of her beauty ; the splendour of her nature ; the loftiness and majesty of her snow-capped mountains ; the sweetness and stillness of her mirror-like streams ; even the chirping of her birds and her cool, scented morning breeze. He

found himself lost in her gardens of fruit and flowers. He felt the majesty of her chinar trees. Here are a few select verses :

رخت بہ کاشمر کشا کوہ و تل و دمن نگر
سبزہ جہاں جہاں بہیں لالہ چمن چمن نگر
باد بہار موج موج مرغ بہار فوج فوج
صلصل و سار زوج زوج بر سر نارون نگر

(*Payam-i-Mashriq*, p. 155)

زمیں از بہاراں چو بال تدروے   ز فوارہ الماس بار آبشارے
نہ پیچد نگہ جز کہ در لالہ و گل   نہ غلطد ہوا جز کہ بر سبزہ زارے

(*Payam-i-Mashriq*, p. 133)

کوہ ہائے خنگ سار او نگر   آتشیں دست چنار او نگر
در بہاراں لعل می ریزد ز سنگ
خیزد از خاکش یکے طوفان رنگ

(*Javeed Nama*, p. 187-188)

And the most beautiful of all these verses is the following imperishable couplet :

توگوئی کہ یزداں بہشت بریں را   نہاد است در دامن کوہسارے
کہ تا رحمتش آدمی زادگاں را   رہا سازد از محنت انتظارے

(*Payam-i-Mashriq*, p. 133)

Iqbal has also played a positive role in the liberation movement of Kashmir. In 1931 when the Muslims of the State revolted against Dogra despotism for the first time since 1846 a committee of prominent Muslims from outside the State was formed in Lahore under the name of All-India Kashmir Committee. Allama Iqbal was one of its founder-members. The success of the 1931 movement which

achieved, among other reforms, freedom of speech, freedom of association, a share in the civil administration and a Legislative Assembly, was largely the result of its untiring efforts. It assisted and guided the inexperienced Kashmir leadership in the preparation and presentation of their demands. In later years Iqbal withdrew from it but continued his efforts as usual.

IN THE VALLEY AMIDST KINSMEN

Iqbal paid few visits to Srinagar and, wherever he went, people accorded him a tumultuous welcome. Politicians, merchants, students and workers all sat at his feet rightly taking pride in his company. Iqbal saw the place and its potentialities ; he observed her people and their gruesome poverty. Here he saw what God had made for man and in return what man had made of his fellow-man. He saw the terror-stricken masses. He was deeply moved by the the striking contrast of its splendid nature and the fightening wants of its inhabitants. In Pampur he saw fields of saffron—the costliest crop in the world—and was stunned to find its cultivating community barefooted, clothed in tatters and a burden on life. He saw the hungry farmers in the paddy fields with wrinkled forehead, looking at every approaching passerby with hate, fear and suspicion, as if sent by the Government to snatch away their standing crops. Here was a country where man whose greatness, inviolability and sanctity the poet had taken upon himself to preach, was at his worst. Kashmir presented quite the reverse of what he had said :

آدمیت احترام آدمی　　　با خبر شو از مقام آدمی

POLITICAL DISTRESS

Iqbal was not only an exponent of real manhood and, as such, aggrieved to see the facts mentioned but he was also a son of the same soil. His feelings were naturally hurt. His bitterness was great but he was too helpless. He could only shed tears of pain and agony. He could only appeal to the better sense of humanity at large in the name of justice and, for him, the one effective way of doing so was by giving vent to his feelings in his imperishable verse, so that:

ہر درد مند دل کو رونا میرا رلا دے
بیہوش جو پڑے ہیں شاید انہیں جگا دے

Here is a select verse:

زیرک و درّاک و خوش گل ملتے است   در جہاں تر دستیٔ او آیتے است

(*Javeed Nama*, p. 187)

The poet seems to have seen Srinagar silk-weavers at work. There he must have seen half-naked workmen weaving shawls, *dushalas* and fine silk, for, helplessly he exclaims:

بریشم قبا خواجہ از محنت او   نصیب تنش جامۂ تار تارے

(*Payam-i-Mashriq*, p. 134)

Two centuries of rule by the tyrants had transformed Kashmiri Muslims into most submissive and timid people. The transformation was so ruthless that they even feared touching firearms. This gave birth to many an insinuation against them outside the State. Their physical cowardice was ridiculed proverbially and many a false story was invented to lend support to these slanders. In the following

verse Iqbal appears to have replied to such friends :

در زمانے صف شکن ہم بودہ است چیرہ و جانباز و پردم بودہ است

(*Javeed Nama*, p. 187)

But at the same time addressing Kashmiri Muslims, he advises them :

آن عزم بلند آور آن سوز جگر آور
شمشیر پدر خواہی بازوئے پدر آور

(*Armughan-i-Hijaz*, p. 275)

PROPHESY

In 1932 when *Javeed Nama* was compiled and published, the idea of Kashmir's political set-up assuming international importance was not born and the possibility of its being debated by a council of nations was remoter than even a dream. Yet the great sage's inward eye clearly saw the shadow of coming events when he said :

باد صبا اگر بہ جنیوا گذر کنی حرفے زما بہ مجلس اقوام باز گوئے

دہقان و کشت و جوئے و خیابان فروختند
قومے فروختند و چہ ارزان فروختند

(*Javeed Nama*, p. 189)

This is the most celebrated verse ever written on Kashmir. In Kashmir it assumed the status of a national anthem and could be frequently heard from ideologically opposed political pulpits. Its recitation in public meetings in the Valley has brought spontaneous shouts of *Inqilab Zindabad*. I have myself witnessed many an eye—both young and old—childishly sobbing on such occasions.

Iqbal was most certainly pessimistic about Kashmir but pessimism related only to the present and not to the future i.e., things as they were, not as they were going to be. He was hopeful that a time would come when the dumb driven multitudes would rise in defence of their rights and dismantle the edifice of tyranny. Ghani convincingly tells him in Heaven :

کاروان ہا را صدائے تو ورا — تو ز اہل خطہ نومیدی چرا ؟
باش تا بینی کہ بے آواز صور — ملتے بر خیزد از خاک قبور
دل میان سینۂ شان مردہ نیست — اخگر شان زیر یخ افسردہ نیست

(*Javeed Nama*, p. 195)

It was not a vain boast. Long before the poet breathed his last, Kashmir was overtaken by an unprecedented political storm which shook the very foundations of Dogra Raj. Iqbal proudly speaks of this awakening when he says :

فطرت کے تقاضوں سے ہوا حشر پہ مجبور
وہ مردہ کہ تھا بانگ سرافیل کا محتاج

(*Armughan-i-Hijaz*, p. 261)

Kashmiri Muslims have sentimental attachment for Allama Iqbal. A hero-worshipping race that they are, their esteem for him in the urban areas, is decidedly much more than in the Punjab. They speak of him enthusiastically. Among the dominant factors responsible for the popularity of the Pakistan cause in the Kashmir Valley is the soft-spoken sentiment that it was a Kashmiri—Allama Iqbal—who originated the idea of a sovereign Muslim State. Iqbal has inspired thousands of Kashmiri Muslims and shown them the path of struggle and sacrifice.

It was 14th August, 1947, at the conclusion of a public meeting in Baramulla held to celebrate the birth of Pakistan, a white-bearded man hurried to the rostrum and severely reprimanded the Committee. The audience, numbering several thousand strong, gave him a cheer. What was the organisers fault ? *Fateha* for the soul of Iqbal had been inadvertently excluded from the celebration programme !

The Pakistan Times,
Lahore, 21-4-1952

Western Influence on Iqbal's Thought

ANNEMARIE SCHIMMEL

IT happens only a few times in a century, and perhaps even less, that a great personality either from East or from West tries to combine the most characteristic features of both Eastern and Western cultures. One of these outstanding personalities in our century is the late Mohammad Iqbal, the spiritual father of Pakistan, a man whose work has interested Western scholars more than that of any other contemporary oriental thinker. In him "East and West met though it would be too much to say that they were united."

(R. A. Nicholson)

Iqbal was born in 1876 in the Punjab, in what is now Pakistan, where, then, the first attempts had been made to reconcile Islamic thought with Western civilization. He had the great luck to find a teacher like the famous Orientalist Sir Thomas Arnold who introduced him in both Eastern and Western thought, and gave him who had already shown his skill as a poet in his native tongue—Urdu—the opportunity of finishing his studies in Europe.

HEGELIAN THOUGHT

Iqbal, whose first lyrical poetry contains *inter alia* translations from Longfellow, Emerson, and Tennyson, became, in 1905, a student of the Hegelian

philosopher McTaggart in Cambridge, and became deeply submerged in Hegelian thought which he, nevertheless, criticised in the later period of his life as the produce of artificial reasonment—Hegel is characterized in the *Payam-i-Mashriq* (1923) as "a hen that by dint of enthusiasm lays eggs without assistance from the cock."

After finishing his studies in England, Iqbal went to Munich where he graduated with a thesis on the "*Development of Metaphysics in Persia*", in 1908, a work which shows not only deep knowledge of important, and in the West hitherto almost unknown Muslim thinkers but also an astonishing insight into Christian theology from Thomas Aquinas up to Harnack, as well as into the problems of the History of Religions.

It must be confessed that Iqbal, after the great spiritual conversion which took place after 1908, at last in 1911, changed his view in many a point completely; but the solid knowledge of European thought was useful for him in all his later poetical and philosophical work. It is especially the Vitalist philosophy which seems to have impressed him most.

In the *Asrar-i-Khudi* (Secrets of the Self) which appeared in 1915 and caused an immense shock among pious Muslims and pseudo-mystics, Iqbal shows for the first time his Philosophy of the Ego, of the Self which is not, as pantheistic mysticism wants, to be extinguished in the ocean of the Absolute Being, but is to be developed by means of love, working and restless striving. In the beautiful Persian couplets of this work as well as in his following Persian and Urdu poetry, until the last

verses published after the poet's death in 1938, the influence of Vitalist philosophy is clearly to be seen.

BECOMING NOT BEING

Not the Being, but the Becoming is the ideal of Iqbal ; not an Absolute, Neuter Godhead but a personal God who answers man's prayers ; not a man who is bound by the strings of blind predestination but who is a co worker with God, able to change his own destiny.

We meet here as well as in the famous Lectures on the "*Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*" which were given in 1928—ideas of Eucken and Lotze, and even of Friedrich von Hugel, though I do not know whether Iqbal has studied the work of the famous Catholic writer, or whether the affinity is only an accidental one. Bergson is the favourite philosopher of Iqbal, who in a very ingenius way has tried to explain by means of the Bergsonian idea of the two levels of time—the outwardly—in incompatible words of the Quran which says in one verse that the world has been created in a single moment (i.e., nonserial Divine time), and in another verse that it has come into existence in six days (human serial time).

The greatest affinity, however, which often has been exaggerated, shows Iqbal with Nietzsche, "the mad-man in the European china shop" as he calls him. The anti-Christian as well as the anti-classical attitude of Nietzsche was quite sympathetic to the Muslim who had even, at the end of his life, intended to write a book in the style of Nietzsche "*Also Sprach Zarathustra*" called The Book of an unknown (or forgotten) Prophet. But as much as he admired

the German philosopher—whom he locates in the heavenly journey pictured in the *Javeed Nama* (1932) beyond the Saturnic sphere of Heaven—so much condemned his anti-religiousity in itself.

WILL TO LOVE

Neither the idea of the External Return (as opposite to his own teleologic view of history) nor the will to Power can satisfy Iqbal's idealism . . .

Will to Power must be, according to Iqbal's later philosophy, will to love, and to the unfolding of the good potences of the Self. The Nietzschean 'Ubermensch' is only for a certain moment an ideal for Iqbal but Superman's denial of God is not tolerable for the Muslim thinker.

The superman he wants to see is the Perfect Man of Islamic mysticism, personified once in Prophet Muhammad ; and the highest rank this Perfect Man can reach is that of *Abduhu*, (slave of God) that means, that he is always acting in complete harmony with his Creator, and never forgets the Divine command. Nietzsche, as well as the Russians after the revolution have remained, as Iqbal expresses it, in the *La*, the negation of God, without reaching the *Illa*, the affirmation of God's being in the second half of the Islamic Credo.

Whatever Iqbal's criticism of Nietzsche may be, it is very interesting to see that quite similar ideas (only devoid of the Islamic framework) have been recently expressed to Rudolf Pennwitz, no doubt the best interpreter of Nietzsche in our time.

But even a deeper influence of Nietzsche—though outwardly not as visible as his—was that of Goethe on Iqbal. In his first lyrics, the poet has

praised Goethe, and the *Payam-i-Mashriq* (published in 1923) was thought as an answer of the East to the *West—Ostlicher Divan*, similar to him in its form, 'containing even a free rendering of the Goethean Mahomets Gesang' into Persian verse.

Goethe is, just like Iqbal's Eastern spiritual guide, Maulana Rumi, "not a prophet but has a book"—i.e., the *Faust*, the drama of striving, longing and love. It is perhaps that *Faust* which was admired most in European literature by Iqbal, who found his own ideas of love and development in it.

Its Prologue in Heaven has been imitated in the Prologue in Heaven of the *Javeed Nama*, the opus magnum of Iqbal (1932), and in this work, which was thought to be an oriental Divina Commedia and shows some traces of Dante's influence, the poet takes the nom de plume *Zinderud*—Living Stream—no doubt an allusion to the symbolism of 'Mahomets Gesang' where the prophetical spirit is compared to a living stream. Not to forget that the personality of Satan who plays an utmost important role in Iqbal's work shows traces of Goethe's Mephistopheles.

INFLUENCE OF MILTON

In Satan, the fallen angel, the dynamic force in life. we can also see the influence of Milton whose "Paradise Lost" was deeply admired by Iqbal who even intended to write a similar work. The idea that the Fall of Adam enabled him to work in this world, and was the cause for man's development, leading him from paradisical innocence to real life and strife, is both Quranic and Miltonian.

The Quran attests that Adam is the *khalifa* of God, his vicegerent on earth who has to work as well

as possible in order to give back the property of God to its owner in a good estate—an idea which has often been forgotten in Islam because of quietistic currents, and which was emphasised by Iqbal who never got tired in preaching the gospel of everlasting activity which he found both in Eastern philosophy and in the right interpretation of the Quran.

It is astonishing how he was able to use for his goal even the results of modern science. He was, for instance, a great admirer of Einstein whose theory of Relativity and the idea that Universe is limitless but finite, were found to agree completely with the Quranic teachings.

But all those outward Western influences did not blind Iqbal's eye to the dangers of a complete surrender to Western civilization. On the contrary, his work is filled with sharp criticism of Western thought, and more that, for Western politics.

For Iqbal, the West is, in its present situation, the personification of intellectualism, without the spark of Divine love and therefore dangerous, Satanic. East knows the Divine love but is submerged in sweet dreams, and is not aware of the dangers of Western infiltration. It is inclined to an imitation of the outward form of Western life without understanding its inner meaning.

The outbursts of the poet against modern Turkey and Iran must be understood from this point of view. He himself acknowledged gratefully the methodical work of Western thinkers, and the education he had received there. But the fact that the West "crucifies the spirit of Christ every day" by unsocial behaviour and colonising methods—this

fact, expressed in the *Javeed Nama* by the spirit of Tolstoy, has caused the bitterest attacks of the poet-philosopher.

FAITHFUL TO QURAN

He is faithful to the essentially dynamic and completely anti-classical spirit of the Quran which gave him the courage to open new ways for the development of Islam which had under the influence of even that philosophical spirit, forgotten its original dynamic character and forgotten also the word of the Quran (*Sura* 13 : verse 1) "Verily God does not change the destiny of a people unless it changes itself."

Iqbal has used all the life-giving forces he found in East and West for the changing of the destiny of his people just as he sings in the *Payam-i-Mashriq* :

Open thine eyes, if thou hast eyes to see !
Life is the building of the world to be !

The Civil & Military Gazette,
Lahore, 2-4-1962

Iqbal and Punjabi

"Sir Iqbal dey nal mail—Peer Khane dey andar"

SHEEN KAAF

(A Punjabi writer's Interview with Iqbal)

THIS article was originally published in the December issue of a Punjabi language magazine *Sarang* in 1930. The Hindu editor of the magazine, Mr. L. S. Prashad, probably himself interviewed Allama Iqbal on the subject. The present rendering is based on a translation of the original by Maulana Hamid Ali Khan. His version was included in a book *Aasar-e-Iqbal*, edited by Ghulam Dastgir Rashid and published from Hyderabad Deccan in 1944.

Indians, throughout the world, mention Dr. Sir Iqbal's name with a sense of pride. The people of the Sub-continent glory in him. Indeed, he has brought prestige and fame to the Punjab.

Surprisingly enough, when we talk of him it seldom occurs to us that Iqbal comes from the Punjab ; perhaps because he has been writing either in Urdu or in Persian. One's failure to identify him with his 'native place' may also be attributed to the universality of his appeal.

His characters do not have any regional habitat. This is true also of the tone of his poetry. One gets the impression that Iqbal is engrossed in a world of his own ideas. He will have a few puffs at his *hookah* and would revert to his reverie. His

bungalow (this reference is to the house where the poet lived before moving to Javeed Manzal) and its surroundings, wear the look of a deserted place, rows of *bairy* trees along the drive give you the impression of a path leading to the cloister of an ascetic. There are dusty patches all over. Iqbal does not bother about maintaining a hedge or proper lawns and flower-beds. For that you have to possess a different frame of mind.

VICTORIA'S PICTURE

I vividly remember my visit to Iqbal. The poet sat in an easy chair and was smoking a *hookah*. He wore a stiff collar and a charcoal grey, old-fashioned suit. He had the appearance of a University Professor of philosophy. We had hardly exchanged courtesies when a picture on the mantlepiece attracted my attention. The thought of this picture in Allama Iqbal's drawing room amused me. It was Queen Victoria's. I asked him, "Sir, do you have a particular liking for the picture." His reply was : "My brother brought it from somewhere and put it there. I never thought of its presence in the room."

This is Iqbal—completely absorbed in his own world. He does not bother about what is not strictly his own business.

The poet then pointed towards the portraits of the European ladies on the wall to his left and narrated to me the story of a Maulvi who had come to see him. The Maulvi was going to say prayers in the room. When these pictures, in front of him, caught his eye, he stopped and asked Iqbal to remove them before he proceeded. The philosopher's reply

was: "Please don't think of them. They are there only to hide the ugliness of the wall." The Maulvi was not convinced.

When asked what he thought about the Punjabi language, Iqbal observed: "Punjabi is not yet capable of being manipulated for academic purposes. There is very little prose literature in it, but there is no reason why Punjabi should not become a scientific language when prose works are produced in it.

REFINEMENT

"Punjabi is rough and rustic, the reason being that it is the less-educated who have so far been writing in it and reading it. If educated people make an effort, it should be possible to introduce greater refinement into it.

"In Punjabi verse, sufficient stress has not been laid on form, with the result that metres have been ignored. Bahawalpur's Ahmad Yar has done something in this direction. He claims that no one before him paid as much attention to metres and rhymes.

"Punjabi poetry is really of the first order. It is saturated with sentiments and the finer feelings. The diction is simple, unsophisticated and sweet. The feelings are sincere and are expressed candidly. But the figures of speech in the works of some of the Punjabi poets border on the pathetic.

"The sentiments of love can be expressed well in Punjabi. But it does not mean that the torments of the flesh are the only subject of Punjabi poetry.

"On the contrary, its greater portion deals with divine love and abounds in mysticism. Love of the

land is a recurring theme with Punjabi poets and we come accross a large number of songs inspired by deeply-felt patriotism.

"There are also plenty of martial songs in Punjabi and folk literature is almost limitless.

"With the exception of Mir Dard, Urdu poetry is lacking in mysticism. There are no patriotic or martial songs in it. In Urdu poetry, there is more artifice than of genuine feeling. The folk songs it has none. The reason for this is that Urdu poetry developed in the courts. Nobles and aristocrats patronised it. These people were Iranians either by descent or by culture. They had no contact with the masses. That is why an artistocratic element entered Urdu poetry. These poets wrote for the sake of fashion. With them, proper composition and form were the only criteria of poetic beauty. This led to an occasional introduction in their verses of thoughts or feelings that were not genuine. The Punjabi poets, like their Urdu counterparts, should perfect their technique and develop the power and variety of their diction."

I had already heard Allama Iqbal's closest friend, Ch. Mohammad Hussain, saying that the Allama was very fond of listening to Punjabi verses, so much so that once he was overwhelmed and started crying while Ghulam Qadir's "Epistles" were being recited before him. I was all the more impressed by the poet's deep understandings of Punjabi poetry when he told me, in a nutshell, that Punjabi poetry drew its inspiration from the masses.

I felt sorry for Punjabi, because it has quite a good amount of literature in Gurmukhi script which is inaccessible to many.

Encouraged by Iqbal's view about the Punjabi language, I asked him : "Sir, didn't you experience the problem of language. Didn't you ever think of expressing yourself in Punjabi ?"

Iqbal's reply was : "No, I was educated in such a way that I never thought of writing in Punjabi, nor can I do so now."

When asked as to how it had occurred to him that he should write in Persian, he said : "I felt that my ideas could be better expressed in this language ; and also because Persian is understood in other parts of the world as well."

I said : "It is regrettable that a person of your stature and eminence does not write in Punjabi. This language needs a great man like you. Just as Goethe raised the little known German to the stature of a great language, you could also have performed the same miracle with Punjabi."

Sir Iqbal answered : "A powerful personality can enrich any language. Maybe, Punjabi will also get its Goethe one day."

At this stage I asked, "Sir, don't you think that one cannot express oneself fully in a language other than one's own ?"

PRIMACY OF THOUGHT

Here Allama Iqbal disagreed and said : "I believe that language is not such an important thing. Whatever the language, you should have sufficient proficiency and practice in it. You can express yourself in any set of words. What really matters is the thought."

I was rather surprised at a poet saying that one's inner self could be described in a language which was

not one's own. But then I thought that perhaps Iqbal had his own poetry in view while he was making these observations.

So I asked : "Excuse me, Sir, but how would your views apply to novelists or playwrights ? These people have, in any case, to deal with the actual life of the people. Don't you think a novelist has got to use the language of the masses ?"

To this question, the Poet said : "Yes, you have to use the people's language in a novel or a play. If some one wants to write drama or novel, what is the harm if he writes in Punjabi ?"

The last question that I asked was : "Prof. Richards of the Cambridge University thinks that no one can fully enjoy a poetry which is not in his mother tongue. What do you think about it ?"

Iqbal explained : "I do not consider such poetry as genuine. True poetry emanates from the soul and has a universal appeal." Then he quoted a verse from the Holy Quran in support of his contention.

At this, I asked : "Does it mean that when you are addressing the Muslims, it is the Faithful for whom your message is meant."

He said I had quite understood him.

The Civil & Military Gazette,
Lahore, 21-4-1963

Iqbal and Modern Problems

M. H. SIDDIQUI

IQBAL gave us Pakistan. For him it was not merely a political slogan. It was an abstract theory. He was an activist. He believed in the unity of theory and practice. The final test of a system of thought, he used to say, is the sort of personality that, that system tends to produce. His philosophy demanded the formation of Pakistan. Pakistan was a means to an end, the end being the production of Iqbalian Man. The Iqbalian Man was an end in himself. This Kantian Absolute, human being should not be a means to other ends. He should not be exploited. He bows to no human being, is the equal of his fellows in every aspect of life. Iqbal interpreted the Islamic principle of Equality in a very literal manner. This is the keynote of his economic theories.

Iqbal was a keen student of economics. I think he compiled a book on the subject in Urdu. It is one of the earliest of its kind in the language. But he was not content with the study of orthodox capitalist economics of the Marshall School. He soon started evaluating economic practices by Islamic principles of morality, and he was fully convinced that landlordism and capitalism were utterly un-Islamic. As far as the economic aspect of life is concerned he went beyond Socialism and touched the bounds of Communism. "Burn the store-houses

of the landlords, demolish the palaces of the rich" is not a tremulous Socialist demand. But he was in total disagreement with Marxist-Leninist atheism and anti-metaphysical trends of thought.. He used to dismiss Communist ethics by stating that it had no moral incentive. Why should one be "good" in the Communist sense of the term ?

ISLAMIC SOCIALISM

It was not all a mere philosophical speculation. Iqbal urged graded taxation on agricultural income and made out a strong case against individual ownership in a speech made in the Punjab Legislative Assembly. These ideas were by the late Sir Fazl-i-Hussain, exactly as his theory of Pakistan dismissed triflingly by all the politicians of his day. But just like 'Pakistan', Iqbal's 'Islamic Socialism' has been adopted by the Quaid-i-Azam and maybe it will not for long remain a mere slogan. A small beginning has been made in the taxation of agricultural income. Anyhow, Iqbal is an unequivocal enemy of all vested interests and in this he is the reddest of the 'Reds.' "If I were the *Amir* of a Muslim State" said he one day, as a final summing up of his exposition of Islamic Socialism, "I would first make it a Communist one." But one should not forget that Iqbal's emphasis was on the word 'Muslim' and economic communism was to him a mere means to an end. He realised that maldistribution of wealth, as under capitalism, fettered the development of the Self. And all that retards the growth of the Ego is immoral. Therefore, wealth should be distributed equitably, not equally.

CONDEMNED FASCISM

Iqbal was not an economic equalitarian. Nor did he have much faith in the capitalist-parliamentary democracy. Many of his readers, when they come across in his poetry, a satiric epigram against rigid constitutional equalitarianism as practised in capitalist countries, begin to presume that he was anti-democratic or even pre-dictatorship. This is a very erroneous judgment. Quite recently a viseacre of Grub-street, finding some of Iqbal's beliefs rather uncomfortable for his guilty conscience, avowed that Iqbal was no authority on non-poetical matters and that one could prove anything from his poetry, that he was both pro- and anti-dictatorship. This is ignorance, if not blasphemy. Iqbal did admire a certain aspect of Mussolini's personality as he admired the Devil himself, but that did not make him pro-dictatorship or anti-God. His condemnation of Fascism, the last phase of Capitalistic-Imperialism, is expressed unambiguously in his verses on Abyssinia and other later poems.

REALISTIC ATTITUDE

It is true that Iqbal's thought shows a distinct development in three phases, as dated in *Bang-i-Dara*, by Iqbal himself. But evolution, even by mutational jumps, does not necessarily imply contradiction. And Iqbal was very honest in the admission of a mistake, or his inability to solve a problem. Take the question of the status of women in contemporary society. He cracked the usual jokes that men and women crack about each other. He was a great lover of beauty and his attitude towards sex was very realistic. And yet he was extremely tender in

his attitude towards woman, the Mother. In spite of his social environment he does not urge *purdah* or the *burqa* or any other type as a specific award for women only. He believed in the equality but not in the similarity of men and women. He, in his latest verses, avows that there is no difference between man and woman, inasmuch as both are hidden under the grab of selflessness, that "seclusion helps the development of the Self of both the sexes," that "Woman gives life all its worth and meaning," that "all nobility lies in her lap," that though she has not written like Plato, she has proved conclusively the falseness of Plato's philosophy, that "neither *purdah*, nor education, old or new, can preserve the womanhood of women, that a system of education which deprives women of femininity is poisonous :

And he admits being baffled by the problem of women by saying : "I am extremely sorrowful over the oppressed condition of women, but it is such a tangled problem that it is not possible (for me) to solve it." All art and culture, says Iqbal, spring from women.

PROGRESSIVISM IN LITERATURE

But this does not mean that he supports the furtive sexiness of some of our modern writers. He condemns them outright. He condemns all "art for the sake of art" theories (in their restricted scope) in a categorical manner. He is thus the first and greatest theoretician and practician of true progressivism in literature. Art, he avows, has great social significance and its products are not beyond or above social value. All that retards social progress and development of the Self is evil, art or no art. He

condemns 'Indian music' as being too anemic and modern Indian painting as being too formal or trivial. He hoped to see a new vital art in the visual and oral media. His phrase of Afghan architecture (*mosque of Quwwat-ul-Islam*, etc.,) is based on the same criteria.

MUSLIM FIRST AND LAST

It is true that Iqbal's verses were steeped in Islamic symbols and cultural traditions. But, like Islam, his message was universal. He progressed from narrow nationalism to Islamic unity and Islamic unity led him to the Unity and Brotherhood of Mankind. As he himself stated in an article published in England, he found Islamic society the most congenial soil for sowing the seeds of his thoughts. And by persuading the members of this group of mankind to act according to his way of thinking, he hoped to spread the message to other groups and thus destroy nationalism, radicalism and all the 'isms' which exploit men and nations, make wars and destroy mankind. This development is marked in his progress from the 'Indian National Anthem,' to "Awake, O Muslim" and to "Awake the Poor of my World." It is a truly Islamic development and Iqbal was a Muslim first and last as Dante was a Christian first and last. But Iqbal was not a narrow sectarian like Dante. He was a modern man in the best sense of the term. To him Islam was a dynamic creed. He interpreted the laws of Islam rationalistically and believed in the right of contemporary social groups to re-evaluate and interpret anew old texts in the light of the fundamental principles of self-hood. He declared Western knowledge to be a

heritage of Muslims and himself acted as a bridge between the East and the West.

ARCHITECT OF PAKISTAN

For centuries, Iqbal said, Muslim thought had culled the best out of the mediaeval Muslim thought. The time has come, said Iqbal, when Muslims should regain their lost heritage. No wonder the *Maulvi*, the orthodox, sectarian, static, 'churchy' *Maulvi*, was an anathema to him and the humbug *Pirs* were exposed by him ruthlessly. But he respected knowledge and piety in all and was never too proud to learn from anyone. He considered politics to be a dirty game but higher politics and topical problems were studied by him very carefully. His poetry was close to life and being near the topical, it achieved universality. For nothing which is not alive today will live tomorrow. And Iqbal will live for ever.

He was the architect of Pakistan. He did not merely give us the idea. He chalked out almost all the high roads which lead us to the end we want to achieve by the establishment of Pakistan. The reactionaries who exploit his name for personal glory will not like many of his advanced ideas. But Iqbal did not write for them. He wrote for the people of Pakistan, the people whom he loved and who adore him.

Iqbal's Palestine Statement

M H. SIDDIQUI

AS we know Palestine was conquerred by the great Caliph Omar in 636 A D. Since then it has been a Muslim country except for a short interlude of the Latin Kingdom.

In 1517 it fell to the Turks and remained a part of the Ottoman empire till 1922 when by the Treaty of Lausane it was detached from Turkey and mandate for it was given to Britain by the League of Nations. During the 1st Great War, Turkey joined Germany and fought against the Britain. The Arabs who were not on good terms with Turkey were exploited by the British against Turkey. They sought a revolution in the Arab countries and promised them full independence of their countries including Palestine. Thus the Arabs' revolt against Turks in 1916 was based on solemn pledge given by Britain for recognition of their independence after the war. When the World War I was over, the British Government recognised the independence of Arab homeland and Palestine was indisputably included in the independent Arab State. The year 1917 was the most critical year for the Allies. The British Government thought of enlisting the financial support of the capitalist Jews. They, therefore, promised the setting up of their national homeland in Palestine. The British Government thusgave two irreconcilable pledges, i e., one of independent Arab homeland

including Palestine, followed by another one of a Jewish national land in Palestine.

The riots of 1936 led to the appointment of Royal Commission, which recommended partition of Palestine, which was greatly resented by the Arabs and Jews. The Jews protested against the recommendation for it gave to the Jews a Jewish state without Jerusalem. In an effort to reconcile the Arabs and the Jewish viewpoint, a Round Table Conference was convened in February, 1939 in London, but the Conference did nothing except registering utter irreconcilability between the Arabs and Jews. Iqbal resented the attempt of the Jewish settlers (the Europeans) to foist a European state in the heart of Western Asia. He protested against the wicked partition of Palestine and the political annihilation of gallant Arabs. The following statement was read by him at a public meeting held under the auspices of the Punjab Muslim League on 27th July, 1937.

"I assure the people that I feel the injustice done to the Arabs as keenly as anybody else who understands the situation in the Near East. I have no doubt that the British people can still be awakened to the fulfilment of the pledges given to the Arabs in the name of England. The British Parliament, I am glad to say, have in the recent Parliamentary debates left the question of partition open. This decision affords an excellent opportunity to the Muslims of the world emphatically to declare that the problem which the British statesmen are tackling is not one of Palestine only, but seriously affects the entire Muslim World.

"The problem studied in its historical perspective, is purely a Muslim problem. In the light of

the history of Israel, Palestine ceased to be a Jewish problem long before the entry of Caliph Umar into Jerusalem more than 1300 years ago. Their dispersion, as Professor Hockings has pointed out, was perfectly voluntary and their scriptures were for the most part written outside Palestine. Nor was it ever a Christian problem. Modern historical research has doubted even the existence of Peter and Hermit. Even if we assume that the Crusades were an attempt to make Palestine a Christian problem, this attempt was defeated by the victories of Salah-ud-Din. I, therefore, regard Palestine as a purely Muslim problem.

"Never were the motives of British imperialism as regards the Muslim people of the Near East so completely unmasked as in the Report of the Royal Commission. The idea of a national home for the Jews in Palestine was only a device. In fact, British imperialism sought a home for itself in the form of a permanent mandate in the religious home of the Muslims. This is indeed a dangerous experiment, as a member of British Parliament has rightly described it and can never lead to a solution of the British problem in the Mediterranean. Far from being a solution of the British problem in the Mediterranean it is really the beginning of the future difficulties of British imperialism. The sale of the Holy Land including the Mosque of Umar, inflicted on the Arabs with the threat of martial law and softened by an appeal to their generosity, reveals bankruptcy of statesmanship rather than its achievement. The offer of a piece of rich land to the Jews and the rocky desert plus cash to the Arabs is no political wisdom. It is a low transaction unworthy and damaging to

the honour of a great people in whose name definite promises of liberty and confederation were given to the Arabs.

"It is impossible for me to discuss the details of the Palestine Report in this short statement. There are, however, in recent history, important lessons which Muslims of Asia ought to take to heart. Experience has made it abundantly clear that the political integrity of the peoples of the Near East lies in the immediate reunion of the Turks and the Arabs. The policy of isolating the Turks from the rest of the Muslim world is still in action. We hear now and then that the Turks are repudiating Islam. A greater lie was never told. Only those who have no idea of the history of the concepts of Islamic jurisprudence fall an easy prey to this sort of mischievous propaganda.

"The Arabs, whose religious consciousness gave birth to Islam (which united the various races of Asia with remarkable success), must never forget the consequences arising out of their deserting the Turks in their hour of trial.

"Secondly, the Arab people must further remember that they cannot afford to rely on the advice of the Arab kings who are not in a position to arrive at an independent judgment in the matter of Palestine with an independent conscience. Whatever they decide they should decide in their own initiative after a full understanding of the problem before them.

"Thirdly, the present moment is also a moment of trial for Muslim statesmen of the free non-Arab Muslim countries of Asia. Since the abolition of the Caliphate, this si the first serious international

problem of both a religious and political nature, which historical forces are compelling them to face. The possibilities of the Palestine problem may eventually compel them seriously to consider their position as members of that Anglo-French institution miscalled the League of Nations and to explore practical means for the formation of an Eastern League of Nations."

IQBAL :
"The Poet-Philosopher of Islam" —A Critique

By "A STUDENT OF LITERATURE"

IT is but natural that funeral tributes paid in memory of a poet, while his ashes are not quite cold, should not only be generally uncritical, but also verge often on the poetical, and even lapse into the flamboyant. This is all the more so in India, where the critics think it but consistent with propriety, on such occasions, to err on the side of generosity, with the result that as often as not they turn themselves from critics into glowing panegyrists. The death of Mohammad Iqbal, last April, inspired and evoked many such encomiums, both from Muslims and Hindus alike, in the press and on the platform. Almost all of them were eulogistic effusions rather than critical appreciations of the work of the poet; and for easily understandable reason the tributes offered by the Hindus, to the poet's work and worth, were even more uncritical than the appraisements by the Muslim writers and speakers. The latter, while defending the poet, and even justifying his lapses, owned unhesitatingly that Iqbal was in no sense an Indian poet, but was out-and-out the poet of Islam; while the Hindu encomiasts declared that he was a great national poet of all-India reputation, and also of international

recognition, on the same plane as, say, Rabindranath Tagore. As six months have elapsed since his death, it may now be possible to attempt a critical appraisement of Iqbal's literary legacy, and it is such a survey that is sought to be made in this dissertation, by one who had the privilege of knowing the poet, but who has tried to keep out of consideration personal relations and to write as impersonally as possible, in spite of the inevitable obtrusion of that unconscious bias which appertains to the human mind. The present writer does not expect that all readers will agree with him in all that is said in this disquisition, but he trusts that a perusal of it may contribute, in howsoever small a measure, towards a juster appreciation of Iqbal, as a poet—or as a poet-philosopher—than has been possible till now.

II

To be able to appreciate the work and worth of Iqbal as a poet, one should keep in mind an outline of his career, as a background. His life of nearly sixty two years was more or less uneventful. Descended from Kashmiri Brahmin ancestors, who had been converted to Islam, and had settled at Sialkot, in the Punjab, he was born there, in 1876, and received his early education at the local school. His mother-tongue was thus Punjabi, and neither Hindustani, nor Persian (now called Iranian)—the two languages in which he composed his poems. After graduating from the Punjab University, Iqbal went to Cambridge, in 1905, and took there the Philosophical Tripos, having carried on his studies under the direction of Dr. McTaggart, then a distinguished professor of philosophy. In 1908, he

was called to the bar, and on his return home the same year, he started practice in Lahore, but he never took to law seriously, and failed to make his mark in the profession. The University of Munich—at which he was a research student—conferred on him the Ph.D. degree of a dissertation, published in 1908, under the title of "The Development of Metaphysics in Persia." He developed later a philosophy of his own, based (it is maintained) on the teachings of the German philosopher Nietzsche, and the French philosopher, Bergson.

Asrar-i-Khudi (The Secrets of Self), composed in Iranian, and published at Lahore, in 1915, put his philosophical ideas in a popular form, and Professor Nicholson, of Cambridge, translated it into English, the rendering having been issued in 1920. A knighthood was conferred upon Iqbal after the publication of Dr. Nicholson's book, evidently in recognition of his work as a poet. Iqbal published altogether six collections of Persian verse—the above-mentioned *Asrar-i-Khudi*, *Ramuz-i-Bekhudi* (The Mysteries of Selflessness), *Payam-i-Mashrik* (The Message of the East), *Zabur-i-Ajam* (The Psalm of Persia), *Javed Nama* (The Book of Eternity), and lastly, *Musafir* (The Traveller); while his chief collections of poems in Hindustani are *Bang-e-Dara* (The Call of March) and *Bal-e-Jibraeel* (The Wing of Gabriel). His third collection, called *Zarb-e-Kaleem*, is unimportant, being dull and unpoetic. As such Iqbal's contribution to Hindustani poetical literature is slight, and less important than his writings in Persian. In the former he composed but short poems, in the latter he expounded his philosophy and inculcated his teachings.

Iqbal took some part in provincial politics, being

a member of the Punjab Legislature in 1925-28. In 1930 he presided, at Allahabad, over a session of the Muslim League. In the course of his presidential address, he expressed himself as follows : "I would like to see the Punjab, the North-West Frontier Province, Sind and Baluchistan amalgamated into a single State. Self-government within the British Empire, or without the British Empire, the formation of a consolidated North-West Indian Muslim State appears to me to be the final destiny of the Muslims—at least, of North-West India." He was on the British Indian delegation to the second session of the Round Table Conference held in London, in 1931. "His authority was cited, not without some justification"—wrote the *Times*, in its obituary note of Iqbal—"for a theory of Islamic political solidarity in Northern India which might conceivably be extended to adjacent Muslim States. In 1930 he publicly advocated the formation of a North-West Indian Muslim State by the merging of the Muslim Provinces within the proposed All-India Federation." This is known, in Indian political parlance, as the 'Pakistan movement.' Even now a handful of Punjabi Muslims —with their headquarters in London—profess to be devout believers in Iqbal's political doctrine, which advocated the river Jumna as the line of demarcation between the proposed North-West Muslim State of 'Pakistan' and the rest of India, to be continued to be designated, as of old, 'Hindustan.' But the 'Pakistan movement' fell flat in spite of Iqbal's strenuous advocacy of it. It is now justly regarded by all sane and sensible persons as absolutely beyond the range of practical politics. But there is a deal of interesting information about it in that recently-

published instructive work, called *Inside India*—by a well-known Egyptian woman traveller, Halide Edib—in the chapter headed "One Indian Nation or Two Indian Nations." Its only present-day importance to students of Iqbal's writings lies in its offering an explanation of his mentality as a Pan-Islamist, and its influence on his work as a poet, with which only I am concerned.

The years that followed Iqbal's return, from Europe to India, were full of political commotion and unrest in a large section of the Muslim world, as a result of which the Indian *Mussalmans* started taking an unusual interest in the affairs of their co-religionists abroad. Iqbal—as a confirmed Pan-Islamist—greatly fostered, by means of his poems, this feeling of extra-territoriality, otherwise known as Pan-Islamism. He wrote at that time several vehemently-worded poems which may be said to be modelled on the one written by the great Iranian poet, Saadi, when Baghdad was destroyed by the savage hordes of Halaku. It is strange that this political phase of Iqbal's career has been sometimes seriously challenged by those who (for some reason or other) have been anxious to make out that the poet was not a Pan-Islamist, and not at all influenced by Pan-Islamic ideals as a poet—an important aspect of the subject to which I shall presently advert. But I shall content myself, at this stage of the discussion, with quoting an extract from an important political speech made by Iqbal himself. This is what he said: "I confess to be a Pan-Islamist. The mission for which Islam came into this world will ultimately be fulfilled, the world will be purged of infidelity and the worship of false gods, and the true

soul of Islam will be triumphant. *I convey the same message to the Mussalmans through my poems.* I want to see the same spirit in my co-religionists as once pervaded the early followers of Islam, who, in spite of their wealth, never hankered after this mortal world. This is the religious spirit which was manifest among the *Mussalmans* when they were kings and emperors, and believed in the principle that the whole earth belongs to God and none else. This is the kind of Pan-Islamism which I preach." Again, in his *Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, Iqbal expressed this very view as follows : "Islam is non-territorial in character," a conception which cuts at the very root of the idea of nationality, which is identified but too closely, in the mind of non-Muslim humanity, with one land or country. Iqbal also gave expression to his idea in the following verse :

> We are not Afghans, nor Turks, nor Tartars.
> Born of a garden we belong to a single bough.
> Discrimination in colour and caste is forbidden to us,
> For we are the blossoms of a single spring.

Nothing could be clearer or plainer than this declaration. Not only does Iqbal declare himself to be a Pan-Islamist in all its implications—he applies the very term to himself—but he emphasises in language of no uncertainty that it is the message of Pan-Islamism that he conveyed and sought to convey through his poems. He thus transformed himself into a Pan-Islamic enthusiast, inspired by the vision of a new Mecca—a world-wide, theoratic, Utopia State—in which all Muslims, no longer divided by the barriers of race and country, should be one, a free and independent fraternity, having the K'aba as

its centre. In his *Ramuz-i-Bekhudi*, issued in 1916, he dealt with the life of the Islamic community on those lines, and he harped upon the cry of "Back to the Koran," which he hoped and believed would vitalize the movement and ensure its triumph. He held and inculcated that "Hindu intellectualism and Islamic Sufiism had destroyed the capacity of Muslims for action based on scientific observation and interpretation of phenomena, which distinguished the Western peoples."

"He appeals from the alluring raptures of Hafiz"—wrote Dr. Nicholson—"to the moral fervour of Jalal-uddin Rumi, from an Islam sunk in Platonic contemplation to the fresh and vigorous monotheism which inspired Muhammad and brought Islam into existence. His criticism of Hafiz called forth angry protests from Sufi circles, in which Hafiz is venerated as a master-hierophant. Iqbal made no recantation, but since the passage had served its purpose and was offensive to many, he cancelled it in the second edition of the poem. It is omitted in my translation." Holding that the full development of the individual pre-supposes a society, Iqbal found his ideal in what he considered to be the Prophet's conception of Islam. Iqbal was not a believer in nationalism, or patriotism limited to the confines of one's own country, or nation; on the contrary, he regarded such a sentiment as highly dangerous to the free growth of Islamic brotherhood, and thought it was wholly responsible for the present-day keen rivalry and international wars among the nations of the world, in general, and the western nations, in particular. He was severely critical of western life and thought on the ground of what he called its

materialism. In fact, he carried on a *jehad* against western civilization, and exhorted Muslims to keep their religion intact against the onslaughts of western irreligiousness. Iqbal, as such, was vehemently, even bitterly, hostile to western civilization and all that it connotes. He concedes that it is undoubtedly 'dazzling,' but contends that its 'jewels' are no better than 'broken shells,' since western democracy is but 'autocracy in disguise,' 'legislative bodies, reforms and rights' are 'sweet narcotics,' and discussions in legislature 'a camouflage of capitalists.' Such, then, is the background of Iqbal's poetry, and only by keeping it constantly in mind would it be possible for a critic to form a correct appraisement of the contribution made by the poet to literature.

The most important thing to appreciate, therefore, about Iqbal is that he tried to be and was out-and-out an Islamic poet. It was for this reason that he had taken to writing almost exclusively in Persian, the language (as he thought) of the cultured *Mussalmans* in some of the countries of the Muslim world. It was to attain this object that he preferred to compose his poems in the foreign idiom of Iran rather than in his mother-tongue (Punjabi), or even in the acquired language of Hindustan, in which he had served his apprenticeship. 'Iqbal,' as an early commentator on his poems justly remarked, "dreams of a world ruled by religion, not by politics. His philosophy owes much to Nietzsche and Bergson, yet he thinks and feels as a Muslim." If his influence, as a poet, contributed to the revival of Muslim activity in various spheres of activities, it was because he was essentially a poet of Islamic renaissance. And innumerable lines can be quoted,

alike from his Persian and Hindustani poems, in support of this view; in fact, they bestrew the whole range of his poetical works. If but one example will suffice, here is the clarion call for Muslim unity which he sounds to his fellow-religionists :

اگر آپس میں لڑنا آج کل کی ہے مسلمانی
مسلمانوں کو آخر نامسلماں کرکے چھوڑونگا

"If to be a Muslim in these days means to quarrel with one another, I shall then convert the Muslims into non-Muslims."

III

I shall now quote some passages, in support of the view expressed above, from appreciations by the admirers of Iqbal, contributed to the press after he had passed away. Thus wrote "A Friend" : "Iqbal was essentially a poet of Islam, for his poems, specially those written in Persian, have all been inspired by Islam. He interpreted Islam as understood and practised by the Prophet and his immediate successors. He wanted the *Mussalmans* to practise the true teachings of Islam." This then was the sum and substance of his teaching as a poet, and the *raison-detre* of his poems. The same writer continues : "According to Islam, patriotism is part of religion, but not the whole religion. This explains why there is so little reference to India in his poems. Iqbal had to deal with the entire Muslim world, and not with India alone. Iqbal was the bard of Islam." Strange, indeed, that Hindustan of all lands in this world—and not Afghanistan, Arabia, Baluchistan, Central Asia, Egypt, Iran, Iraq, Morocco, Syria or Turkey—should have produced in the twentieth

century "the bard of Islam." Another critic, writing about the same time, thus expressed his view of Iqbal's position as a poet : "True, his patriotism is not of India, but neither is it of any other land or clime," for "not of India or Rum or Sham is my being", says the poet. "The word Arabia occurs fairly frequently in his writings."

"Colour, birth, flesh, bones,
Is Arabia proud of these ?
Then, abjure Arabia too."

And so Iqbal had no tolerance for a narrow 'nationalism,' and allowed his gifts to be wasted (some critics think) in sailing on the stagnant back-water of communalism. But it may be added that his "appreciation of great Hindus in one of his latest poems—*Javed Nama* (The Book of Eternity)—merits attention, as the very first great spirit met in heaven is that of a Hindu *Sadhu*, and one of the last is that of the Hindu poet, Bharatrihari." That is something to be thankful for. Yet, another critic tries to reconcile Iqbal's studied preference for communalism to nationalism in the following terms : "He began by composing a national song. His outlook was not narrow in the field of the service of his country. He wrote patriotic poetry, and if a united India was the vision of Iqbal's verse, a united Islam was its logical outcome." A 'united Islam,' being the logical outcome—the corrollary, so to say—of the poet's vision of a 'united India,' is a type of analysis or synthesis (call it what you like) which would be rather hard for the average student of literature to accept or appreciate. But to proceed : "In Iqbal the Muslim India felt it had found its spokesman," writes another votary of the late poet.

"As a good Muslim, Iqbal firmly believes that the salvation of humanity lies in its adopting the Muslim point of view of life. As a philosopher he expounds this point of view, and shows its universal applicability. As a poet he invests this philosophy with its appropriate emotional background. His poetry, being an emotional interpretation of the Islamic conception of life and God, is therefore Pan-Islamic. But, in spite of this Pan-Islamic and, in a sense, communal bias, the most dominant note in his poetry is that which deals with man and his freedom." Freedom from what ? From political bondage, or from mental or spiritual bondage ? There is very little of political freedom in Iqbal's poetry, either for India, or for even any one of the Muslim countries, several of which (like Turkey, Iran, Egypt and Afghanistan) have gained independence since Iqbal turned himself into "the bard of Islam."

The latest commentator on Iqbal's poetry—Dr. Hafiz Syed—writes on this subject as follows : "In the first period of his poetic life, and before his visit to Europe, Iqbal believed in nationalism, and wrote many inspiring national poems. His sojourn in Europe, and his deeper insight into the religion and philosophy of Islam, made him revise his national ideals. On further reflection he was convinced that the universal spirit of Islam, and the ideal of nationalism, were not compatible with each other. Therefore, in response to his deeper allegiance to the tenets of Islam, he renounced it in favour of the international ideal, which he thought was far more rational and durable than the fleeting, ever-changing and discordant ideals of separate nationalism. He looked forward to Islamic fraternity being more

far-reaching in its influence and, in the long run serving as workable basis of human unity than national creeds however fascinating."

As Professor Mujeeb, a well-known scholar, justly puts it, "Iqbal's muse became Muslim, and there are those who regret his change from nationalism to communalism." Another highly qualified Muslim critic has summed up his view of Iqbal's work as a poet, as follows: "Iqbal's earlier poems, in purposive strain, portray a vigorous mind full of enthusiasm and activity, and tender affection for his country. His poem *Sach kah dun ai Brahman* still remains the most moving appeal for communal unity that any patriot has made, and his famous song, *Hindustan Hamara*, is the nearest thing to a non-controversial national anthem that we can hope to achieve for a long time. But his Islamic studies, which he pursued ceaselessly to the end of his days, tended to widen his horizon. His deep study of Muslim thought and culture gave his poetry a Muslim flavour, which robbed him of some of his readers in India. The conception of nationalism along territorial lines, he found repugnant to his nature. Both in his poetry and in his conversation, he always quoted the example of Europe to illustrate the futility of dividing mankind into territorial compartments. He sought a cultural ideal which should raise men above territorial or racial considerations, and which should give life a purpose and an aim. And so, as correctly stated by Professor Bokhari, "with his death the Muslims have lost an eloquent messenger and one of the greatest interpreters of their civilisation".

IV

Having sketched the general outlines of Iqbal's work as a poet, and also his mental and moral background, I would now deal in separate groups with his works in English, Persian and Hindustani, and lastly with his philosophy in verse. He issued but two works in English—the first, for which (as stated above) he received the doctorate of the Munich University, and the second based on a course of lectures he delivered, in 1928, at Madras, Hyderabad and Aligarh. His thesis for the doctorate—called *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia*—was published in 1908, and was intended as "a contribution to the history of Muslim philosophy." Though based upon some research, and of value even now as the only English book on the subject it deals with, it is not a work which can be regarded as authoritative and comprehensive, in the sense in which one thinks of such standard works as Munk's *Melanges de Philosophic Juive et Arabe* (in French), or Dr. J. T. Boer's *History of Philosophy in Islam,* rendered into English from the original German. But Iqbal's book usefully supplements the classical works I have enumerated. It will not, however, keep Iqbal's name alive as a great expounder of Islamic philosophy, in general, or Iranian metaphysics, in particular. It can bear no comparison with, for instance, such monumental works on the philosophy of India as those written by Dr. Radhakrishnan, or Professor Das Gupta.

The other work of Iqbal, in English, was issued in 1930, at Lahore, under the rather cumbrous title of *Six Lectures on the Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*. A second edition was issued (by the Oxford University Press) in 1934, but apparently

without any changes in the text—though in its title the words "Six Lectures on" were dropped. This book is certainly the most important work of Iqbal as an Islamic thinker and expositor. It is a notable treatise in which the poet expounded his theory by which he sought to reconcile the introduction of far-reaching reforms (as, for instance, in modern Turkey) with the rigid dogmas of Islamic *Shariat*. It is a well-written work, and the exposition is lucid and highly illuminating. But as the *Times* put it, in its obituary of Iqbal, "soundness and exactitude of historical judgment were not his special endowment." "The fact was," it continued, "that in maturity, as in youth, he sought to reconcile the most of recent philosophical systems, into which he gathered up the latest scientific conclusions, with the teachings of the Koran." It is not surprising, therefore, that Iqbal failed to carry conviction to the thoughtful and impartial reader by reason of the unscientific method he adopted for reconciling the irreconcilabe—namely, dogmatic theology with the latest science. And so his last English work either is not likely to contribute towards the maintenance of his reputation as a writer possessed of philosophical acumen. Even if religion be held, in the case of Iqbal, to be synonymous with Islam—as Christianity is with many western writers on philosophy—nevertheless the fact remains the Iqbal's *Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* is far removed from a work like Caird's *Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*, a study of which is a liberal education for any unbiased student, wholly irrespective of the particular religion he may profess. Iqbal's book is of interest not so much for what it says as for who it is that says it.

It is of value not so much for knowing what Islam teaches as for the interpretation given to it by the mind of Iqbal. It is thus a contribution not so much towards an appreciation of Islam, as of Iqbal's mind. Its main interest is thus biographical rather than philosophical.

V

I shall now deal with Iqbal's poetical works which he composed in Persian. The love of the language of Iran, and the literature enshrined in it, which Iqbal's assiduous studies in them had fostered in him was bound to appear markedly in his works. He persuaded himself early in his career as a poet, that Hindustani was not a sufficiently developed language to be made the vehicle of exposition of the philosophy he had conceived ; he felt also that he had to appeal to a larger section of the Muslim world, and not only to the Muslims of India. So, while continuing to write occasionally in Hindustani, for the behoof of his Indian co-religionists, he adopted Persian for expressing his philosophical views to the Muslim world abroad. But "unfortunately for a number of his countrymen, a great deal of the best of Iqbal is in Persian" writes Professor Bokhari, "and only of his long poems *The Secrets of Self* (translated by Professor Nicholson) is available in English." And so the net result of his composing his poems in Persian, in preference to Hindustani, was to deprive not only the Hindus, but also very large sections of Indian Muslims of the opportunity of appreciating them.

"I shall not venture to express any opinion on the purity of his style as a writer of Persian. That

judgment must be left to those who claim Persian as their mother-tongue," so wrote the Rt. Hon'ble Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru—himself a great scholar of the language and literature of Iran. But if what he laid down be the correct criterion, it would be impossible, except for an Iranian, to assess the value of the vast bulk of Iqbal's poetical works (which are in Persian) at their intrinsic worth. After all, poetry has to be judged—unlike a work of information, whether in prose or verse—by not only what it says, but how it says it. What is said, and the way it is said, are the two cardinal factors in poetry worth the name; but of these two essential elements, the latter is undoubtedly by far the greater, as being the more intrinsic. Poetry is to be appreciated by the radiance of its vision, and not by its encyclopaedic range in science or philosophy. In other words, poetry should be judged by the standard of its imparting genuine inspiration to the soul, and not by its merely conveying information to the mind. Now, it is a fact that nowhere in the four big volumes of the late Professor Browne's monumental work on the literature of Persia—either in the text covering more than two thousand large-sized pages, or in their closely-printed, many-columned indexes—does the name of a single Indian poet, writing the Persian, find a place—aye, not even of Amir Khusrow or Faizi. Will Iqbal be luckier in this respect than his dozens and scores of Indian predecessors? I am extremely doubtful if any literary historian of Iran, whether native or foreign, will care to include the name of Iqbal—or for the matter of that of any Indian, or any non-Iranian—in its gallery of poets, or galaxy of prose-writers. Nor should it be at all surprising.

Good prose may be written by even a foreigner if he be duly qualified for his task. But good poetry can be composed only by a native—one to the manner born. Is Mrs. Sarojini Naidu mentioned in any history of even contemporary English literature? A few of her poems have appeared in an anthology of modern English poetry, called the *Oxford Book of Mystic Verse*. But has any historian of twentieth-century English literature even casually referred to her as a poetess?

VI

I shall now deal with Iqbal's poetical works in Hindustani, in which readers in Upper India are naturally more keenly interested than in those in Persian. Iqbal is regarded by the Punjabis as a great master of the Hindustani language, and as one who made valuable contributions towards its development as a vehicle for expressing subtle shades of thought. Thus a well-known Punjabi writer (Dr. Mulk Raj Anand) has recorded the view, that "Iqbal's early success depended on his attempting to perform a remarkable feat—his trying to enrich the poor vocabulary of Urdu by introducing into it the images of Persian, as well as of Punjabi and other Indian dialects; to mould Urdu into shape, to modernize it." How far Iqbal succeeded in his effort to enrich the Hindustani vocabulary—if he tried it deliberately—is not known to me, since no independent and reliable critic, whose mother-tongue is Hindustani, has expressed his opinion on this subject till now. On the contrary, there are reasons to believe that even in the opinion of a Punjabi critic Iqbal, as a writer of Hindustani, did not make much mark.

Thus Professor Bokhari writes: "Being by birth a Punjabi—(a Kashmiri, for that matter—he was a 'Sapru,' by caste)—his critics, especially from the United Provinces, always reminded him, with some justice but much more unkindness, of the bar sinister in his literary escutcheon." This statement is highly significant. Yet another critic has it: "If we take into account the modern tendency in Urdu literature which seeks simple and homely, rather than Persianized expression, Iqbal is probably the last of the poets who followed Ghalib in style." That is a poor compliment, in all conscience; for whatever one's view of the style and the vocabulary of Ghalib, who died in 1869, one cannot be expected to condone the shortcomings of Iqbal who died seventy years later. Iqbal's greatest admirer—Mr. Akbar Ali (in his book called *Iqbal: His Poetry and Message*)—writes on this topic as follows: "In his earlier poetic attempts in Urdu his language was simple, but with the advancement in thought Persian idioms and expressions crept in. But later when the poet adopted Persian as his medium, Iqbal's Urdu has undergone a complete change." Yes, a complete change for the worse, so that (as I shall presently show) it was not at all Hindustani but a hybrid language of his own.

As compared with the bulk of his poems in Persian, Iqbal's output in Hindustani is slender, nor is it of the same importance as his Persian poems, as expressing his views on philosophy. Sir Abdul Qadir (in a foreword which he wrote to a volume of Iqbal's poems) earnestly expressed the hope that after trying his hand at Persian, the poet might return to Hindustani as his medium of expression, and give to his

countrymen some more poems in one of the two principal literary languages of Upper India. This desire was shared by many admirers of Iqbal. That wish was complied with, but the last volume of his Hindustani poems (called *Bal-e-Jibraeel*), issued in 1935, profoundly disappointed many of Iqbal's discerning admirers. For one thing, the language is so highly over-Persianized, and interlarded with grandiloquent and sesquipedalian phraseology, that the prototype of it would be justly designated, if in English, as "Johnsonese run mad." Take, for instance, the very first lines of this volume :

میری نوائے شوق سے شور حریمِ ذات میں
غلغلہ ہائے الاماں بت کدۂ صفات میں
حور و فرشتہ ہیں اسیر میرے تخیلات میں
میری نگاہ سے خلل تیری تجلیات میں

or another verse on page 128 :

عشق فقیہ حرم عشق امیر جنود
عشق ہے ابن السبیل اس کے ہزاروں مقام

or still another on page 145 :

ہم بند شب و روز میں جکڑے ہوئے بندے
تو خالق اعصار و نگارندۂ آفات

Such stanzas from Iqbal's Hindustani poems could easily be multiplied. Now Milton, we know, wrote poems in Latin, and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu writes them in English ; similarly, it was open to Iqbal to write in Persian, or even in Arabic, Pashto or Turkish—if he so chose. But when an Indian poet of Punjabi birth chose to write poems in Hindustani (or in Urdu, if you will) one naturally expects him to

write in that language, and not in a pale imitation of a foreign idiom, interspersed only with Indian verbs and prepositions—which, as such, is neither the language of Iran, nor can it be ever of Hindustan. If it be urged that the serious fault of sesquipedalianism is to be found equally in Iqbal's earlier collection of Hindustani poems, called *Bang-e-Dara*, that was to some extent redeemed by occasional outbursts of genuine poetry. It is not at all so in *Bal-e-Jibraeel*, in which the deterioration seems to be complete ; its verses are limp, insipid and jejune : nor do they ring true. For example :

خردمندوں سے کیا پوچھوں کہ میری ابتدا کیا ہے
کہ میں اس فکر میں رہتا ہوں میری انتہا کیا ہے
مقام گفتگو کیا ہے اگر میں کیمیا گر ہوں
یہی سوز نفس ہے اور میری کیمیا کیا ہے
مکتبوں میں کہیں رعنائی افکار بھی ہے ؟
خانقاہوں میں کہیں لذت اسرار بھی ہے؟
منزل راہروان دور بھی دشوار بھی ہے
کوئی اس قافلہ میں قافلہ سالار بھی ہے
ترا اندیشہ افلاکی نہیں ہے
تری پرواز لولاکی نہیں ہے
یہ مانا اصل شاہینی ہے تیری
تری آنکھوں میں بے باکی نہیں ہے

Very much more similar stuff could be easily quoted. Thus Iqbal's Hindustani poems, in his last volume, appear to be but a feeble echo of even his former poetry in the same language ; and they are

also, very unfortunately, full of sermons, preaching and religious propaganda. There have been, no doubt, a small number of poets who possessed and displayed power and potency to transmute religion, philosophy and even geology, into poetry by the alchemy of their genius, and who have embodied their ideals in didactic poems, without disturbing their beauty, harmony and sympathy. It must not be forgotten, however, that even in the case of these masters—as, for instance, one of the greatest Latin poets, Lucretius, in his *De Nature Rerum*—the primary interest of the reader is with their poetry, and not with their religion, or philosophy, or geology. But it is not every one, who (to use a Hindu mythological metaphor) can bend the bow of the great god, Shiva, and when a poet goes beyond his depth, and attempts what is beyond his power, his muse becomes, as it is bound to become, prosaic and pedestrian. It appears that forgetting Herbert Spencer's grim but wholesome advice that no one should write poetry, if one can help it, Iqbal, in his last volume in Hindustani—just as in his Persian poems—set out deliberately, and with a stern determination, to propagate certain religious ideas in a didactic form. And the pity of it is that his sermons are not sermons in stones or in running brooks ; nay, they are like the set, solid sermons of a stolid and dogmatic bishop, delivered from the pulpit of a cathedral. I have no hesitation in saying that the reputation of Iqbal as a poet will not rest on his later collections of poems in Hindustani, if it will not either on his earlier collection, called *Bang-e-Dara*. This seems to me a just verdict in the interest of the maintenance of correct standard and literary ractitude—wholly irrespective of the

personality of a poet, or his reputation in other spheres of activities; for a critic is false to himself, and false to the canons of literary criticism, if he allows counterfeit paste-work to pass for diamonds, or permits shoddy to usurp the place of genuine woollens.

VII

Lastly, I may briefly discuss, before concluding this critical evaluation of the poet's works, the philosophy which Iqbal is said to have evolved and preached, mainly in his poems composed in Iranian, but also in many of his Hindustani poems. To be able to appreciate it, one must keep in mind the background of the poet's philosophy—Muslim, Nietzscheian and Bergsonian—by which his writings are believed to have been influenced. To take the Muslim philosophy first, "it has not" (in the words of De Boer, the standard authority on the subject) "distinguished itself either by propounding new endeavours to solve the old ones. It has, therefore, no advances in thought to register," and, adds the writer, "we can hardly speak of a Muslim philosophy in the proper sense of the term." Briefly put, the so-called Muslim philosophy is a chapter—and a long-since closed chapter—in the history of the study of Greek philosophy in mediaeval times. As Iqbal himself candidly acknowledges (in his *Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*) : "Greek philosophy has been a great cultural force in the history of Islam." It "very much broadened the outlook of Muslim thinkers," and "on the whole, obscured their vision of the Koran." Again : "The philosophers of Islam received inspiration from Greek thought." I shall leave it at that. What about the German

philosopher, Nietzsche? The sum and substance of his many volumes is a system (to quote from a standard work) "denouncing all religions, and treating all moral laws as remnants of Christian superstition. His ideal, 'the overman,' to be developed by given unbridled freedom to the struggle for existence, will seek only his own power and pleasure, and know not pity." It is the popular cult, we are told, in the Germany of to-day. And how about the French philosopher, Bergson? "Well," he maintains (to quote the same work, again), "the reality of time and the concrete reality of conscious life."

Now, what is there in common between the so-called Muslim philosophy, derived from the Greek system—which on the authority of Iqbal himself, "obscured their (that is, of the Muslim thinkers') vision of the Koran"—on the one hand, and Nietzsche and Bergson, on the other, the two latter themselves poles. Is it possible for even the greatest philosophical genius to reconcile the obviously irreconcilable? It is thus by no means surprising that Iqbal with three such conflicting elements—as Muslim dogmatics, Nietzsche's 'supermanism' and Bergson's 'panvitalism,' or creative evolutionism—as his background, failed in evolving a cogent and coherent system of philosophy, and it was evidently judging from this point of view that the *Times*, in its obituary of him, wrote with special reference to his work on the *Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* that "soundness and exactitude of historical judgment were not his special endowment." Though he might have intended it, there is nothing to show that Iqbal at all succeeded in influencing, through his Persian poems, the culture and thought of modern Iranians.

I have read almost all the English books, issued in Europe and America, relating to Iran, since the election of Raza Shah Pehlavi as the King of that country, but have not lighted in any one of them on even the name of Iqbal, to say nothing of any reference to him as one who had influenced Persian ideals and aspirations, or poetry and philosophy. And yet so great a believer was Iqbal in his own high destiny, when he began to write in Persian, that he felt justified in proclaiming himself a veritable prophet, not only of his own age, but of even that to come. We read in one of his poems :

"I am waiting for the votaries that arise at dawn,
Oh, happy they who shall worship my fire,
I have no need of the ear of to-day,
I am the voice of the poet of to-morrow."

VIII

Impelled by such self-complacency and self-consciousness Iqbal went ahead, not only attacking the great ones of the earth all round—he described one of the greatest philosophers (Hegel) as "a hen that by dint of enthusiasm laid eggs without association with cock"—but persuaded himself to be even justified in condemning western culture and civilisation, in general. Here is a poem, which might be called his "Warning to the West" :

Hejaz in silence has to anxious ears proclaimed
That God's old compact with desert-dwellers shall be re-ordained.
The lion which sprang from the wilds and shattered Rome,
The angels say, shall be reborn in its old home.

Oh ye, who in western lands reside, learn God's home is not a business concern :
The gold you think is pure soon shall impure turn,
A suicide's death awaits your civilisation ;
A slender bough to rest a nest is no safe position.
In angry seas, where storms and furies rage, the end shall ride,
Contemptible but safe in a frail rose leaf caravan it shall stride.

Again, the following is the tirade in which Iqbal sums up his condemnation of the western people :

Amassing lore, thou hast lost thy heart to-day,
Ah ! What a precious boon those hast given away !

Taking this view of the present condition of the nations of the West, it is not surprising that Iqbal fell foul of the League of Nations, for as a Pan-Islamist—believing in the international fraternity of Islam rather in national patriotism—he could not bring himself to tolerate the ideal of the institution at Geneva. And so he wrote of it :

"To the end that wars may cease on this old planet, the suffering
Peoples of the world have founded a new institution.
So far as I can see, it amounts to this : A number of undertakers have
Formed a company to allot the graves.

Now what is all this ? Is it inspiring poetry or political rant—and that too of a rather morbid type ? Poetry is expected to deal primarily with our emotions, and not with the success of failure of the League of Nations ! But that is not all. For Iqbal does not

spare even the two European philosophers who are believed to have cast their spell on him. And so even the German philosopher, Neitzsche, (with whose 'will to power'—implying "the fullest possible realization of a complete self-reliant personality"—Iqbal is supposed to have had much latent sympathy) is attacked by his acknowledged votary as the "madman of the European china-shop," because he forsooth, was, in Iqbal's opinion, an atheist, and did not subscribe to the "only-one-God" doctrine of Islamic theology. And, again, Iqbal writes of him :

> If song thou crave, flee from him? Thunder roars in reed of his pen.
> He plunged a lancet into Europe's heart ;
> His hand is red with the blood of the cross.
> He reared a pagoda on the ruins of temple.
> His heart is a true believer, but his brain is an infidel.

And so on and so forth, at great length, but unnecessary to quote. Well might poor old Nietzsche cry out from his grave : "Save me from a votary like Iqbal." There is a lot more hot stuff in Iqbal's poems about Nietzsche, but it is interesting to recall his dictum about one of the greatest French philosophers, Bergson—the only modern European thinker, except Nietzsche, who is believed to have influenced Iqbal. He renders Bergson's message thus :

> If thou wouldst read life as an open book,
> Be not a spark divided from the brand,
> Bring the familiar eye, the friendly look,
> Nor visit strange-like thy native land,
> O thou, by vain imagining befooled,
> Get thee a reason which the heart hath schooled.

This may be a very imperfect statement of

Bergsonian philosophy ; it may not be compliment to Bergson—but it is nothing compared to Iqbal's trouncing and traducing of poor Nietzsche. Still worse, Einstein—the great physicist of international repute—is styled by Iqbal "the hierophant of lie, the descendant of Moses and Aaron, who has revived the religion of Zoroaster," while the late lamented Lenin —the arch-revolutionist of modern Russia, and the high priest of Bolshevism—is pooh-poohed on the philosophic ground, I suppose, that people have ever exchanged one master for another—good, bad, or indifferent. "Shirin never lacks a lover", wrote Iqbal : "if it be not Khusrau, then it is Farhad." That is the verdict of Iqbal on Lenin—poetical perhaps, but not quite judicial, and poetical too for no other reason but its hackneyed references to the long-since worn out platitude about the pair of Persian lovers named by him.

It being the fashion for a modern poet to betray leanings towards socialism, the dialogue between 'Comte and the Workman,' the '*Kismetnameh* of the Capitalist and the Workman', and the 'Workman's song'; may be mentioned as poems which indicate Iqbal's socialistic ideas. I quote a stanza from the last :

Clad in cotton rags I toil as a slave for hire,
To earn for an idle master his silk attire ;
The Governor's ruby seal 'tis my sweat that buys,
His horse is gemmed with tears from my children's eyes.

Surely, Shelley wrote genuine poetry on the same subject long before Iqbal, who offers us but a pale imitation of the Master's famous 'Song To the

Men of England.' But unduly severe as are Iqbal's judgments on the West, it is a relief to find that he had a soft corner in his heart for Britain—though it is by no means easy to appreciate the ground for this differentiation between the British and the other Western nations :

> An Eastern tasted once the wine in Europe's glass,
> No wonder if he broke old vows in rockless glee,
> The blood came surging up in veins of his new-born thought.
> Predestination's bond slave, he learnt that man is free.
> Let not thy soul be vexed with the drunkard's noise and rout ?
> O Saqi, tell me fairly who 'twas that broke this jar :
> The scent of the rose showed first the way into the garden.
> Else how should the nightingale have known that roses are ?

Now here is something to be thankful for, and so I shall not quote further from Iqbal's works to indicate his teachings in philosophy, or rather his philosophic views as expressed in his Persian poems, but content myself by recalling the summing-up by so high an authority as Dr. Nicholson : "A free and independent Muslim fraternity, having the K'aba as its centre, and knit together by the love of Allah and devotion to the Prophet, such is Iqbal's ideal." That puts clearly in a few simple words Iqbal's ideals and aspirations as a poet and teacher. But that does not satisfy Dr. Nicholson, who goes on to say : "It is less clear, however, why Iqbal identifies his ideal society

with Mohammad's conception of Islam, or why membership of that society should be a privilege reserved for Muslims? Here the religious enthusiast seems to have knocked out the philosopher." It is not surprising that a British critic, like Dr. Nicholson, should have failed to appreciate Iqbal's position. Philosophy Iqbal had none, except what came to him mainly through Muslim sources. As put by Mr. Akbar Ali in his *Iqbal : His Poetry and Message* : "According to the poet, Islamic brotherhood is the ideal type of society. Iqbal's note is not the note of an individual, it is rather the whole mind of Islamic polity. The objects that inspire him always create in him moods, associations and suggestions that are all connected with Islam and Muslim culture." In fact, there was no room in Iqbal's mind for anything other than Islamic—he having but too closely identified himself with Muslim thought and culture, and these only, to the almost complete exclusion of any other. As Iqbal himself put it in one of his poems :

> "Though I have been brought up in the temple of idols,
> My lips have uttered what is within the heart of K'aba."

IX

But after all Hindustani is the language of Hindustan, and Hindustan is the land not only of Muslims but, one would suppose, of those also who still constitute a great majority, and have thus given the country their name. Now where do the Hindus come in Iqbal's sweep of poetic vision, or range of philosophic thought? I shall quote a fairly long passage from Mr. Akbar Ali's book, mentioned above:

"Even in these days of acute communal struggle, when a prejudice exists in the mind of the non-Muslims against the poet on account of his tenacious adherence to the cause of Muslim rights, we find that the Hiudus of Northern India know and recite his songs of patriotism like 'Our India', 'The New Temple', 'The Picture of Pain', 'The Song of the Indian', 'The National Song of Indian Children', 'Swami Ram Tirath', 'Ram', 'The Himalayas', his translation in Urdu verse of Gaitri Mantara titled 'The Sun', and his well-known symbolical poem, 'The Cries of a Bird.' Their complaint is that the poet has no attachment left for the land of his birth, and for Indian nationality; and they opine that he is a thorough-going Pan-Islamist, writing for the benefit and uplift of the Turk, the Persian, the Afghan, and the Egyptian, rather than of the Indian *qua* Indian. This impression has not failed to create in the minds of the non-Muslims in India a prejudice against the poet, and with a few honourable exceptions, the non-Muslims do not care to study his works."

Those who will have followed the discussion of the subject so far will have no difficulty in accepting the view that it is not all the fault of the non-Muslims, in India, if they do not care to read Iqbal's works. Admittedly the vast bulk of his poetry is in Persian, which was officially abolished as the court language in Upper India, so far back as 1837, and which, as such, has long since ceased to be cultivated by the vast bulk of the Hindus. If Iqbal deliberately chose to write for the Muslims abroad—it does not matter whether he achieved success in teaching his philosophy to the Afghan, the Arab, the Central Asian, the Egyptian, the Iranian and the Turk,

or failed in his effort—and not for his non-Muslim fellow-countrymen, he has to think himself if they cannot now learn Persian to study his works in the language of Persia. As regards his poetry in Hindustani, the greater part of it is marred (as shown above) by serious defects of vocabulary, subject and style, and the Hindu cannot be expected to be singing perpetually the, at best, one dozen patriotic songs, enumerated in the extract quoted above from Mr. Akbar Ali's book. Some of them have been sung at sessions of the Indian National Congress, when held in Upper India, where only literary Hindustani, such as Iqbal wrote, is fully understood. But there can be no two opinions that Iqbal deliberately ignored the Hindus, and no admirer of his should, therefore, be surprised to find that his works are not known to non-Muslims, to the extent to which Iqbal's votaries would like them to be read and appreciated by students of literature.

It is very well known that whatsoever the reason or cause, and howsoever justifiable or otherwise the position, the educated Hindus, in particular, and the Hindu masses, in general, are literally obsessed with the ideals and inspirations of nationalism, and earnestly aspire to be a free and independent nation—like those that exist in Europe and America, or like Japan in Asia. Any Indian poet, therefore, who either openly, or by implication, will preach against nationalism, or deprecate it, or advocate internationalism of the Islamic type (as did Iqbal in his poetry) will run the risk of being unpopular with the Hindus. Now Iqbal's political outlook was that of a Pan-Islamist, pure and simple. And so, I do not see why the Hindus should be held blameworthy, if

the poet (by reason of the choice of subject and language) did not care to appeal to their emotions and sentiments. The world of Indian literature and scholarship lately sustained a very heavy loss in the premature death of Professor Ziauddin, of Dr. Tagore's University, at Shantiniketan, in Bengal. He contributed to a recent issue of the *Vishva-Bharti Quarterly* a masterly survey of Iqbal's poetry and message, which was written while the poet was alive, but which appeared soon after his death, last April. I am quoting below some extracts from it which will throw a flood of light on the point I am now discussing : "I have not come across any final and unambiguous statement made by Iqbal on the problem of nationalism for Indian Muslims. It is, however, clear that he wants them to keep the structure of their society sharply defined from those of other communities. In India, unity of Muslims with other communities can only be on economic and political grounds, and not on social and cultural. It is obvious that such a unity alone cannot serve the purpose of real and uniform nationalism, such as is looked for by our politicians. The social and cultural uniformity of foreign nationalities is lacking in India. Therefore, we miss the spirit of true nationalism. The position (of Iqbal's) *vis-a-vis* the British is clear. They have usurped the freedom of Muslims in India. It is, therefore, incumbent upon every Muslim to win back that freedom. But on what terms of compromise should Hindus and Muslims unite to rule India, when freedom is got, is not clear. Nor does Iqbal seem to put any light on this question." Well, if he does not, and leaves his political philosophy advisedly vague and chaotic—a system in which there is

apparently no room for the non-Muslim but only for the Muslim—what wonder if the former fights shy of it, and of the works in which it is enshrined, that too to his great disadvantage, in a foreign idiom, form and speech ? It would thus be seen that Iqbal's political philosophy was as barren for the Hindu as is, for him, the poet's philosophy of religion.

X

This essay has grown longer than was intended, and should now be brought to a close. The net result of a dispassionate study of Iqbal's works and message may now be recapitulated as follows. His two books, in English—on *Persian Metaphysics* and on *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*—are not works of permanent value, and their usefulness is not so much objective as subjective—that is, as indicative of Iqbal's own mentality and philosophic temperament rather than as valuable expositions of the subjects sought to be dealt with in them by the author. Of the vast bulk of his poetical works—which is in Persian, and in which language he wrote almost exclusively for the benefit of the non-Indian Muslims—there is no reliable data available to satisfy an impartial critic that Iqbal's effort had been successful, to any appreciable extent. On the contrary, the trend of recent forces and developments, in Muslim countries outside India, seems to be in the opposite direction. Afghanistan—where the court and official language had been Persian for ages—has just decided to encourage its native language, Pashtu, in which State education is now being imparted on a pretty extensive scale, and which, as such, means the dethronement of Persian and its

ultimate disappearance, even from the upper strata of Afghan society. Turkey, under the guidance of its great leader, Mustafa Kamal, has not only replaced, throughout the country, the Arabic script by the Roman, but actually weeded out from its vocabulary in dictionaries no less than twenty thousand Arabic and Persian words, which had been in use in literary Turkish for centuries. Are the Turks likely to re-learn Persian to be able to read Iqbal's poems in that language, and would they be willing to transliterate them in the Roman script? There is no evidence of any such effort on their part. And what of Persia—the modern Iran? All recent writers on that country are agreed that the one craving in the mind of the Iranians, of to-day, is to shake off, as fast as they can, the trammels of Arabic influence on their literature, and also of the Arabic script, and to hark back to the language and literature, so far as possible, of pre-Muslim Iran.* Are they likely to betake themselves to Iqbal's Persian poetry, with its emphatic condemnation of Sufiism, the one form of religio-intellectualism which still appeals to the cultured Persian, who does even to-day glibly quote from, and swear by, the greatest Persian lyricist, Hafiz—who was attacked by Iqbal so offensively and vehemently in his poems as to have evoked such strong protests that the passages had to be suppressed, in the second edition? In the face of these facts, it would be nothing short of a miracle if the modern

*"A movement has been afoot in present-day Persia to efface, as far as possible, all traces of Arab domination and influence from the various spheres of national life. It also seeks, as a part of its programme, to purge the Persian language of Arabic words." (Extact from an article on "The Importance of the Arabic Language", by Sh. Inayatullah, in *Islamic Culture* for July, 1938.)

Persian betook himself to Iqbal's poetry, with a view to profit by its teachings.

Coming to India, it is clear that as the vast bulk of the educated Hindus do not know Persian, Iqbal's poems in that language will be a sealed book to them. What, however, of the Indian Muslims? The answer is that even in Provinces and States where they constitute a majority, they speak the local languages and not even Hindustani—thus Bengali in Bengal, Punjabi in the Punjab, Sindhi in Sindh, Pashtu in the North West Frontier Province, and Kashmiri in Kashmir. Is it likely that they will now apply themselves, on a large scale, to profit by the perusal of Iqbal's poems in that language? There is no evidence that they have done so till now, and it may safely be presumed that they will not do so hereafter. There thus remains to us as the literary legacy of Iqbal the slender volume of his poetry in Hindustani, which, however, is admittedly of meagre importance. This may continue to appeal to the Hindustani-knowing section of Indian Muslims, and also possibly to certain culturally-Islamised sections of the Hindus, like the Kashmiris and the Kayasthas. As for the Hindustani-knowing Hindus, in general, they may console themselves with reading or reciting the less than one dozen poems of Iqbal on patriotic and Hindu topics, enumerated above. Perhaps it would be to the advantage of the average Hindustani-knowing reader if some admirer of Iqbal would put together an anthology of his Hindustani poems, including those that may appeal both to Hindustani-knowing Muslim and Hindu readers. An unsuccessful attempt was made in this direction by the late Nawab Zulfiqar Ali Khan, in his *A Voice from The*

East, issued at Lahore, in 1922. It failed to achieve its object as the meagre collection of poems it contained was over-loaded with a number of uncritical and eulogistic commentaries. A fairly larger collection of poems, with but elucidative notes, and a short biographical sketch of Iqbal, will better serve the object in view, than any number of encomiastic essays by the admirers of Iqbal, served by way of eulogistic commentaries on his work and message.

And now that I am at the end of this survey, the question naturally arises as to the position of Iqbal amongst the galaxy of poets. I shall try to analyse the situation, in a few words. Iqbal never attempted dramatic poetry; hence we are not expected to compare him with dramatic poets like Kalidas or Shakespeare. Nor did he try his hand at epic or heroic poems ; hence we are not called upon to institute comparison between him and the famous European epic poets (like Homer, Virgil, Dante or Milton), on the one hand, or Asiatic epic poets (like Valmiki or Firdausi), on the other. Nor is Iqbal's poetry lyrical ; hence there arises no question of any comparison between the Punjabi poet and such great lyricists as Hafiz or Shelley. Iqbal's poetry is mainly didactic, and didactic poetry is generally at a discount, unless it be of the very highest order. In the range of English literature—with which we in this country are naturally most familiar—we know that with the one exception of Wordsworth, all the didactic poets are now forgotten and unread. Does Iqbal compare favourably with Wordsworth ? We can say so, who has read both Wordsworth and Iqbal ? Wordsworth is well-nigh transcendental—catholic, idealistic, and the expounder of the realisation of beatific

beati tude; Iqbal is creedistic, realistic, and the spokesman, alike in poetry and politics, of the militant aspirations of his own muscular philosophy. The eminent Latin poet, Lucretius, the greatest didactic poet, expounded in his famous poem the philosophy of atomism which was a philosophy of world-peace. Iqbal's philosophy, as expressed in his poems, on the contrary, was assertive, aggressive and polemical. The question is, "will it survive the ravages of time ?" And the only answer possible is "well, let us wait and see." Meanwhile, let all good people join in the old prayer (of the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*) : "From the unreal lead me to the Real, from darkness lead me to the Light, from death lead me to Immortality."

NOTE

I deem it necessary to point out that the article appearing on page 161 under the caption "Iqbal : the poet philosopher of Islam—a critique" has been obtained from the "*Hindustan Review* 1938." The article is most probably written by a fanatic Hindu writer who has bitterly criticised Allama Iqbal's poetry and his political ideals towards a separate homeland for the Indian Muslims The article is obviously written in 1938 by a short-sighted Hindu writer who had no courage even to disclose his identity and whose frivolous arguments met a tragic end, when Pakistan with the grace of Almighty, come into existence on 14 August, 1947 I am not certain whether the writer of this article is alive or dead. If living he must have seen the eminence and popularity of Allama Iqbal throughout the world, the station which the writer of article tried to give to Hindu thinkers who could never dream of this eminence. I have intentionally included this article here which is an embodiment of fanaticism and hypocrisy of Hindus' parochialism and simultaneously Allama Iqbal's steadfastness towards demand for Pakistan.

(M. H. SIDDIQUI)
Editor

The Philosophy of
Sir Mohammad Iqbal

PROF. SUNDAR DAS, M.A.

IN spite of his communal activities during the closing few years of his life, which I believe became inevitable under the political exigencies of the time, Iqbal's title to be called a poet of Humanity can be easily established. Like all great poets of Nature, he stirs up universal images of beauty and sublimity ; but his real mission in life is to inspire men for deeds of valour and heroic self-sacrifice based upon a spiritual view of existence. In his *Shama aur Shair*, which by the way is a poem of rare charm and beauty, he envisages a philosophical conception of art hitherto unknown in the history of Urdu literature and it is here, if I understand them correctly, that his view of art approaches very near to the teachings of Rabindra Nath Tagore. Reality in the fullest sense, he believes, is inaccessible through knowledge and its true nature is revealed to man only under the spell and influence of Beauty. Every beautiful object : a star, a flower, or a landscape opens a window into the heart of truth by establishing a channel of communication between mind and Reality. The function of true art is to reveal similar beauty in all other things, which are partial manifestations of that Divine Beauty which is permeating the whole universe :

Reveal to thy discontented eyes that Beauty, which is consuming the whole universe.

Dew is dropping in tears and moth is suffering excruciating pain on account of its partial glimpses.

Again :

Things appear to us as different and unrelated on account of our clouded vision. It is the same Beauty manifesting itself in all forms of existence. (*Bang-e-Dara*)

This overwhelming and divine attribute of the cosmos discoverable in all things when fully revealed awakens joyful emotions in the heart of man and lifts him above the sordid and mean occupations of life. Man forgets his worries only when he is transported out of himself through heart kindled with this vision :

Farhad for Shirin (thy love) ! Thou art digging channels into the desert.

Inexhaustible treasures of Beauty are lying unexplored in thine own heart.

(*Bang-e-Dara*)

That Beauty which lights up the moon with this reconstructed vision is visible in every star ; and every blade of grass becomes a personal communication from Reality. No wonder that in spite of his mighty theistic beliefs, pantheistic urge with him every now and then should become so irresistible :

My existence is only a *tamasha* of unity in diversity,

I am the lover, I am the beloved, I am also the pain of separation,

I am neither the wine nor the glass nor the intoxication.

In this wine-tavern of existence, I am the one
reality behind all things.

Man is a spiritual being and the proper work of mind is to interpret the world according to this truth; only thus material objects are brought under subjection. Every man is spiritually potent; he only needs to open his eyes, either with or without the help of art, to see this vision of perfect Beauty. The function of a great poet is not only to release man from the bondage of commonplace routine by arousing joyful emotions in his heart, but also to convey this metaphysical truth about the nature of Reality. This experimental knowledge of Reality as distinguished from abstract intellectualism is named *Ishq* (Love) in his poetry.

This view of reality is a creative imaginative construction based upon faith and reverence, and Sir Mohammad Iqbal has made it a basis of attack against the degenerated forces of materialism, intellectualism and nationalism. But still more important with him is its ethical purpose.

Thus under the guise of an aesthetic and mystic philosopher is hidden the soul of a mighty prophet, restless with a unique moral fervour, preaching with titanic voice the ethics of heroic self-endeavour, whose dynamics of power is again supplied by the same artistic experience. This experience of Reality as supreme Beauty either in parts or in whole (called *Ishq* or Love in the terminology of the poet) is the greatest releaser of impersonal energy in the heart of man and is the most potent of all moral influences. Will without the driving influence of emotions soon gets tired and exhausted.

It is only Love or *Ishq* (experimental knowledge

of Reality as Beauty) which by producing self-forgetfulness urges man to selfless activity for the achievement of impersonal ends and inspires him with a robust moral discipline by releasing in his soul infinite energy for self-renunciation—renunciation not born of indolence and indifference but characterised with bravery, courage and manhood. A heart infected with *Ishq* (Love—experience of Reality as supreme Beauty) becomes powerful like an exploded atom capable of building or destroying the whole universe :

Heart is emancipated only when caught in the snare of love.

When struck with lightning does this plant sprout forth and fructify.

Ceremonialism, abstinence and flight from the world are the patent failures of history to achieve this end. But above all he preaches with unrestrained vigour the utter importance of reason when compared with Love (*Ishq*) to solve either the mystery of existence or to give a proper drive and direction to human soul. Completely distrusting reason, he is seen running a tireless tirade against the impermanent and morally peurile truths of science and philosophy. "Thought without action," he asserts, "is a disease." A spiritually illumined will (through Love) is man's only true guide ; mighty deeds are done by mighty convictions. Powerful ideas, when scientifically analysed, make man a cripple by leaving him blank and uninspired. Abstract reasoning presents a mechanical lifeless view of Reality, practically insignificant and morally uninspiring. *A book of philosophy not written with the blood of human heart is a worthless heap of papers.*

An ideal human being should never feel attracted

towards the dry sands of metaphysics or other contemplative studies in preference to Love, which is a direct knowledge of Reality. He (an ideal man) is essentially a man of experience and action—action heroic and free from all personal considerations. Life-long and incessant activity of this type can only be inspired with love. Reason lacks the driving power of personality, while Love is the great energy releaser. Sceptical thinkers are rarely men of action, while difficult tasks become simple and easy when will is kindled with faith, hope and imagination based upon Love. Cosmic faith in the reality of this experience (Love) is the greatest unifying principle in man's life. Love in this sense can be the only ultimate basis of heroic endeavour. The poet demonstrates this conclusion with great force and elegance of style in *Akl aur Dil* :

> Intelligence ! Thy effort is to understand the secret of Existence.
>
> I (Heart kindled with Love) have a straight and unobstructed view of this Reality.

In poem after poem he imprints this conclusion upon the mind of the reader with unending resourcefulness. Knowledge at best can give us power to deal with physical and social environment, but it can never give us strength and vitality for heroic self-endeavour. "The ideal of safe conduct", he asserts, "is abhorrent to valiant souls." By living always in danger zone, they acquire a distaste for safety and security. It was Karl Marx who insisted that Economics and Politics are essentially games of self-interest. Iqbal, though an inveterate enemy of capitalism, has nothing but contempt and ridicule for such a philosophy.

The poet has consequently infinite disgust for the biological theories of Evolutionism, Utilitarianism, and Hedonism, because they all aim at the unheroic ideal of self-preservation induced by inferior instincts. This heroic activity is not one uniform monotonous dead course of conduct emanating from some one homogeneous principle, but infinitely various like colourful flowers in a vast garden. This he deduces from his doctrine of *Khudi*. *Khudi* (literally individuality) is his doctrine of self-realisation. Nowhere does he give a reasoned account or a logical explanation of this obscure concept, but his two books in Persian verse *Asrar-e-Khudi* and *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi* on account of their infinite suggestibility leave some very clear impressions. *Khudi* is that distinctive moral (not biological) quality which distinguishes a man from his fellow-beings or from the mass of mankind. 'Man know thyself' is a precept for the discovery of this distinctive attribute. Self is only then completely realised when these powers, which individualise him from the rest of mankind, are fully appreciated and made more explicit. True art is the externalisation of this personal point of view. This is what distinguishes a great poet from a great mathematician.

> Bring to light the hidden forces of thy soul; then the spark of life will expand and become an eternal conflagration.

Self-reliance and self-confidence mean the enlightenment of the soul with regard to its own powers. It is only through this enlightenment that man will become creative and acquire the potentiality of becoming a true hero in the sense of Carlyle. Every man has a clearly defined groove or channel

of action consistent with *Khudi* or uniqueness of his individuality. "Having discovered thy powers and thy appointed task in life, live thy humanity to its fullest extent."—Iqbal. Thus a self-reliant individual who has discovered his own powers, never feels defeated at the hands of circumstances and never stretches his hand to accept other people's charities :

> If thou art a self-reliant individual, beg not for wine,
> Right in the middle of the ocean, invert thy bowl.*

Thus Love also means by corollary the power of being vitally, emotionally and creatively interested in something great and noble consistent with one's own gifts and powers. Life is a prosaic humdrum existence without such motivating interests and purposes. Man's nature under the influence of Love is completely transformed or spiritualised when he tries to excel in the realisation of some impersonal end consistent with his distinctive nature. It is only love which can effect such a complete metamorphosis of the human will, that man begins to regard with supreme contempt the deeds of the self.

The worth of all concepts : political, moral, social or religious is dependent upon this supreme test. Consequently the derisive principles of Patriotism and Nationalism, which also come in for bitter attack, do not escape his censure, contempt and ridicule. They are only deepened and intensified forms of self-interest and are the best killers of Love and mutual goodwill. These highly selfish movements always achieve their ignoble and inglorious purposes through murders, bloodshed and ravishment. Under

* A bubble in water does appear like an inverted cup.

their blighting influence has been destroyed the religious unity of Islamic States, and for the author of *Bang-e-Dara* it is a story for unrestrained tears. Racial and patriotic organisations are the greatest enemies of the political and religious unity of Islam. These barriers have rendered the *Mussalmans* incapable of heroic deeds. It is around the religious nationalism of Islam that the most brilliant flashes of his poetic genius are prodigally lavished :

> Beyond and away from the blue skies lies the destination of the *Mussalmans.* Stars are the dust particles raised on the wayside by this *caravan.*

But the internal coherence of this '*caravan* of eternity' is being disintegrated on account of the disruptive influences of nationalism and patriotism :

> Do not be a serf tied to the soul, become a citizen of the Islamic world.
>
> Country is one of the false gods that (*Mussalmans*) have created ; garments that give it life are the shrouds for the carcase of religion.

Again,

> One calls himself an Indian, another a Persian, a third an Osmanian. Disgraceful limitations! Spring ye all Muslims and become one big tide by breaking these barriers.

It is here that the poet lays himself open to the charge of self-contradiction. Nationalism, whether political or religious, is everywhere a doctrine of exclusiveness. He seems to be giving to a party what he owes to humanity. It is also here that he has become an opener of new vistas of thought before the Muslim young men of the world and has permanently impressed upon the history of Muslim culture

the stamp of his genius. His dream was a religious and political confederation of all the Muslim States.

His extreme disgust for Western type of civilisation whose chief manifestations are materialism and capitalism is also for the same reason infinite and undisguised. Its framework constructed for commercial and industrial efficiency putting premium upon low, cunning and selfish enterprises completely strangulates uniqueness of individuality and Love which are the noblest passions for valiant deeds. Acquisition of wealth and power at the cost of Love is a selfish disreputable occupation for man, more especially for a *Mussalman*. Under its illusory fascination, 'glass beads are appearing as pearls.' This civilisation on account of its selfish pursuits and wicked ends contains seeds of its own destruction :

> With its own weapons, this civilisation will destroy itself.
>
> A nest built on delicate twigs can never prove lasting and durable.

This inhuman detachment from the fountains of life (Love) is bound to create boredom and neurosis. "Where hands are full, hearts must remain empty." The same hypothesis by the way is maintained and suggested by the author of *Inside Europe*. Dictators and other European potentates have become neurotic individuals :

> Under its baneful influence, intellects have become bright and souls have become dark.

Rich countries are suffering from the unmitigated brutalities of wealth and power. Nations incapable of action, on heroic level based upon love will sicken, disintegrate and perish. Money and power are the fictions of unheroic and inferior minds

not acquainted with the charms of Love:

> Remember, ye dwellers of Western countries,
> God's dwelling place is not a workhouse
> (where business is transacted), dross and base
> metals can never pass here for gold.

Indiscriminate pursuit of wealth and power is bound up with consciousness of inner defeat and selfishness is another name for fear and discouragement. Democracy in the sense of majority rule, based upon the competition of parties and determined by the counting of individual ballots, is according to the poet another unheroic institution of the West. In a vigorous mood he declares :

> The so called democratic organisation of the
> West is the same old organ whose cords can
> only be tuned for Imperialistic music.

Again,

> What prate is this of rights, reforms and
> concessions ;
> Sweet medicines from West have only sporofic
> properties.

Long before the decline of parliamentary institution in the West, he wrote : "Intellect of man can never come out of the united thought of a hundred donkeys. The League of Nations, as constituted today only to safeguard the interests of the imperialistic nations, is another outstanding example of their selfish designs and machinations" :

> It is nothing more than an organisation of thieves
> for the distribution of shrouds sitting in a
> grave yard.

The League has always been known for its timid, unheroic and worldly-wise attitudes.

Mussalman priests are another class of men

whose uncreative book-learning he holds up to unmeasured contempt and ridicule. By their pious sneaking imposition, they have led men away from truth and spontaneity of life. They are sticking to ritualism and ceremonialism like a swarm of flies on a bunch of grapes :

> Their heads are swollen with wisdom and learning while the real secrets of life are hidden from their dark souls.

Again,

> Learned men have become indifferent to the teachings of the Scriptures. Long bearded *Sufis* are blood-thirsty leopards.

Iqbal declares emphatically that a righteous community or individual is simply superior to the risks of life possessions and prestige. Considerations of profit and loss simply leave him unmoved and unaffected :

> Only God knows what fire is burning in their hearts (righteous individuals). Hell they regard only a fistful cold ashes.

Though a life-long opponent of Gandhi in the political field, occasionally he showers upon this brave and righteous individual his sincere and unstinted admiration.

The poet has discovered here a new basis for the time-old doctrine of non-attachment ; at any rate he has presented its implications with new vigour and fresh significance. In a language of unwavering certainty, he makes his reader realise that in the final analysis there is no difference between joy and rectitude of conduct ; Reality and values are not unrelated. In a higher synthesis, conflict between man and nature is lost. A spiritually restless soul is

man's greatest asset. Happiness is an accident of good life and a quality of heroic behaviour.

Here is a unique system of ethics based upon the true laws of human psychology. Will is only the handle of a wheel, which can only move under the agency of emotions. A kindled heart is its only prime mover. Analytical thought or abstract reasoning lacks this power to control the will. Mere good principles have no motive power. An experiential view of reality (Love) and reliance upon self (individuality) are the greatest regulators of human character. Individuality lies in being vitally interested in something great and noble. A selfish individual symbolised as vulture (*kargus*) in his poetry, is only a slave of the belly without any self-respect and has to become a carrion-eater. He little knows that even earthly love will emancipate him from fear and depravity. A brave self-respecting soul having an individuality and a true sense of Reality symbolised as falcon (*shahin*) in his poetry, soars high into the heaven far above this earth on account of an inner vision.

Iqbal's voice is like a trumpet-call to the lotus-eating nations of the world, instinct with deep and vivid realisation of the meaning of life, ministering to the needs of vital experiences. Like the Hebrew prophets, he is inspired to declare the will of God to man. His is a message of great spiritual significance to the weaker individuals and declining races of the world, scrupulously declared with a unique poetic and mystic power, and the pages of his books are ringing with a passionate devotion for, and a remarkable faith in a simple living God. He never leaves you depressed and dejected. It was Schopenhauer,

who once preached the conquest of pessimism through art. It is here that we feel that religion is a challenge addressed to a valiant soul. One reading of *Bang-e-Dara* will stir your whole being and will leave its reader with the impression of a mind of extraordinary power animated with flames of urgency and vitality, and of a soul surging with emotions like a river over-flowing its margins. Though a true son and interpreter of Islam, his spiritual ancestory can be easily traced to Bergson and Nietzsche.

The Indian Review,
November, 1938.

Sir Mohammad Iqbal

"I am not afraid of death. I am a *Mussalman* and shall welcome death with a smiling countenance"—these are reported to be the last words of the great Muslim poet and philosopher, Dr. Sir Mohammad Iqbal, who passed away at Lahore on the 21st of last month in his 61st year. Sir Mohammad Iqbal was, indeed, ailing for some months past, but the end was sudden and unexpected. Leaders of divergent political opinions have borne testimony to the remarkable influence of Sir Mohammad Iqbal's writing and character. Dr. Tagore's message is characteristic :

> "The death of Sir Mohammad Iqbal has created a void in our literature, that like a mortal wound would take a very long time to heal up. India whose place to-day in the world is too narrow, can ill afford to miss the poet whose poetry had such a universal value."

Sir Mohammad Iqbal was a member of the Punjab Legislative Council and was prominently associated with the Muslim cultural revival. He took a leading part in the activities of the Muslim League for a number of years and attended the Round Table Conference in London.

But those activities pale before his profound interest in the deeper problems of life, and his contribution to the cultural aspect of Islam was far

reaching. Speaking under the auspices of the Madras Muslim Association, Sir Mohammad Iqbal outlined his views on the "reconstruction of religious thought in Islam." He attempted in his own words :

> "To reconstruct Muslim religious philosophy with due regard to the philosophical traditions of Islam and the more recent developments in the various domains of human knowledge."

Sir Mohammad Iqbal will, above all, be remembered by posterity as the supreme poet of our time—a poet who brought to our materialistic age something of the beauty and mystery and wisdom of Hafiz and Saadi. Scholars have borne testimony to the grace and charm of his writings in Urdu and Persian. It is in his poems—those semi-philosophic musings in verse—that we must seek for an expression of his true genius. His mature thought and definite conclusions may be found in a number of poems, chief among which are *Astar-e-Khudi* and *Rumuz-e-Bekhudi*, (both of which present a continuity of theme) and *Payam-e-Mashriq*.

The first, which has been translated into English by Dr. Nicholson, has established him in the front rank of world poets. "In a fascinating style," says Sir Zulfiqar Ali Khan, "Iqbal deals with the whole problem of man, his life and attempts to forge a new destiny for his people by preaching reversion to the vigorous but simple life of the early Muslims based on the teachings of the Prophet." The dynamic philosopy of Iqbal has won him admiration in all climes. The *Payam-e-Mashriq* (Message of the East), written in the style of Goethe, gives philosophical interpretations of important problems of human life

and our relations to God. The latter portion of the book gives *ghazals* written in the style of Saadi and other poets including the well known tribute to Love :

"Love painteth red the tender tulip petals,
And to our life with anxious recklessness."

Notes on the death of Allama Iqbal
(The Indian Review, November, 1938).

Iqbal, Poet and Preacher

ROOP KRISHNA

I *am not an artist, I am a preacher.* Thus the late Sir Mohammad Iqbal replied when I asked him about the function of an artist. This authoritative dictum was a nightcap to any further questioning on my part about art and the artist. I held my silence and listened with reverential attention to the talk which took place between the poet and my friends.

I had never visited the poet before. The poet did not know who I was and I am sure he did not care to know who we were. We were three, a young I.C.S., an artist, and I. The artist friend already knew Sir Mohammad Iqbal. He it was who took us to him and thereby helped me to realise my long-cherished wish to meet the poet.

It was said of Sir Mohammad Iqbal that he received everybody kindly. Kindly but without distinction or ceremony. This, too, was true in our case. We were ushered in his presence without any formal introduction or questioning. He made us feel at home by his kindly treatment and attention. It was the young I.C.S. who put many kinds of questions which Sir Mohammad Iqbal answered like a preceptor with confidence and authority. Most of the questions were of social nature in which Iqbal

seemed to be deeply interested as he evinced great concern in answering them. The talk lasted for about three quarters of an hour, at the end of which I came away feeling happy that I had had the privilege and honour of listening to the revered poet, the great poet, the poet of the Punjab. But I was very much disappointed in his answer to my question. *I am a preacher, not an artist.* Sir Mohammad Iqbal, I felt, did not want to talk about art or artist. He wanted to talk about society. He wanted to study the mind of the people and the mind of the people he wanted to change. Life and society were the upper-most thoughts in his mind. He insisted upon the idea to fully live the life, life, the secular life. He condemned, strongly condemned, the idea of renunciation, the renunciation of the world in any form or shape. Renunciation to him was the negation of life.

For Iqbal life and society included art and artist. To talk of art and artist independently was not necessary. To discuss art and artist as entities not directly working for certain kind of social order or religious mission was to him distasteful. He seemed annoyed by the question of the artist and his function. His emphatic assertion, *I am a preacher*, convinced me that he hated the idea of art for art's sake. This attitude of Iqbal towards art may seem right to certain people. To me it is shirking the most vital issue on which the question of the quality of art and its relation to life depend. We can ignore certain problems as being merely of metaphysical and theoretical nature, but we cannot deny that these problems have some psychological importance. We cannot escape the subtle effect they have in

shaping the personality of an artist and, consequently, his art. It was a painful surprise to me that Iqbal who was so keenly interested in life feigned such an indifference to the question of art and artist.

I am not competent enough to judge Iqbal and his work but I can say without fear of contradiction that Iqbal the poet (artist) has wider appeal than Iqbal the preacher. As a preacher, preacher of Islam as he was, Iqbal could only appeal to his co-religionists or rather to a section of his co-religionists. Iqbal, the poet, appeals to everybody, to a Musalman as well as a non-Musalman. I have always felt proud of Iqbal, Iqbal the poet, not of Iqbal the poet of Islam. By poet of Islam I mean when Iqbal rigidly associates himself with certain sectarian views and dogmas, and when he exhorts his audience to doff all shackles but don the shackles of Koran. To me a most decadent idea. Decadent because it counsels the people to follow a life and faith which are not in keeping with modern times and environments. A life and faith which were evolved in the past in archaic conditions and circumstances. A life and faith which expanded into full splendour and glory and then went into natural and gradual decline. A life and faith which are now spent forces. Decadent because they cultivate in the community the spirit of narrowness, isolation and estrangement. Such preaching, however well inspired and well intentioned, deprives the adherent of wider contacts with life and invariably diminishes his outlook on things. Such preaching is, therefore, decadent preaching.

In my opinion we have reached a stage in our social evolution when to be a Muslim, a Hindu or a Christian, is not a blessing but a bane.

This decadent tendency in Iqbal was the characteristic of the age and society in which he was born. Our society of forty years ago was a society of dogmatic doctrinalism. A society which believed in a certain faith not because of intellectual convictions or personal experiences but because of traditional and fiducial habits and customs.

Almost all the contemporaries of Iqbal had similar way of thinking and took similar action in life. For instance, Lala Lajpat Rai, Mahatma Munshi Ram and Mahatma Hans Raj were men of noble intentions and good patriots, as was Iqbal, but were first of all Hindus and then anything else. They were all preachers but preachers of Aryanism, therefore preachers of decadent ideas. They were all fascinated by the past. They wished to live in the past and ignored the present. They were all men of courage and perseverance. They worked and suffered for their ideals but their ideals were decadent ideals.

Iqbal the poet is not decadent. Iqbal the preacher is decadent, definitely decadent. A preacher of decadent ideas as were Mahatma Hans Raj and Mahatma Munshi Ram preachers of decadent ideas.

Iqbal the poet is not decadent. Iqbal's poetry is vital. Its construction and arrangement, its sound and rhythm, are profoundly poetic. Iqbal's poetic conception in technique and expression is consummate, therefore it cannot be decadent. As a poet Iqbal's place, no doubt, is among the best poets of the age. Iqbal the poet will always be read and loved by all who can understand and appreciate his poetry. Whosoever reads Iqbal's poetry, a Musalman or a non-Musalman, experiences a poetic thrill

not withstanding its subject matter. For this reason Iqbal is a vital poet because his poetry moves, moves all who have the appreciation of poetry. It is not the subject matter that makes a work of art good or bad. It is the intensity of expression that makes a work of art great. Most of Iqbal's poetry, particularly religious poetry has that intensity of expression ; therefore Iqbal is a vital poet.

Iqbal the preacher of Islam may exercise a momentary charm for some religious enthusiasts but the fact remains that he has not brought about any vital change in the outlook of the Muslim community. It remains where it was and where it is. The ideas Iqbal preaches are not new. Almost every Muslim says the same as Iqbal. The sentiments and ideas expressed in Iqbal's poetry are the sentiments and ideas of the average Muslim. Almost every Muslim would say that the modern Musalmans are disunited and should unite by following the Koranic laws and by accepting their Prophet in the true spirit. Every *mulla* and *parcharak* preaches the same every day to the followers of his particular sect or faith. But when Iqbal says it, it has a beauty and charm and that beauty and charm are lent by the magic touch of the artist in Iqbal. We read Iqbal's poetry to enjoy that thrill which emanates from its artistic construction and arrangement, and not to learn the average sentiments of an average Musalman. That we can learn, or better learn, by reading the leaders of any Muslim organ or newspaper.

The subject matter of Iqbal's *Asrar-e-Khudi*, *Shikwa* and *Jawab-e-Shikwa* and others, can hardly be of any interest or appeal to a non-Muslim. But anyone who is endowed with poetic sensibility and

reads some of these poems will be convinced how well-balanced, well-knit, imaginative and beautiful Iqbal's poetic expression is and as such it appeals and is a source of joy and pleasure to everybody. This poetic quality assigns to Iqbal a permanent niche in the pantheon of great poets and it is there that Iqbal is worshipped and respected by everybody, Muslim and non-Muslim, Indian and non-Indian.

IQBAL AND ART FOR THE SAKE OF ART

Iqbal has left to us a few maxims on art which suggest his point of view on the subject. He has not left to us any systematic discussion or comprehensive discourse. His thoughts on art are concise and terse. Concise and terse they are but not logically cogent. Logically they are unconvincing.

In his later years Iqbal was too much inclined to think within a restricted limit. Such tendency inevitably happens when one begins seeing things in the shadow of religion and theology or when one is rigidly hemmed in by certain laws and inhibitions. This happened to Iqbal.

Iqbal was developing a religious philosophy. He was trying to incorporate some new ideas and beliefs, which he had acquired from the West, into the old fabric of Islamic thought. He was thoroughly engrossed in this seemingly impossible task and he limited his vision to a necessary finiteness. Everything was seen in the light of and viewed from the angle of that finiteness, even at the risk of illogicality.

His occasional reflections on art and its purpose were always in consonance with that philosophy. He never meant to talk of art for the sake of art but always in subordination to that philosophy. In the

foreward to *Muraqqa Chughtai* Iqbal says: *I look upon art as subservient to personality and life.* What he exactly means is difficult to define. To me this dictum seems a contradiction in terms. Personality and life are separate things. Personality means individual self or ego. Life means that which is an aggregate, in the shape of society or community, it can be applicable to small community or to mankind. Since *personality and life* are separate entities, one individual, the other collective, how can art be subservient to both, personality and life, one and many, at one and the same time ? If art is subservient to personality then it must be egoistic art or individualistic art, which must resemble at least in principle the theory of art for art's sake, that is, art done with no ulterior motive but to satisfy personality, artist's personality. Art which is subservient to life must be popular art, popular in purport if not in expression, done to satisfy the mass or the community. Such art must serve as an agent to propagate certain ideas to certain people at certain time to make them into staunch Muslims, Hindus or Christians, or to convert them into thorough Fascists, Communists or Imperialists.

Art which is subservient to personality cannot be subservient to life unless life and personality have become one. When personality is absorbed into life it ceases to exist. It is no more personality. It is only life. Therefore, to say that art should be subservient to personality and life at one and the same time is a contradiction in terms.

Iqbal besides being a great poet was a serious thinker. He could not have made this statement without any definite idea. They who know Iqbal

and his philosophy better should explain it. Perhaps Iqbal meant that expression should be subservient to personality and purport subservient to life. In that case the choice of theme would be extremely restricted and the artist would have to serve as a missionary or a mercenary propagandist. Then the variety and range in art which we have in modern world would be grievously reduced. Supposing in a Fascist regime artists were made to interpret only Fascist subjects and ideas, and under a Hindu raj only to popularize Hinduism, it could not be a congenial atmosphere for the artist nor would it be encouraging to the development of personality. I know, Iqbal would never tolerate any system propense to hinder the development of personality. Iqbal has vociferously and vehemently preached the philosophy of selfhood in his famous book *Secrets of the Self.* In one of the notes in the introduction he offers an excellent explanation of the problem of good and evil : *That which fortifies personality is good, that which weakens personality is bad. Art, religion and ethics must be judged from the standpoint of personality.* A grand idea. Logical and convincing. Anything that weakens personality could not but be bad. It is the individual that constitutes the community. If the individual deteriorates the destiny of the community is doomed. The individuality of the individual therefore must be fortified. Of what good is that art which does not do that ?

According to Iqbal only that art is good which fortifies personality. To fortify personality art must be born of personality. Personality fortifies personality. Anything which passes through the furnace of personality in the process of creation fortifies

personality. Only such an art, which in substance and in nature is the issue of personality, can fortify personality and be truly subservient to personality. Such an art is called individualistic art. Its radical form can be called egoistic art. In general it can be called art for the sake of art. Such an art cannot be subservient to life. Life in social or communal sense is not individualistic. Life means society, where personality is in tune with the common will and opinion. Iqbal surely meant it in this sense. Iqbal's conception of life was of the life which is based on Islamic principles and practices, encumbered with all its religious dogmas and superstitions. Art which is subservient to such a life can never be subservient to personality. Therefore Iqbal's saying that he considers art *subservient to life and personality* appears to me a contradiction in terms.

Art can either be subservient to personality, that is, art for art's sake, or art can be subservient to life, that is, for the propagation of certain ideas in a society.

Iqbal's art surely belongs to the latter category. For, in the true sense, Iqbal had no individual personality or ego. His ego had been absorbed in the ego of Islam. His individuality was the individuality of a Musalman, not the individuality of an independent individual or artist. Iqbal had completely identified himself with Koranic thought and principles. His personality was not his personality, his personality was community's personality.

His individual gift as a poet was truly and completely dedicated to the service of his community. Iqbal's personality and the life of his community were one. Thus Iqbal's art was subservient to life

not subservient to personality.

Iqbal abhorred the idea of art for the sake of art. In another note in the introduction he says that *the dogma of art for the sake of art is a clever invention of decadence to cheat us of life and power.* Most people condemn the idea of art for art's sake. They do so, I think, not through any intellectual understanding or conviction but through traditional fears and prejudices. What actually is art for art's sake ? It is an activity which is carried on for its own sake, an activity followed without any ulterior motive. It is an activity with the sole aim to perfect art from the point of view of art, that is, design and composition, colour and harmony, power and sensitivity. Above all it is an activity which entitles an artist to give full and fearless expression in form and in feeling to what he, an artist, wants to say and in the manner he wants to say, unmindful of the society. Unmindful of what the society likes and unmindful of what the society dislikes.

Iqbal attaches paramount importance to the laws laid down by the founder of his society and to the practices enjoined upon the people by him. Thus Iqbal's art and attitude are subservient not to personality or ego, but are subservient to life or community.

IQBAL AND HIS COMPEERS

In art appreciation consideration of subject matter proves a hindrance not a help. Subject matter and art are separate things, separate, though intimately welded. Subject matter ceases to exist when art comes into being.

Clay is no more clay when converted into a pot.

Its importance then is pot not clay. We look upon it as a pot, ungainly pot or gainly pot, as a pot not as clay. It is no more clay when it is a pot, we cannot separate the clay from the pot, though clay and pot are separate things.

The pot ceases to exist when we consider the form of the pot. Appreciation of the form obliterates the pot. Then it is the form we care for not the pot. The form and the pot are intimately welded, separate we cannot the pot from the form, though the pot and the form are separate things.

The clay and the pot and the form are intimately welded. We cannot separate the clay from the pot and the pot from the form, though they are separate things. Clay exists with the stepping in of the pot and the pot is in abeyance when the form commands our attention.

To appreciate the pot need we know the clay and its substance ? To appreciate the form need we know the pot and the potter ? No, we need not. The use of the pot necessitates not wit of the clay. The appreciation of the form necessitates not wit of the pot and the potter. The person who is over-anxious to grasp the clay loses the pot. The person who is over-anxious to grasp the pot loses the form, the form which is evasive and difficult to apprehend. Form, though it has no material substance, is intimately welded with the material, the clay and the pot.

Thus in art appreciation consideration of subject matter proves a hindrance not a help.

When we listen to music we need not heed the song. Knowledge and meaning of the song hinder the appreciation of music. The greatness of music

depends not on the song. Good song ensures not good music. Music and song are separate things. Song disappears when music comes into play. Good music annihilates the song. Song singers are not musicians. Musicians sing not the song. Musicians give us music, only music. Those who listen to the song miss the music. To appreciate music we need not know the song. Knowledge and meaning of the song invariably hinder the appreciation of music.

In painting too ! When we look at a picture we need not know what it represents. The knowledge of what a picture represents helps not to discern a good painting from a bad painting. A good painting is good in itself. We judge not a painting by its subject matter. Subject matter and painting are separate things though intimately welded. If particular subjects made particularly good paintings then artists would paint only those subjects, and discard those which are not conducive to produce a good painting. Happily it is not so. Subject matter has nothing to do with good painting or bad painting. In Christian era painters painted mostly Bible subjects. They produced great masterpieces and, side by side, junk. In modern times, when artists are free to choose any subjects they like to paint, and to paint them in any manner they like to paint, it is the same. They produce rubbish as well as works of art. Subject matter has nothing to do with painting. Serusier rightly remarked while discussing Cezanne's painting *C'est l'absence de sujet.* Subject disappears when painting comes into existence. A painting appeals to us as painting, appeals not by its subject matter. It is the function of illustration to illustrate the subject and not the function of painting. Art of

illustration is an inferior type of art.

The same in poetry. A good poem is not that which deals with a subject which we consider good. A good poem is not which evokes certain thoughts and sentiments which fascinate us. A subject can be good according to our notions but the poem about it bad. A subject can be bad and trivial to our thinking but a poem about it good. It is the poetry of the poem we should consider and not the subject matter.

Art appreciation is hindered not helped by the consideration of subject matter.

When certain friends tell me they like Iqbal's early poetry better than Iqbal's later poetry and praise his poems such as *Himalya, Naya Shivala* and *Tarana Hind*, I know they are talking not of poetry but of subject matter.

Someone told me that Iqbal was the poet of life and Tagore the poet of death. Because Iqbal tells us to develop the individual self by living the individual life and enjoying its propensities. While Tagore says merge thy individual self, the petty self, in the vastness of the all-pervading spirit. This is again reference to subject matter not poetry. All such remarks that Iqbal is the prophet of life and Tagore the prophet of death emanate from ignorance, extreme ignorance of art.

Once a young poet, clever and intelligent fellow, told me or rather asserted in a vehement manner that Tagore's poetry was universal and would live whereas Iqbal's poetry would not because it was not universal; its appeal was limited to Muslims. It is again harping on the subject matter and not on the poetic values of Iqbal's work. A work of art does

not survive because of its theme, but because it is a work of art. Sublime and universal themes, unless they are converted into good works of art, have no place in the sphere of art.

Personally I think Iqbal's religious poetry, which is predominantly Islamic poetry, has more abiding qualities than his early poetry which is national. Iqbal's religious poetry has a fervour, passion and grimness which his early poetry lacks. Also the poetic sound and poetic pattern of his later poetry are more matured and firm. If one wants to enjoy Iqbal's poetic genius one must read his religious poetry because it is here that the poet has experienced something intensely and expressed it. I am only interested in the expression. If I read Iqbal's poetry for its subject matter it would have hardly any interest for me. I am neither a Musalman nor do I believe in any dogmatic type of religion. It would be a wrong approach. Absolutely a wrong approach. An artist should never be approached from that angle, the wrong angle. Otherwise we shall always fail to appreciate the artist. We shall always misjudge the artist. A poet must be approached as a poet. Iqbal as a poet is universal. He belongs to everybody equally and universally. To a Musalman he may be something extra, something besides the poet. As Tagore may be something extra, besides the poet, to a Bengali. I know, and I know it for certain, that most of the Bengalis who laud and extol Tagore do not understand Tagore, the poetic excellence of Tagore. I know also, and I know it for certain, that when most of the Musalmans praise Iqbal to the skies it is not for his poetry but for certain religious sentiments. How many Bengalis approach Tagore as a pure poet

and not as a Bengali poet? How many Musalmans approach Iqbal as a pure poet and not as an Islamic poet? An artist must be approached as an artist, to appreciate and enjoy his art. Every other approach to art is wrong approach.

In art appreciation consideration of subject matter, consideration of race, religion and sentiments, consideration of man and his personality invariably prove a hindrance not a help. The following quotations from Iqbal and his compeers are made with no other object but to prove that subject matter and art are separate things though intimately welded.

Poets, all great poets, have a definite standard, poetic standard. This is why we call them great. Their poetry has a sustained quality all through whereas the lesser poets write a few fine stanzas and then begin to flag, become wordy and obvious. This does not happen with Iqbal. Iqbal's poetry is a highly finished, sustained product. Each line is well considered, has a very terse and firm construction. Iqbal has no bubbling emotions. His emotions are terribly restrained and controlled. Iqbal is essentially an intellectual poet, not an emotional poet. One feels he takes a long time and gives much thought to write a few lines because he writes them in a most resolute style. High-strung people may not regard Iqbal as their favourite poet. To them he must appear wanting in sufficient emotion. Such people are likely to miss the greatness of Iqbal the poet:

قطرہ ہا دریاست از آئین وصل　　ذرہ ہا صحراست از آئین وصل

باطن ہر شے ز آئینے قوی　　تو چرا غافل ز ایں ساماں روی

باز اے آزاد دستور قدیم — زینت پا کن ہماں زنجیر سیم
شکوہ سنج سختیٔ آئیں مشو — از حدود مصطفیٰ بیروں مرو

Drops of water become a sea by the law of union,
And grains of sand become a *Sahara*.
Since Law makes everything strong within,
Why dost thou neglect this source of strength?
O thou that art emancipated from the old Custom,
Adorn thy feet once more with the same fine silver chain!
Do not complain of the hardness of the Law,
Do not transgress the statutes of Mohammad!

آب حیواں از دم خنجر طلب — از دہان اژدہا کوثر طلب
سنگ اسود از در بتخانہ خواہ — نافہٴ مشک از سگ دیوانہ خواہ
سوز عشق از دانش حاضر مجوے — کیف حق از جام ایں کافر مجوے
مدتے محو تگ و دو بودہ ام — راز دان دانش نو بودہ ام
باغبانان امتحانم کردہ اند — محرم ایں گلستانم کردہ اند
گلستانے لالہ زار عبرتے — چوں گل کاغذ سراب نکہتے
تا ز بند ایں گلستاں رستہ ام — آشیاں بر شاخ طوبیٰ بستہ ام
دانش حاضر حجاب اکبر است — بت پرست و بت فروش و بتگر است
پا بزندان مظاہر بستہٴ — از حدود حس بروں ناجستہٴ

Seek the Fountain of Life from the sword's edge,
And the River of Paradise from the dragon's mouth,
Demand the Black Stone from the door of the house of idols,
And the musk-deer's bladder from a mad dog.
But do not seek the glow of Love from the knowledge of today,
Do not seek the nature of Truth from this infidel's cup!
Long have I been running to and fro,
Learning the secrets of the New Knowledge;
Its gardeners have put me to the trial
And have made me intimate with their roses.
Roses! Tulips, rather, that warn one not to smell them—
Like paper roses, a mirage of perfume,
Since this garden ceased to enthral me

I have nested on the Paradisal tree.
Modern knowledge is the greatest blind—
Idol-worshipping, idol-selling, idol-making !
Shackled in the prison of phenomena,
It has not overleaped the limits of the sensible.

The subject matter of the above lines has no appeal to me. I have no sympathy with Iqbal's sentiments, no regard for his exhortations. Asking the modern Muslims to put on the chains of the law of Islam is, to me, suggestive of a very narrow outlook. A retrograde not forward tendency Iqbal's outright condemnation of modern knowledge is again very disappointing. It is a contradiction of facts, facts of life, of Iqbal's own life. Most of Iqbal's ideas are derived from (دانش حاضر) *knowledge of today*. I believe that those who seek can also find (سوز عشق) *glow of Love* and (کیف حق) *nature of Truth* in modern knowledge. I would wish that modern India should drink deeply and truly drink of (جام کافر) *infidel*'s *cup* and get tight. The true wine bibber (knowledge seeker) should never refuse the wine. The modern wine is not less sweet, not less intoxicating than the wine of old, the medieval wine or the ancient wine. When I read Iqbal's poetry I do not think of the *Saqi* and of the Cup but of the wine. I mean the poetry of Iqbal, its inebriating beauty. Iqbal is a Musalman and he preaches Islam. I am not interested in either. I am interested in the poetry of Iqbal. I relish it as much as any Muslim does. Iqbal's poetry or any other poetry we should read not for subject matter or ideas but to enjoy the beauty of rhythm, the beauty of sound and the beauty of construction. Iqbal's poetry has them in abundance.

بادہ کش غیر ہیں گلشن میں لب جو بیٹھے
سنتے ہیں جام بکف نغمۂ کوکو بیٹھے
دور ہنگامۂ گلزار سے یک سو بیٹھے
تیرے دیوانے بھی ہیں منتظر ہو بیٹھے !
اپنے پروانوں کو پھر ذوق خود افروزی دے
برق دیرینہ کو فرمان جگر سوزی دے

The unbelievers have all the comforts and joys of life
And they are enjoying the festivity of wine and song,
While the believers are deprived of all these privileges
And away from these jubilations are awaiting thine orders.
God again bless thy believers to die for Thee,
And infuse their hearts with the lightning of Thy love.

پیر گردوں نے کہا سن کے، کہیں ہے کوئی !
بولے سیارے، سر عرش بریں ہے کوئی !
چاند کہتا تھا، نہیں۔ اہل زمیں ہے کوئی !
کہکشاں کہتی تھی، پوشیدہ یہیں ہے کوئی !
کچھ جو سمجھا مرے شکوے کو تو رضواں سمجھا !
مجھے جنت سے نکالا ہوا انساں سمجھا !

(When the cry of my complaint was heard in the heavens, heavenly bodies got perplexed)
The old heaven said there was somebody there,
And the stars said there was someone in the Ninth heaven.
The moon said no, there was some inhabitant of the earth,
And the milky way said there was somebody hiding near us.
If anybody fathomed the secret that was the heavenly angel,
He understood that I was the person who was turned out of the Paradise.

واعظ قوم کی وہ پختہ خیالی نہ رہی
برق طبعی نہ رہی، شعلہ مقالی نہ رہی
رہ گئی رسم اذاں، روح بلالی نہ رہی
فلسفہ رہ گیا، تلقین غزالی نہ رہی

مسجدیں مرثیہ خواں ہیں کہ نمازی نہ رہے
یعنی وہ صاحب اوصاف حجازی نہ رہے

The leaders of Islam have no conviction about them.
There is no warmth and no sincerity in what they say.
Only the custom of the call to prayer is there but not the original spirit,
Only the philosophy is left and not the learning thereof.
Mosques present a gloomy appearance because there are none to say the prayers,
That is, the so-called faithful have lost the fervour.

I have read this poem many a time and wish to read it many a time again. Every time I read it I get the poetic thrill which its well-measured and well-metred cadence evokes. If someone just put this complaint and its answer in ordinary prose, merely and barely conveyed the meaning, it would appear sentimental and silly. Some might even say, what nonsense ! Complaint to God which we all make when in depression, and offer lame explanations for our miserable condition, is too common and slight a subject. But Iqbal, through his poetic intuition, has made it something beautiful and it is for this beauty, this beauty alone, we read it, read and re-read it again and again. Iqbal knew this, this secret. As is evinced here by what he says :

شکر شکوے کو کیا حسن ادا سے تو نے
ہم سخن کر دیا بندوں کو خدا سے تو نے

You have sweetened the complaint by expressing it in a beautiful form (Art form),
And thus you have brought face to face God and the human beings.

The following few lines by Iqbal have the same artistic quality which his best Urdu religious poetry has. What Iqbal says of patriotism I hate. I am sure most of the educated Muslims even do not subscribe to this idea of Iqbal. But Muslim or non-Muslim none can miss the indisputable excellence and beauty of the poem.

اس دور میں مے اور ہے جام اور ہے جسم اور
ساقی نے بنا کی روش لطف و ستم اور
مسلم نے بھی تعمیر کیا اپنا حرم اور
تہذیب کے آذر نے ترشوائے صنم اور
ان تازہ خداؤں میں بڑا سب سے وطن ہے
جو پیرہن اس کا ہے وہ مذہب کا کفن ہے

In this assembly, the wine, the cup, and the sparkle are all different,
Saqi has also adopted manners and moods all different,
Muslims too have built for themselves a new K'aba,
Makers of this new culture have got different idols,
And the biggest of these new idols is the idol of country,
The robe which adorns this idol is the shroud of Islam.

یہ بت کہ تراشیدۂ تہذیب نوی ہے
غارت گر کاشانۂ دین نبویؐ ہے
بازو ترا توحید کی قوت سے قوی ہے
اسلام ترا دیس ہے تو مصطفویؐ ہے
نظارۂ دیرینہ زمانے کو دکھا دے
اے مصطفویؐ خاک میں اس بت کو ملا دے

The contours of this idol reflect the new culture,
They are destroyers of the structure of Mohammadanism.
Whose resourcefulness and strength come from the unity of God,

Whose country is Islam and whose leader is Mohammad.
Let us reveal again the past glory to the world,
O Muslim let us reduce this idol of patriotism to dust.

I would pray Iqbal : Iqbal, let us break all the idols and let us reduce them to dust, the idol of country, the idol of Hinduism and the idol of Islam, break them all, save the image of art in all of them.

Here is a poem by Tagore, deemed by many a national prayer. National or not national, it is a masterpiece :

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high ;
Where knowledge is free ;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls ;
Where words come out from the depth of truth ;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection ;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit ;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

My ideas are in perfect harmony with the subject matter and thought of the above poem. The idea is, I think, sublime and elevating. It is an idea which, personally, I appreciate and adore. Should I, then, call Tagore a greater poet than Iqbal ? Should I say Tagore is a great poet and Iqbal an ordinary poet merely because I like the subject matter of one's and not of the other's poetry ? No, I should not. Iqbal and Tagore both are great poets. They are

compeers. Iqbal's poetic expression is different, decidedly different, from Tagore's poetic expression. Tagore is highly emotional. He enters into ecstasy, begins to dance and bursts into music. The poetic pattern he creates has not the obvious rhythm of metre but the spontaneous tremulous rhythm of the song, the song of the bird. We read *Gitanjali* and *Fruit Gathering* from beginning to end and are carried away by its undulating flow of melody. We move over hills and dales, through wintry clouds and April showers, through tempest and gale with the music, the poetic music, of Tagore's flute.

There is another poet, Bulle Shah, the great *Sufi*, whose poetic expression is vastly different from both Iqbal's and Tagore's. Bulle Shah has a very peculiar and personal appeal to me. In that sense I like Bulle Shah more than Iqbal or Tagore. His poetry is in Punjabi, Punjabi, my mother tongue. His every word and expression has a very tender and touching feeling. There is in his poetry something that strikes mysteriously on some chord in the Punjabi's heart, something which is innate, inborn.

ساڈے ول مکھڑا موڑ وے پیاریا ۔ ساڈے ول مکھڑا موڑ

بس کر جی ہن بس کر جی
اک بات اساں نال ہس کر جی

نی مینوں لگڑا عشق اول دا
اول دا روز ازل دا

کیوں اوہلے بہ بہ جھاکی دا
اہ پردہ کس توں راکھی دا

مینوں عشق ہلارے دیندا
منہ چڑھیا یار بلیندا

بلھا بات سچی کدوں رکدی اے
اک نقطے وچ گل مکدی اے

Expressions such as these have a poignant meaning and entrapping sound. They transport me into moods of indescribable delight. No translation of these simple expressions, however well-coined and correct, could convey what these lines convey to a Punjabi who has the poetic sense and has been hearing them from infancy. I remember some years ago I used to read *Gitanjali* loudly every morning. One day while talking of Tagore my father told me that Bulle Shah was a better poet than Tagore. Because he expressed similar thoughts in a more simple and homely way, which were so natural and easy to feel and understand. I did not agree with my father. Even now I would not say Bulle Shah is a better poet than Tagore. Similarly I never feel convinced when a Bengali says Tagore is greater than every other poet, one must read him in Bengali to realise that. I could say the same of Bulle Shah and a Persian could say the same of Hafiz. We could all be right. Mother tongue appeals unlike all other tongues. Every master poet has a peculiar beauty of expression and a standard of technical excellence which make him great. Iqbal is grim and austere. Tagore is emotional and musical. Bulle Shah is primitive and naive. Art is different from the appeal of language or the appeal of sentiments. Though art and language and sentiment are intimately welded.

من اٹکیا بے پرواہ دے نال
نین ہسے دل ملیا لوڑے مورکھ لوک اساں نوں موڑے

ساڈا ہر دم گزرے ہاہ دے نال
ملاں قاضی نماز پڑھاون حکم شرع دا بھے دکھلاون
ساڈے عشق نوں کی اس راہ دے نال
ندیوں پار سجن دا تھانا کیتے قول ضروری جانا
کچھ کر لے صلاح ملاح دے نال
عاشق سوئی جھڑا عشق کماوے، جت ول پیارا آت ول جاوے
بلھا شاہ جا مل توں اللہ دے نال

I have fallen in love with the indifferent One.
Mine eyes are listless, my heart pines to see Him.
They are fools who dissuade me from this path.
Every moment of my life passes with sighs.
Mullas and *Qazis* exhort me to pray and live according to *Shariat*.
But what has our love to do with such a discipline?
My Beloved dwells across the river,
And I have promised to go to Him,
Let us take counsel with the ferryman.
True lover is he who lives up to his passion
And follows in the direction of the Beloved.
Bulle Shah must go and meet the Beloved (God).

ٹک برجھ کون چھپ آیا ہے
اک نقطے میں جو پھیر پڑا
تب عین غین کا نام دھرا
تسی علم کتاباں پڑھدے ہو
کی آلٹے مہنے کردے ہو
بے واجب ایویں لڑ دے ہو
کیا آلٹا وید پڑھایا ہے
دوئی دور کرو کوئی سور نہیں
ہندو ترک سید کوئی ہور نہیں
سب سادھو لکھو کوئی چور نہیں

گھر گھر میں آپ سمایا ہے
نہ میں ملا نہ میں قاضی
نہ میں سنّی نہ میں حاجی
بلھا شوہ نال لائی بازی
انہد شبد بجایا ہے

Try to discern the reality.
A slight deflection creates the confusion,
You read philosophical books but interpret them wrongly,
Without cause fight with each other, what a wrong use of knowledge.
There is no harm if thou rid thyself of duality,
Hindu, Turk, Saiyad are the same.
Look upon everybody as sage, not as thief,
In everybody divine element is the same.
Neither am a *Mulla*, nor am a *Qazi*, nor am a *Sunni*, nor am a *Haji*.
Bulla has come to grips with his Master who is the Supreme Being.

Subject matter of the above poems is contrary to Iqbal's. Iqbal hated Sufiism. But the poetic sense is grand. Its folklore, simplicity and charm are unsurpassable. Iqbal and Tagore are highly cultured poets. Iqbal has for his model the accomplished savant and poet, Maulana Rum. Tagore's inspiration comes from Kalidasa and the English masters. No doubt Tagore has taken a good deal from Bengali folklore too and adapted it to his highly cultivated technique. With Bulle Shah it is different. Bulle Shah, root and branch, is the colour of the native soil. The poetic expression of Iqbal and Tagore is highly cultured and refined, Bulle Shah's profoundly rustic and artless.

To enjoy poetry we must approach poetry as poetry ; not to enjoy what the poet says but to enjoy

the poet's way of expression. Our interest lies in the manner of expression and not in the thing expressed. If we want to enjoy Iqbal's poetry we should approach Iqbal the poet not Iqbal the preacher nor Iqbal the philosopher. Poets are born and so was Iqbal. He studied philosophy and practised law all his life, but to no consequence. He stood out as a poet and we look up to him as a poet. Most of us read a poet for his ideas, which are hardly of any importance, and of no importance in art appreciation. Thus, we do not enjoy poetry.

To prove this point further I give here another example, a more glaring example, the poetry of Baudelaire. Hardly one out of a thousand would be in sympathy with Baudelaire's subject matter. He always chose most morbid, revolting and sickly subjects. He is horribly profane. His profanity, of course, is as profound as the piety of Iqbal or Tagore or Bulle Shah. His poetry is saturated with perfumes, sensual perfumes, putrifying odours, vile stinks and stenches. In spite of that Baudelaire's poetry is sublime and as an artist Baudelaire is not inferior to any.

Les jambes en l'air, comme une femme lubrique,
Brûlante et suant les poisons,
Ouvrait d'une façon nonchalante et cynique
Son ventre plein d'exhalaisons.
Le soleil rayonnait sur cette pourriture,
Comme afin de la cuire à point,
Et de rendre au centuple à la grande Nature
Tout ce qu'ensemble elle avait joint ;
Et le ciel regardait la carcasse superbe
Comme une fleur s'épanouir.
La puanteur ètait si forte, que sur l'herbe

Vous crûtes vous évanouir.
Les mouches bourdonnaient sur ce ventre putride,
D'où sortaient de noirs bataillons
De larves, qui coulaient comme un épais liquide
Le long de ces vivants haillons.
Et pourtant vous serez semblable à cette ordure,
A cette horrible infection,
Etoile de mes yeux, soleil de ma nature,
Vous, mon ange et ma passion !
Oui ! telle vous serez, o la reine des grâces,
Après les derniers sacrements,
Quand vous irez, sous l'herbe et les floraisons grasses,
Moisir parmi les ossements.
Alors, ô ma beauté ! dites à la vermine
Qui vous mangera de baisers,
Que j'ai gardé la forme et l'essence divine
De mes amours décomposés !

The legs in the air, as of a lustful woman,
The poisons burning and sweating,
Spread out in a fashion nonchalant and shameless
Her belly full of fumes.
The sun rays were falling on this putridity,
Which was at the point of boiling,
And to render to the grand Nature
All this matter which she had held together ;
And the skies were looking at the superb carcass
Which was like an opening flower.
The stink was so strong that on the grass
You felt like fainting.
The flies were buzzing over this rotting belly,
Wherefrom gushed out black battalions
Of larvæ, which flowed like a thick liquid
Along this lively wreckage.
And however you will be like this filth,
Like this horrible infection,
Star of my eyes, sun of my being,

You, my angel and my passion !
Yes ! such you will be, O queen of graces,
After the last sacraments,
When you will go under the greasy-grassy earth,
To mould among the bones.
Then, O my beauty ! tell to the vermin
Who will eat you kiss by kiss,
That I have kept the form and the divine essence
Of my decomposed amours !

The poetic imagination, splendour and simplicity of this poem are of consummate beauty. The elements which make a composition poetry, poetry of high order are present. Notwithstanding the nauseous subject matter and its repelling morbidity we experience similar poetic thrill, as we experience from the poetry of Iqbal or Tagore. It is the poetry not the subject matter that makes this poem grand. Baudelaire has rightly been condemned by moralists as decadent and morbid. He was so in his life and thought but not so in his poetry. His poetic sensibility and transparent imagination make Baudelaire a master poet and his poetry a work of art. A work of art can never be decadent.

Qui aimes-tu le mieux, homme énigmatique dis ?
Ton père, ta mère, ta sœur ou ton frère ?
Je n'ai ni père, ni mère, ni sœur, ni frère.
Tes amis ?
Vous vous servez là d'une parole dont le sens m'est resté jusqu'à ce jour inconnu.
Ta patrie ?
J'ignore sous quelle latitude elle est située.
La beaute ?
Je l'aimerais volontiers, déesse et immortelle.
L'or ?

Je le hais comme vous haissez Dieu.
Eh ! qu'aimes-tu donc, extraordinaire étranger ?
J'aime les nuages . . . les nuages qui passent . . .
là-bas . . . là-bas . . . les merveilleux nuages !

What do you love the best, enigmatic man, say?
Thy father, thy mother, thy sister or thy brother?
I have no father, no mother, no sister, no brother.
Thy friends?
You have uttered a word the meaning of which is unknown to me till today.
Thy country?
I ignore in which latitude it is situated.
The beauty?
I would willingly love that immortal goddess.
The gold?
I hate it as you hate God.
Eh! What do you love then extraordinary stranger?
I love the clouds . the clouds which pass . up there . up there . the marvellous clouds !

To enjoy poetry pursue poetry, not the subject matter, not the ideas, not the thoughts, but pursue the poetry. Poetry is the august music of words, the sound effect which the combination of different words and phrases produces, the elegance of construction and form.

In art appreciation consideration of subject matter proves a hindrance not a help.

Iqbal had Cosmopolitan Callers

THE LATE Dr. M. D. TASEER

WHEN I met Iqbal for the first time I was just a boy. The seniors who took me with them tried hard to make me realise the greatness of the occasion. "You are going to be presented to Iqbal," said one, in an awe-struck whisper. Not that I was particularly unpresentable. But you know the ways of seniors ! How they try to patronise and generally fail. But in my case they almost succeeded in making me run away from the ordeal. There were so many don'ts, so many things which they thought I might possibly do and shouldn't.

But the house—an upper-storey flat in Anarkali street, Lahore—did not look at all terrifying. Our house was bigger. And, was this Iqbal ? Well, the headmaster of my school was certainly more awe-inspiring. Iqbal was sitting on a *charpai*, legs doubled up, with the tube of a hubble-bubble in his hand. And when he spoke, he spoke in Punjabi, not English, like my headmaster, not even in Urdu, like my Persian teacher. I was at once at ease. Iqbal, I decided, was one of those rare creatures amongst seniors—a human being. His conversation was completely disarming. He talked to all of us as equals. Even I was included in the conversation.

GOT A BLACK EYE

Learning that I had some supposed predilections

towards poetry he at once started a discussion on contemporary poetry. I could not believe it. He was not trying to talk down to me. He had none of the patronising tricks of seniors. He seemed to be really anxious to know my opinion. "Which contemporary poets do you like best ?" he asked me—yes, me and not the others ! I said, "Akbar" and waited for a big flare-up. For Akbar Allahabadi was supposed to be Iqbal's great rival. And in our school there were two parties, two rival factions—Iqbalites and Akbarites, who sometimes had quite serious fights over these two poets. Only a week previously I had received a black eye from a follower of Iqbal.

But Iqbal seemed to be pleased with my reply. I could see he was genuinely pleased, for there was no humbug about him. He said, "I am glad you like Akbar. He is, undoubtedly, the greatest of contemporary poets—the contemporary poet, indeed. For he is a true representative of this period of transition." And Iqbal expressed himself so simply, so vigorously, that I seemed to understand and feel all that he wanted to convey. I felt it was a personal message for me.

This always remained a great secret of Iqbal's conversational power. He always talked directly, took your personal problems and opinions seriously and out of the material that he made you yield, he built up a superstructure of thought which was very unlike your own and very much like Iqbal's. And it was generally a remarkable superstructure. And you, somehow or other, felt that you were a co-builder, a collaborator of Iqbal's. You felt you had contributed something to Iqbal's conversation.

This was not a clever trick of his. He was too

genuine to employ any deliberate tricks. It was an unusual degree of modesty which made his conversation so impressive. "Silence and modesty," writes Montaigne, "are very valuable qualities in conversation," and Iqbal possessed both.

Even when the discussion of a serious problem was at its highest and hottest, he had cool flashes of silence which would always save the discussion from becoming too wilful and wordy and so made it a serious search after truth. His silence was always noticeable. It is true that the people who went to visit him were generally so much full of hero-worship and consequently tongue tied, that Iqbal had to talk on as if for ever, but when you heard him you wished him to talk on for ever. And yet he never went on in a monologue.

He provoked both thought and talk. He did not stun you with scholarship or dazzle you with brilliance. It was not as Gay said, "With thee conversing I forget the way," but as Milton said "With thee conversing I forget all time." And even when the conversation was about time and space and relativity, he talked so interestingly that the heaviness of the subject did not weigh upon the listeners. Not that he talked indiscriminately to everyone about abstruse subjects and nothing else. He was a true democrat in social intercourse. Everyone was welcome to his house at any time. And he would talk, not talk down according to the interests and intelligence of the listeners.

IN THE SMALL HOURS

People would come to him seeking advice on almost anything. That he was once awakened in the

small hours of the morning by the anxious relatives of a sick man who could not be made to understand that the famous doctor was not a doctor of medicine—is a well known anecdote. But people came with requests no less preposterous. And almost always they returned with some bit of hope in their hearts, a sparkle of optimism in their eyes.

I remember a shoemaker of Lahore who wanted to know from Iqbal how he could have a child. "I have married twice", he wailed, "but the tree of my life is as dry as ever." Iqbal quite patiently and pleasantly listened to his tale of woe, talked to him knowledgably about his trade, how the advent of English shoes had affected it, how the different styles of local made shoes from Peshawar to Delhi reflected the characteristic qualities of the people who wore them. And then he told him a story about himself.

"I myself", said Iqbal, "did not have a child for about twenty years though I, too, had married twice. And one day a wounded pigeon fluttered into the courtyard of our house. The two women in the house nursed it so diligently that in a few days it was able to fly freely. Now you will both beget a child, I said to them, because you have proved to nature that you are fit to bring up children. I said it and forgot it, but later I found that my prophecy had come true. This Javed, whom you see here, is my son. The other son died with his mother. So you should not lose patience. Remember a loving husband and wife have a greater chance of having children than those who are always quarrelling."

The shoemaker went away happily and I am sure that for a week or two, at least, he did his best

to avoid unnecessary quarrels.

It was not merely the personal anecdote which did the trick. Though it did establish a sort of personal contact between Iqbal and the shoemaker. But the gentle tone in which he spoke, the serious way in which he listened to the poor man's story, the simplicity of the surroundings (the great philosopher-poet sitting on the *charpai* with the *huqqa* in his hand, talking gravely in Punjabi about the shoe trade), these were the things that combined to create the atmosphere which made Iqbal's residence the rendezvous of all and sundry. It was truly the place for cosmopolitan gatherings. Revolutionaries and spies, religious fanatics and atheists, traders and mystics, people of all professions and creeds gathered around him and dipped their cups into the sparkling stream of conversation and took away the nectar according to the measure of their cups. As he himself said in Persian :

> It is a tavern and all are welcome here,
> Your share of wine depends upon the measure of
> your cup.

And sometimes he had very strange visitors. Once late on a winter night I was there and Iqbal was in a light-hearted mood. We were reciting the pick of rather *risque* verses of old Persian masters. It was a very intimate scene. All of us were squatting on a thick Persian carpet, with pistachio nuts and almonds before us. And in came a wild looking young man who, after greeting all of us and staring at Iqbal all the time, sat down at a little distance from us. We went on talking in the same strain as before. For Iqbal would never even pretend to maintain the dual role of public and private life. He was so

expressive that he kept no secrets, his or others. And he never posed before the public.

So the recitation of *risque* verses went on and the young man sat there silently. Iqbal did not ask him who he was and why he had come. He very seldom did. He left it to the other party to broach the subject at leisure. After an hour Iqbal inquired whether the young man wanted any food. The young man said he would take it if he were allowed to have it where he was sitting. We left at about two in the morning and the young man at about three, when Iqbal retired to his bedroom. All this time he did not speak more than a word or two. Nobody knew who he was and why he had come. He was all the time looking at Iqbal and said nothing. He had come to see Iqbal and having seen him, he went his way. Iqbal knew very well that silence is sometimes more eloquent than words. This is a favourite theme of his in his Persian lyrics.

SPARKLING WITTICISM

And just as all of his poetry is not full of intense emotion, or deep philosophical thought, just as many of his quatrains and odes are full of witty epigrams as well as lyricism, in the same manner even his most serious conversation sparkled with witticism. But the victim of his witticism would have been the last to resent it. For Iqbal would never let resentment take root in his soul. And his satire was corrective not destructive. Extravagant though his banter sometimes became, there was not the slightest desire to injure or hurt. Once, when he learnt that he had inadvertently hurt the feelings of somebody, he was so sincerely apologetic that it was he who

appeared to be the injured party. But he was uncompromising in exposing the humbug or 'the big bosses.' Thus his righteous anger overcame his good humour. He could never compromise with tyranny.

It was said of Goethe that he was as great a conversationalist as a poet It was no less true of Iqbal. But unfortunately he had no Eckermann, no Boswell. I have never listened to conversation so varied, so stimulating. Up to his last days he discussed world problems with all the zest of youth and the depth of ripened age. I have an ever-haunting image before my eyes. It was a few days before Iqbal died. He looked physically finished : face battered by pain, deeply hollowed cheeks, rings of wrinkles around the eyes, and swollen feet.

The doctors had given their final verdict. But his eyes burnt bright with the full fervour of life. And every now and then a smile would steal up from his tightly compressed lips to his eyes and would read all over his face. And his talk was all about the future : the coming world war, the future of the Congress, his coming publications. He was more alive, in real sense of the term, than you and I and thousands like us are, who eat and breathe and sleep and go on 'just existing.'

Suddenly a paroxysm of asthmatic coughing held him in its grip. His whole body was doubled up. His head leant forward and rested on a pillow. And from thence darted forth an eager question : "What do you think of this Anschluss, this German 'putsch' over Austria? Don't you think the barbaric principle of Fascism is in ascendancy these days ?"

He was keenly alive to world conditions and his analysis of the political situation was as penetrating

as ever. And in whatever he uttered, right or wrong, he was unmistakably sincere. There was no deliberate display of intellectual fireworks, no attempt at stage efforts, no argument for the sake of argument. With all his great learning he was very tolerant of counter-argument, and was always open to conviction.

I sometimes think that quite often I, in expressing a difference of opinion, become too vehement. But he was, as ever, indulgent and encouraging. And he never lost his sense of humour. "His talk was like a stream which runs with rapid change from rocks to roses. It slipped from politics to puns. It passed from Muhammad to Moses."

Civil & Military Gazette,
Lahore, 21-4-1951.

INDEX

(NAMES, PLACES, TERMS, ETC.)

A

B

C

D

E

F

G

H

R

S

T